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THE COLLECTED POEMS

OF

T. E. BROWN

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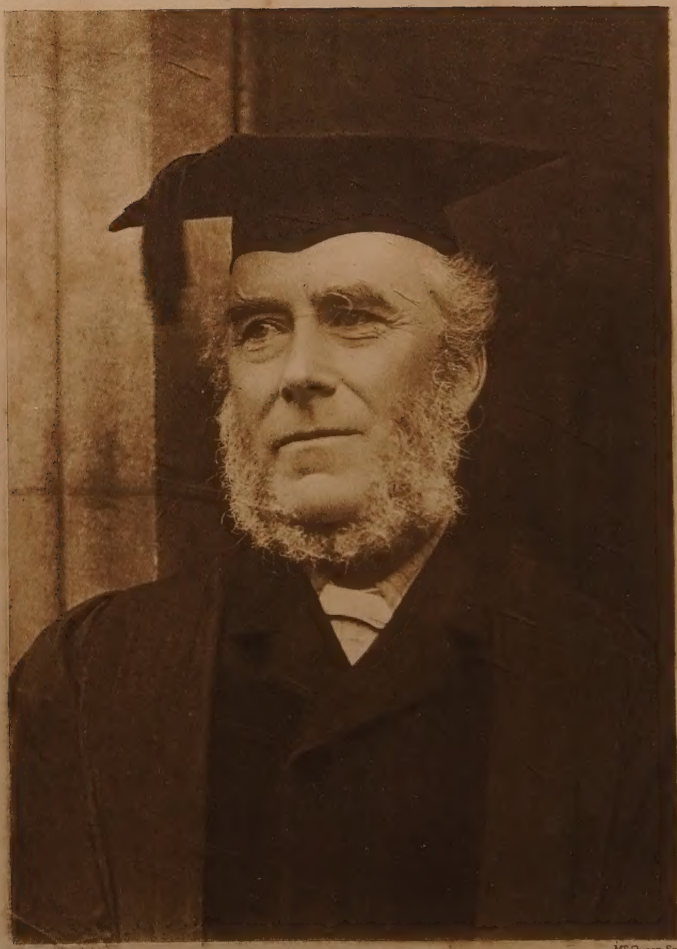

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Most Truly yours
T. L. Brown.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF T. E. BROWN

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
W. E. HENLEY

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
1920

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THIS Edition of our Father's Poems has been prepared on our behalf by three of his old friends, Mr. H. F. BROWN, Mr. H. G. DAKYNS, and Mr. W. E. HENLEY, to whom we take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude.

EDITH BROWN.
ETHEL BROWN.
DORA BROWN.

11 BRANDON VILLAS, BRISTOL,
3rd May 1900.

ADVERTISEMENT

In presenting to the Public a new and more complete edition of T. E. Brown's Poems, we owe it no less to the Author, who had no voice in the matter, than to ourselves, to make clear our action and responsibility as regards the form and contents of the present collection.

The sources at our disposal were threefold:

(i.) Ready to hand were the poems contained in the four volumes published during Mr. Brown's lifetime; viz.—

1. *Fo'c's'le Yarns*, including "Betsy Lee" and other Poems. First Edition, Macmillan, 1881. New Edition, Macmillan, 1889. (For the purpose of our text we have used the later.)
2. *The Doctor*, and other Poems. Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co., 1887.
3. *The Manx Witch*, and other Poems. Macmillan & Co., 1889.
4. *Old John*, and other Poems. Macmillan & Co., 1893.

(ii.) As a second supply we had before us the series entitled "Roman Women," which appeared in *The New Review* of August 1895, and the last of the *Fo'c's'le Yarns*, "Job the White," a sequel to "The Manx Witch," also published by the Author in *The New Review* of December 1895. There were besides several shorter poems which had appeared in *The New Review*, *The National Observer*, and elsewhere.

(iii.) Our final source was the mass of unpublished poems contained in Mr. Brown's notebooks. From these we have

made a selection of some twenty-seven poems. These are indicated in the Table of Contents by an asterisk.

For the inclusion or exclusion of unpublished poems, for the arrangement of the whole, for variation from the published texts in matters of punctuation, as in Sections I. and III., of occasional emendation, alteration of title, correction of obvious errors, we alone are responsible.

H. F. Brown.

H. G. Dakyns.

W. E. Henley.

INTRODUCTION[1]

YOU are told that to many he was only a local poet, a party who rhymed in dialect—a kind of beggar at Apollo's gate; and you are told by academic persons—things made after supper at the Muses' table out of a melon rind—that he was one affected and unskilled in letters. You are told, too, that to a friend who feigned to condole with him for that his name was not found in a certain list of minor poets, "Perhaps," he said—"perhaps I am among the majors." A major poet? 'Tis a magnificent assumption, a Great Perhaps indeed; yet to read this Complete Edition of his verse is to be with him in it heart and soul. I knew it all before; and I have taken it all again; and I will avow my conviction that when I wrote of it as "the fullest expression of life" we of these late years have been privileged to consider and enjoy, I stated a case so baldly and so niggardly that my statement clamours for enhancement. The *Letters* have shown what manner of man Brown was —how personal, how many-sided; how humorous and how passionate; how rich in sentiment, yet how abounding in farce; how brilliantly and variously lettered, and how inalterably humane; how strong in discipline, how quick with the defensive spirit, yet how riotously accidental, how beautifully unpedantic. Well, to state that that particular Brown unpacked his heart in words, and here they are—to state this, I say, should be enough for all them that have the sense of character and the right delight in letters. Brown

[1] *The Pall Mall Magazine*, December 1900.

was ever so many things: scholar, talker, mimic, *farceur*, preacher, teacher, schoolmaster, musician, lover of nature, lover of man. Yet of his very essence, before all these differences, before the talker and the mimic even, there was the man of letters, there was the artist in style. To his father (so he tells you) style was like the instinct of personal cleanliness. To himself it was that and something more: it was his best birthright, the master-jewel in his inheritance. To think of him beggared of any one or two of his many gifts is hard. To think of him without his literary faculty is impossible. And this book of his is one long, triumphing proof of it.

The contents fall naturally into two parts. On the one hand are the verses in English: they are models of English verse. On the other are the poems in dialect; and of them it is not too much to say that they are unique. The great exemplar is Burns, whose achievement is a culmination, and whose genius as it were focusses the vocal talent of a race. But I think it could be shown, and shown easily, that there is nothing to compare in Burns to the wealth of life and humour and fancy that is packed into these *Fo'c's'le Yarns* of Brown's; while in the matter of style, the sovran quality, the Manxman, with his immense vocabulary, his notable feeling for expression, his all-round training, his high and fine sense of literature—the Manxman, I say, had nothing to learn of the Scot. Burns, however, has his tradition, and his tradition is over a century old; while Brown is even of them that died o' Wednesday, and his tradition, which he created, is all in front of him; so that 'tis idle, on the face of it, to sketch comparisons between the two. But, to place a good thing, one cannot but approach the best; and in Brown's case, far more than in most others, none but the best will serve. For the rest, my appeal to Burns will, I doubt not, move many to laughter in these days, and many to wrath. That is in the nature of things. Fifty years hence the comparison will seem less arbitrary than now, and the conclusion will certainly be held not nearly so impavid as it reads to-day.

In any event here is a poet who is also a man, and who writes, whether in fine English or in the "asynartete octosyllables" of Tom Baynes, like a master: so that his work,

whether in English or in Manx, should go straight to the brain and heart of everybody that loves good poetry. That it will do so at once I do not for one moment believe. The manner is too personal, the man too instant, too intent on himself and on what he has to say, too violent, and also too clean-spoken, too curiously set on having nothing dubitable in his utterance. At a first glance he has a kind of likeness to Browning. But come to intimacy, and the shadow flees, the likeness dislimns: you find that the one man does, where the other man has but feigned; that books and life have been to the one what books alone were to the other; that the one knew and postulated, while the other —curious, eager, irrelevant for the most part, largely inarticulate—only groped and fumbled after knowledge, and was content to fumble and grope in speech as he had done before in idea. All the same, there remains a likeness; and, time and again, in reading Brown you come upon a fancy, an image, half-beautiful and half-grotesque, but realised—realised to the last dowle on the feather, so to say:—

> This sea was Lazarus, all day
> At Dives' gate he lay,
> And lapped the crumbs . . .
> Night comes;
> The beggar dies:
> Forthwith the Channel, coast to coast,
> Is Abraham's bosom, and the beggar lies
> A lovely ghost:—

till you rub your eyes as you read, and think:—"Hullo! here's Browning doing it—but doing it!—doing it as he never did it before!" As to their gospel, it is substantially the same. But Browning preaches it, even "local-preaches" it: as in *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, and *Cleon*, and that *Death in the Desert* in which he seeks—a strange ambition, surely!—to convert Strauss—or is it Renan?—to the turn of thought and the way of belief of good, fair-living, high-thinking Clapham. Brown's, on the other hand, is blazoned or implied in all he does; and in all he does the Teacher and the Poet are one. 'Tis a true man's optimism that bears him up and through and on: there is nothing servile about it, nothing parsonical, nor spasmic, nor pot-valiant. He

lives and does and suffers—ah, how he suffers![1] But if there be wailing and gnashing of teeth, there is always the man behind; and in the man there is always the optimist: and the lesson to be learned from both is constant and unchanging. As for Tennyson, he imitates that unrivalled writer of verses a little languidly, a little distantly, in *Bella Gorry*. But when, when can we imagine our unrivalled writer of verses telling such a story as Bella Gorry's? Having all his work before us, the answer is easy. Tennyson could never have told us such a story, because, in despite of *Rizpah*, he was never interested—not really interested—in maternity, but only in the processes, charming or not, by which maternity becomes possible. Brown, however, has done the thing—"Nursing the baby!" So Parson Gale—for all time; and has done it in verse which in its languid intolerance of difficulties is, while entirely self-sufficing, by no means a bad criticism of Tennyson's own. That for the larger lines, the big outward semblances. When it comes to comparisons, achievements, intricacies, I think there is scarce one alive (so besotted am I in my view of the reading Briton!)—I think there is scarce one alive who reads verse habitually, and knows the difference between truth and falsehood, that will prefer Brown's *Chalse a Killey* before the old, thrice-laurelled Laureate's *May Queen*. And yet—and yet! Tennyson makes a pretty, sentimental picture, and runs you on a May Queen that never could have been in any circumstances regnant on this globe. Brown, on the other hand, takes his Chalse, and carries him through all sorts of strange, ridiculous experiences:—

> And I did play upon a comb:—

and makes you love and pity him long or you are done with the verse in which he's celebrate. Surely in the presence of such a brave, pathetic reality the May Queen, with Robin, and the silver-haired parson, and the garden-tools ("upon the grannary floor"), even the matchless touches of dumb nature:—

[1] See *Aber Stations;* and the thrice-admirable *Epistola ad Dakyns;* and the daring, the grotesque, the wonderful and taking *Dartmoor: Sunset at Chagford* (a piece he never revised for press), with many things besides.

When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the bullrush in the pool :—

surely these are nothing? I am speaking still of Brown's English verses. But if I turn to dialect, and bring out the *Mater Dolorosa*, where, I ask, is Tennyson then? 'Tis but thirty to forty lines of half-Manx, half-English speech: the wail of a woman with her true time gone for nothing, and her weary womb, and her baffled breast clamant—clamant! Yet outside this book of Brown's I look for its like in vain.

He loved to live. It was good to him to be alive, and to steep himself in life as it was revealed to him in the breathing, sentient, passionate environment of which he was the centre. There is scarce one of these English poems of his but is the cry of a living man. However strait and severe the form, the soul of it tingles and throbs with being; and where the utterance is personal—as in the *Epistola*, and *Aber Stations*, and the *Sunset at Chagford*—the effect is perdurably and essentially poignant. There are moments, indeed, when that odd confession of his: "I am a born sobber": recurs to the mind with an insistence that is not wholly agreeable: when you pause to wonder to what heights of self-revelation he might not have risen had he not been the artist, above all the humorist, he was. I believe that, in his heart of hearts, he was not averse from "wallowing naked in the pathetic"; but I am sure that, if this were so, his inexhaustible humour, his fine sense of things as they are, that solemn and chastened joy in the Abstract Fool which he confesses that he had, his abounding humanity, his unending interest in the comedy of life—these kept him straight. And thus it was that, if times there came when he let himself go, and made as if he beat out his heart against the wires of the cage in which, by God's will (that was an essential in his theory of the world), he was cabined, he was never so lost to good literary manners that the glimpse of a landscape, or the consciousness of a character, could not, and did not, call him back to his greater and better self. Man and nature, nature and man, romantically and humorously considered: these were the two elements in the scene in which he exulted with a right sense of mastery. And it is to note

that he selected neither, but took them both as they came to him, like the faithful, all-accepting optimist he was. God had made things so, and therefore things were to be taken and treated as God made them: the rough with the smooth, storm with shine, the harlot with the maid, what ought to be but isn't with what needn't have been but is. Hence, I take it, his indefatigable interest, whether humorous or tragic, in the thing called character. He wanted it, anyhow and anywhere. But he preferred it as it is: not altogether good nor altogether bad. If he light on a kind of saint—as in Parson Gale -he does him all the honour he can; but all the reverence he shows for Parson Gale, and all the delight he has in Parson Gale, do not for a moment prevent him from telling the squalid underside of the Parson's life with Mrs. Gale (*Christmas Rose*). It is just this blessed gift of seeing people as they are, and not as they ought to be, which makes Brown the man of men, and so the poet among poets, that he is. Take *Peggy's Wedding*, for instance, and you will see at once that it is imitated from Swift;[1] but you will also see, if you have any taste of letters in you, that it is infinitely better art than Swift's, in that it gives you, with a touch of primal farce, but with not so much as the hint of a departure from the big lines of human nature, two characters whom you have never met before, but whom you will know to your dying day. And that sequence of portraitures called *In the Coach*—is there anything like them elsewhere? And is there any fault to find with them for what they are? And the *Mater Dolorosa*—the poor, half-articulate creature, with her frustrated instinct, and her aching bosom, and her reeling brain—who is there, as I said before, that has done the like for us? Not Tennyson, or he had been an even greater poet than he was; and not Browning, or he'd have reeled you off some fifty pages of blank verse, with a cry or two here and there, and a dagger, or a bowl, to wind up withal. Societies would certainly have raged together over the discrepancy between what the heroine said and what her historian obviously intended to have it thought she

[1] I was privileged to give it to the world: or rather, to that tiny section of the world which read *The National Observer*. And, in sending it, he quoted his model.

meant; and, about these high matters, we might, were the poet still alive,[1] be fighting, fighting evermore. That, though, is not Brown's way. He does not sit himself down to write—or, rather, half-write—the facts, and all the facts that develop from them, and all the developments from those developments, as nearly exhibited as an imperfect articulation, and a flux of words and fancies, and a partial understanding of the central circumstance, and a puzzle-headed theory of art, will permit. Not a bit of it. Forty lines or so, and his effect is complete. *He* deals with nothing but essentials; and his *Mater Dolorosa* is an achievement apart in our various and noble literature. That it is the result of "wallowing" as aforesaid may be cheerfully conceded. Stevenson did not so wallow: knowing his own talent as he knew it—and he knew it as a runner knows his pace, or a cricketer his best hit—he was certainly right. But Shakespeare did; so did Dickens; so did Scott. And I conceive that Brown, could we but come at him now, would far rather sin with these—Scott, Dickens, Shakespeare—than be saved with Stevenson.

The moral of this, however, is irrelevant: is only polemic, literary polemic—polemic, that is, which is found at the end to have its source, its roots, its "strong foundations" in the quality called *taste*, and is therefore a thing disputable by everybody who does not happen to see eye to eye, or rather to feel stomach and stomach, with the original opinionist. In the circumstances it is better to go on with the consideration of Brown the poet, and especially the poet of *Fo'c's'le Yarns*, the rough-and-ready verses,[2] into which he expressed, not merely all the Manxman in him but also, all his humour, all his passionate love of nature, all his unrivalled interest in character, all his theory of life and the World and Time, and therewith as much of the experience and the results, observed and apprehended, of his long and varied and peculiar life as the number of lines he wrote would hold. It is in some sort to their dis-

[1] A great matter. The Master dead, your Society resolves itself into nothingness, and you look for excitement (intellectual or other) elsewhere.

[2] So they seem. But to look carefully into their structure, and consider the means by which they achieve their effect is to see that they are a result of deliberate art.

advantage that they are written in dialect; for the public which reads verse is easily frightened from its purpose, and had far liefer read plain English than (let us say) good Scots: so that, other qualities apart, Burns—even Burns! —can never capture nor control in any latitude south of his own midden a fortieth, even a five-hundredth, part of that public—many-mooded, indiscriminating, fulsome—which is as it were the natural inheritance of Byron, or Tennyson, or even Keats. And the worst is, that Brown being a convinced and resolute artist, the public gets no help from him. He does not write Manx as Barnes wrote Dorsetese: he does not, that is, write English verses with a local accent, but otherwise with "two gowns and everything handsome about them." On the contrary, his syntax and his prosody are the Island's own, and he will bate you no ace of her claim to be heard on her own peculiar conditions in her own especial terms. Barnes, I take it, wrote in English, and added the local accent (as, by the way, at times did Burns); so that, if you feel not equal to an encounter with his rustic—his so-called rustic—Muse, you have but to bid her change her shoes and stockings, and get out of those pinners, and the like, and she falls at once to her native tongue, which is clean Wordsworthian English. Brown's Tom Baynes—"Old salt, old rip, old friend!"—is not at all like this. In his use of Manx-English he is just as much Manx and just as little English as his author: who, indeed, invented him as a sort of escape-pipe for the mingled steam of English and Manx which was constantly generating in his own boiler. The effect is as remarkable as I know in verse; and I see no earthly reason why that select and careful public, which is addicted to the reading of verse, should not put in its spoon and sup with the best of us. The dialect is, no doubt, an hindrance and an offence. But, after all, a dialect is soon mastered; and once you realise that "priddhas" = *potatoes*, that "pin-jane" = *curds and whey*, that "arrim" and "gorrim" are only localisms for *at him* and *got him*, that "at" is a kind of preposition-of-all-work, and means *at* or *by* or *about*, exactly as the speaker wills, there is little indeed in Brown the Manxman to keep you at a halt. And there are such worlds to bring you on!

Open the *Yarns* where you will, it matters not: the book being the *Yarns*, you are ever assured of some matchless expression of something—a bee in a flower, an easy pipe, a night in the cells, a sailor's home, a fugue of Bach's, a man in drink, a woman in love, white witchcraft and black, the pool at Bethesda, a storm at sea, a carted harlot, a summer dawn, a milking, a local genius, a perfect priest—*que sçays-je?* The *Yarns* are rich as life itself in character, emotion, experience, tragedy, farce, comedy, fact; and there is none of their innumerable details but is presented with an assurance, an understanding of essentials, a mastery of means that stamp its presentation as literature. As for poetry, what is poetry? "The only words in the only order"? So be it. Apply the test to these *Fo'c's'le Yarns*, and you will find at once that, given the dialect, they also are poetry, and poetry of the great, authentic strain. 'Tis small wonder to me that he who made them believed that they would triumph in the end. He thought they would nourish and enkindle and bring on the great Manx poet. I do not agree with him. I also believe in them; but I believe in them for themselves. We may be wrong: he, the master, I, the pupil—we may both be wrong. What is certain is that if the great Manx poet ever come along, here is as rare and fortifying a compost for him to nuzzle his genius in as poet ever had.

After all, though, talking about Brown the poet is useless. There is nothing for it but reading him: in his English, first, certainly—in all his heights and deeps, in all his brilliancies and in all his "wallowings." High or low, radiant or despondent, here is a poet. You love the style, or you do not; but here is a poet—a poet in English. And next is what I think the best of all the Browns we have—the Brown of the Manx things and the *Yarns*. Herein is vastly more than there is in most of the verse written of late about peculiar neighbourhoods, by rhymesters of all grades of talent and accomplishment, from the departed Laureate downwards. And the end is, simply:—"Master the dialect, and read." Master Brown's dialect, such as it is, and become a worshipper of Brown. After all, his Tom Baynes is infinitely better and more variously lettered than most of our Laureates

have been, and has, besides, a very great deal to say that none of our Laureates as yet has had the wit to conceive: seeing that Tom Baynes is the most of that was written on the heart of T. E. B. This I say with, as I think, a good working knowledge of what was done for art and for the race by such laurelled sons of the God as Jonson, Wordsworth, Tennyson. But, despite the magnificent achievements of these three—(the others, Dryden excepted, scarce count)—I hold that none is greater and sounder than Brown's; that there are essentials in which all are less than Brown's. That is for the years to approve. Meanwhile, one thing is certain: no better man has lived, and not many that were stronger or more helpful to their kind.

W. E. H.

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[The poems denoted thus * are now published, it is believed, for the first time.]

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A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

As to the poem entitled "Dartmoor: Sunset at Chagford," which appears on pp. 679–684, 684–687 under the sub-titles "Homo loquitur" and "Respondet ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ," the asterisk (*) is somewhat misleading, since the last portion of "Respondet ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ" has already appeared in the well-known volume *Old John, and Other Poems*, under the title "Homini ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ." But in order to start the fragment as a separate entity, the Poet had slightly altered the reading, and in place of the lines—

> But I can do no more: wherefore I am not vexed;
> But you are, being perplexed
> With suppositions, scribbling o'er the text
> Of natural life. And, seeing that this is so . . .
>
> (p. 686)

substituted—

> What I can do I do, nor am I vexed
> Nor worn with endless strife
> As you are, being perplexed
> With suppositions, scribbling o'er the text
> Of natural life.
> And seeing that this is so . . .
>
> (*Old John*, p. 93).

The poem as a whole is now published for the first time. The sub-title "Homo loquitur" to Part I. is editorial.

The poem entitled "ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΙΟΝ" (p. 687) was printed in *The Church Monthly* soon after Mr. Brown's death in 1897. with an editorial note stating that "this characteristic poem was specially written for *The Church Monthly* by its gifted author, and reached our hands a few days prior to Mr. Brown's sudden and lamented death." This was a pardonable error. As a matter of fact the poem was composed many years previously *sub titulo:*

> "Ποιημάτιον, for J. PERCIVAL. In Morning Chapel.
> Clifton College, March 8/74."

The proprietors of *The Church Monthly* will doubtless pardon this restoration to the now Bishop of Hereford of rights assigned him by his old friend and colleague in Clifton College a generation ago.

The poem entitled "Ex ore Infantis" (p. 691) was written in December 1894, and addressed to the Poet's friend Miss Graves, being founded on a story which that lady had sent him. The title is editorial. The editors take this opportunity of tendering their heartfelt thanks to Miss Graves for her contribution of the MS. and for kind help rendered to them in other ways.

I. ASPECTS AND CHARACTERS

BRADDAN VICARAGE

I WONDER if in that far isle,
Some child is growing now, like me
When I was child: care-pricked, yet healed the while
With balm of rock and sea.

I wonder if the purple ring
That rises on a belt of blue
Provokes the little bashful thing
To guess what may ensue,
When he has pierced the screen, and holds the further clue.

I wonder if beyond the verge
He dim conjectures England's coast:
The land of Edwards and of Henries, scourge
Of insolent foemen, at the most
Faint caught where Cumbria looms a geographic ghost.

I wonder if to him the sycamore
Is full of green and tender light;
If the gnarled ash stands stunted at the door,
By salt sea-blast defrauded of its right;
If budding larches feed the hunger of his sight.

I wonder if to him the dewy globes
Like mercury nestle in the caper leaf;
If, when the white narcissus dons its robes,
It soothes his childish grief;
If silver plates the birch, gold rustles in the sheaf.

I wonder if to him the heath-clad mountain
With crimson pigment fills the sensuous cells ;
If like full bubbles from an emerald fountain
Gorse-bloom luxuriant wells ;
If God with trenchant forms the insolent lushness quells.

I wonder if the hills are long and lonely
That North from South divide ;
I wonder if he thinks that it is only
The hither slope where men abide,
Unto all mortal homes refused the other side.

I wonder if some day he, chance-conducted,
Attains the vantage of the utmost height,
And, by his own discovery instructed,
Sees grassy plain and cottage white,
Each human sign and pledge that feeds him with delight.

At eventide, when lads with lasses dally,
And milking-Pei sits singing at the pail,
I wonder if he hears along the valley
The wind's sad sough, half credulous of the tale
How from Slieu-whallian moans the murdered witches' wail.

I wonder if to him "the Boat," descending
From the proud East, his spirit fills
With a strange joy, adventurous ardour lending
To the mute soul that thrills
As booms the herald gun, and westward wakes the hills.

I wonder if he loves that Captain bold
Who has the horny hand,
Who swears the mighty oath, who well can hold,
Half-drunk, serene command,
And guide his straining bark to refuge of the land.

I wonder if he thinks the world has aught
Of strong, or nobly wise,
Like him by whom the invisible land is caught
With instinct true, nor storms, nor midnight skies
Avert the settled aim, or daunt the keen emprise.

I wonder if he deems the English men
A higher type beyond his reach,
Imperial blood, by Heaven ordained with pen
And sword the populous world to teach;
If awed he hears the tones as of an alien speech;

Or, older grown, suspects a braggart race,
Ignores phlegmatic claim
Of privileged assumption, holding base
Their technic skill and aim,
And all the prosperous fraud that binds their social frame.

Young rebel! how he pants, who knows not what
He hates, yet hates: all one to him
If Guelph, or Buonaparte, or sans-culotte,
If Strafford or if Pym
Usurp the clumsy helm — if England sink or swim!

Ah! crude, undisciplined, when thou shalt know
What good is in this England, still of joys
The chiefest count it thou wast nurtured so
That thou may'st keep the larger equipoise,
And stand outside these nations and their noise.

OLD JOHN

Old John, if I could sit with you a day
At Abram's feet upon the asphodel,
There, while the grand old patriarch dreamed away,
To you my life's whole progress I would tell;
To you would give accompt of what is well,
What ill performed; how used the trusted talents,
Since last we heard the sound of Braddan bell —
"A wheen bit callants."

You were not of our kin nor of our race,
Old John, nor of our church, nor of our speech;
Yet what of strength, or truth, or tender grace

I owe, 'twas you that taught me. Born to teach
All nobleness, whereof divines may preach,
And pedagogues may wag their tongues of iron,
I have no doubt you could have taught the leech
That taught old Chiron.

For so it is, the nascent souls may wait,
And lose the flexile aptness of their years ;
But if one meets them at the opening gate
Who fans their hopes and modifies their fears,
Then thrives the soul : the various growth appears,
Or meet for sunny blooms or tempests' grappling—
No wind uproots, drought quells, frost nips, blight sears
The well-fed sapling.

Old John, do you remember how you ran
Before the tide that choked the narrowing firth,
When Cumbria took you, ere you came to Man,
From distant Galloway that saw your birth ?
Methinks I hear you with athletic mirth
Deride the baffled sleuth-hounds of the ocean,
As on you sped, not having where on earth
You were a notion.

What joy was mine ! what straining of the knees
To test the peril of that strenuous mile,
To hear the clamour of the yelping seas !
And step for step to challenge you the while,
And see the sunshine of your constant smile !
I loved you that you dared the splendid danger ;
I loved you that you landed on our Isle
A helpless stranger.

Old John, Old John ! the air of heaven is calm,
No ripple curls upon the glassy sea ;
But, as you wave on high the golden palm,
Though love subdues the thrill of victory,
You must remember how at Trollaby
Your five-foot-one of sinew tough and pliant
Threw Illiam of the Union Mills, and he
Was quite a giant.

O wholesome food for keen and passionate hearts,
Tempering the fine pugnacity of youth
With timely culture of all generous arts,
Rejecting menial tricks and wiles uncouth!
Old John, your soul was valiant for the truth;
But ever 'twas a chivalrous contention:
Love whispered justice, and the mild-eyed ruth
Kissed grim dissension.

Old John, if in the battle of this life
I have not sought your precepts to fulfil,
If ever I have stirred ignoble strife,
If ever struck foul blow, as bent to kill,
Not conquer, by the love you bear me still,
O! intercede that I may be forgiven.
Stern Protestant—*not pray to saints?* I *will*
To you in Heaven.

Old John, you must have much to do indeed
If I am all forgotten from your mind.
Ah! blame me not: I cannot hold a creed
That would impute you selfish or unkind.
Ask Luther, Calvin; ask the old man blind
That painted Eden; ask the grim Confession
Of Augsburg what black error lurks behind
Such intercession.

Old John, you were an interceder here;
For me you interceded with great cries.
How have I stood with mingled love and fear,
And not a little merriment! My eyes
Beheld you not, Old John; your groans and sighs
And gasps I heard by listening at the gable,
Inside of which you knelt, and shook the skies—
But first the stable.

It was a mighty "wrastling" with the Lord:
The hot June air was feverish with the heat
And agony of that great monochord;
Our old horse, standing on his patient feet,

Ripped from the rack the hay that smelt so sweet ;
And, when there came a pause, their breath soft pouring
I heard the cows ; while prone upon "the street"
Our swine were snoring.

You prayed for all, but for my father most—
"The Maister," as you called him—*that on rock*
Of sure foundation he might keep the post,
And (by a change of metaphor) *might stock*
God's heritage with vines to endure the shock
Of time and sense, being planted with his planting ;
That so (another trope) *of all the flock*
Not one be wanting.

Old John, I think you must have met him there,
My father, somewhere in the fields of rest :
From doubt enlarged, released from mortal care,
Earth's troubles heave no more his tranquil breast.
O ! tell him what you once to me confessed,
That, all the varied modes of rhetorick trying,
You ever liked "the Maister's" sermons best
When he was crying.

Old John, do you remember how we picked
Potatoes for you in the days of old ?
Bright flashed the *grep*,[1] and with its sharp prong pricked
The pink-fleshed tubers. We were blithe and bold.
Dear John, what jokes you cracked ! what tales you told !
So garrulous to cheer your "little midges,"
What time the setting sun shot shafts of gold
Athwart the ridges !

And when the season changed, and hay was mown,
You weighed the balance of our emulous powers,
How "Maister" Hugh was strong the ponderous cone
To pitchfork ; but to build the fragrant towers
Was none like "Maister Wulliam." Blessed hours !
The empty cart we young ones scaled—glad riders !—
And screamed at beetles exiled from their bowers,
And homeless spiders.

[1] Fork.

But when the corn was ripe, and truculent churls
Forbade us, as we culled the *cushaged*[1] stook,
Your eye flashed fire, your voice was loosed in *skirls*
Of rage. Old Covenanter, how could you look
The very genius of the pastoral crook—
Tythe-twined, established, dominant? "In our ashes
Still live our wonted fires." You could not brook,
You said, "their fashes."

A perfect treasury of rustic lore
You were to me, Old John: how nature thrives,
In horse or cow, their points; if less or more
Convex the grunter's spine; the cackling wives
Of Chanticleer how marked; the bird that dives,
And he that gobbles reddening—all the crises
You told, and ventures of their simple lives,
Also their prices.

The matchless tales your own great Wizard penned
To us were patent when you gave the key:
I knew Montrose; stern Clavers was my friend;
I carved the tombs with Old Mortality;
I sailed with Hatterick on the stormy sea;
Curled Cavalier, and Roundhead atrabiliar,
The shifts of Caleb Balderstone, to me
Were quite familiar.

But most of all, where all was most, I liked
To hear the story of the martyrs' doom:
The camp remote by stubborn hands bedyked;
The bones that bleached amid the heather bloom;
The gray-haired sire; the intrepid maid for whom
Old Solway piled his waters monumental,
And gave that glorious heart a glorious tomb
Worth Scotia's rental.

Old John, such stories were to me a proof
That 'neath the dimpling of the temporal tides
A power is working still in our behoof,
A primal power that in the world abides.

[1] Marked with the *Cushag* (ragwort).

In virgins' hearts it lives, and tender brides
Confess it. Veil your crests, ye powers of evil!
It is an older power, and it derides
Your vain upheaval.

Old John, do you remember Injebreck,
And that fine day we went to get a load
Of perfumed larch? From many a ruddy fleck
The resin oozed and dropped upon the road;
And ever as we trudged you taught the code
Traditional of woodcraft. Night came sparkling
With all her gems, and devious to-Tromode
The stream ran darkling.

But we the westward height laborious clomb;
Then from Mount Rule descended on the Strang,
And saw afar the pleasant lights of home,
Whereat your cheering speech—"We'll nae be lang"!
Also a wondrous chirp of eld you sang,
Till, when we came to Braddan Bridge, the clinging
Of that inveterate awe enforced a pang
That stopped the singing.

Yet when we gained the vantage of the hill,
And breathed more freely on the gentler slope,
Then quickly we recovered, as men will:
For Life's sweet buoyancy with Death can cope,
Being strung by Nature for that genial scope:
And so, when you had ceased from your dejection,
You talked with me of God, and faith, and hope,
And resurrection.

'Twas thus I learned to love the various man,
Rich patterned, woven of all generous dyes,
Like to the tartan of some noble clan,
Blending the colours that alternate rise.
So ever 'tis refreshing to mine eyes
To look beyond convention's flimsy trammel,
And see the native tints, in anywise,
Of God's enamel.

Old John, you were not of the Calvinists ;
"The doctrine o' yElaction," you declared—
You gentlest of all gentle Methodists—
"A saul-destroying doctrine." Whoso dared
God's mercy limit, he must be prepared
For something awful, not propounded clearly,
But dark as deepest doom that Dante bared,
Or very nearly.

On Sunday morning early to the "class,"
Then Matins, as it's called in ritual puff
Correct, then Evensong—but let that pass :
Our curate frowns. Nor then had you enough ;
But, with your waistcoat pocket full of snuff,
You scorned the flesh, suppressed the stomach's clamour,
And went where you could get "the rael stuff"
Absolved from grammar.

And who shall blame you, John ? Our prayers are good—
Compact of precious fragments, passion-clips
Of many souls, cemented with the blood
Of suffering. So we kiss them with the lips
Of awful love ; but when the irregular grips
Of zeal constrain the cleric breast or laic,
Into a thousand fiery shreds it rips
Our old mosaic.

And so it was with you, Old John ! The form
Was excellent ; but you were timely nursed
Upon a Cameronian lap, the storm
Of that great strife inherited : the thirst
For God was in you from the very first !
The rushing flood, the energy ecstatic,
O'erwhelmed you that you could not choose but burst
All bonds prelatic.

No gentler soul e'er took its earthward flight
From Heaven's high towers, or clove the ethereal blue
With softer wings, or full of purer light—
Sweet Saint Theresa, bathed in virgin dew,

Your sister was; but Jenny Geddes was too!
The false Archbishop feared the accents surly
Of your firm voice—you were John Knox, and you
Balfour of Burley.

Then is it wonderful in me you found
Disciple apt for every changing mood?
I also had a root in Scottish ground.
No tale of ancient wrong my spirit wooed
In vain: I loved the splendid fortitude,
Although we served in different battalions—
Your folk were Presbyterians, mine were lewd
Episcopalians.

What joy it was to you the day I came
To visit that dear home, no longer mine!
I sat belated, having seen the flame
Of sunset flash from well-known windows. Nine
Was struck upon the clock, and yet no sign
Of my departure; then some admiration
Of what I purposed; then I could divine
A consultation.

That I should sleep with you was their intent,
And so we slept, being comrades old and tried
It was to me a very sacrament,
As you lay hushed and reverent at my side.
Your comely portance filled my soul with pride
To think how human dignity surpasses
The estimate of those who "can't abide
The lower classes."

And, severed by a curtain on a string,
Slept Robert, and his wife, your daughter, slept;
Slept little Beenie, and the bright-eyed thing
You Maggie called—she to her mother crept
And snuggled in the dark. The night wind swept
"Aboon the thatch"; came dawn, and touched each rafter
With tongue of gold; then from the bed I leapt
As light as laughter.

But I must "break my fast" before I went:
And so I sat, and shared the pleasant meal;
And all were up, and happy, and content;
And last you prayed. May Fashion ne'er repeal
That self-respect, those manners pure and leal!
My countrymen, I charge you never stain them:
But, as you love your Island's noblest weal,
Guard and maintain them.

O faithfullest! my debt to you is long:
Life's grave complexity around me grows.
From you it comes if in the busy throng
Some friends I have, and have not any foes;
And even now, when purple morning glows,
And I am on the hills, a night-worn watchman,
I see you in the centre of the rose,
Dear, brave, old Scotchman!

CHALSE A KILLEY

To Chalse in Heaven

So you are gone, dear Chalse!
Ah! well: it was enough—
The ways were cold, the ways were rough—
O Heaven! O home!
No more to roam—
Chalse, poor Chalse.

And now it's all so plain, dear Chalse!
So plain—
The wildered brain,
The joy, the pain—
The phantom shapes that haunted,
The half-born thoughts that daunted—
All, all is plain
Dear Chalse!
All is plain.

Yet where you're now, dear Chalse,
Have you no memory
Of land and sea,
Of vagrant liberty?
Through all your dreams
Come there no gleams
Of morning sweet and cool
On old Barrule?
Breathes there no breath,
Far o'er the hills of Death,
Of a soft wind that dallies
Among the Curragh sallies--
Shaking the perfumed gold-dust on the streams?
Chalse, poor Chalse!

Or is it all forgotten, Chalse?
A fever fit that vanished with the night—
Has God's great light
Pierced through the veiled delusions,
The errors and confusions;
And pointed to the tablet, where
In quaint and wayward character,
As of some alien clime,
His name was graven all the time?
All the time!
O Chalse! poor Chalse.

Such music as you made, dear Chalse!
With that crazed instrument
That God had given you here for use—
You will not wonder now if it did loose
Our childish laughter, being writhen and bent
From native function—was it not, sweet saint?
But when such music ceases,
'Tis God that takes to pieces
The inveterate complication,
And makes a restoration
Most subtle in its sweetness,
Most strong in its completeness,
Most constant in its meetness;

And gives the absolute tone,
And so appoints your station
Before the throne—
Chalse, poor Chalse.

And yet while you were here, dear Chalse,
You surely had more joy than sorrow:
Even from your weakness you did borrow
A strength to mock
The frowns of fortune, to decline the shock
Of rigorous circumstance,
To weave around your path a dance
Of "airy nothings," Chalse; and while your soul,
Dear Chalse! was dark
As an o'erwanèd moon from pole to pole,
Yet had you still an arc
Forlorn, a silvery rim
Of the same light wherein the cherubim
Bathe their glad brows, and veer
On circling wings above the starry sphere—
Chalse, poor Chalse.

Yes, you had joys, dear Chalse! as when forsooth,
Right valiant for the truth,
You crossed the Baldwin hills,
And at the Union Mills,
Inspired with sacred fury,
You helped good Parson Drury
To "put the *Romans* out,"
A champion brave and stout—
Ah! now, dear Chalse, of all the radiant host,
Who loves you most?
I think I know him, kneeling on his knees—
Is it Saint Francis of Assise?
Chalse, poor Chalse.

Great joy was yours, dear Chalse! when first I met you
In that old Vicarage
That shelters under Bradda: we did get you
By stratagem most sage
Of youthful mischief—got you all unweeting

Of mirthful toys—
A merry group of girls and boys,
To hold a missionary meeting ;
And you did stand upon a chair,
In the best parlour there ;
And dear old Parson Corrin was from home,
And I did play a tune upon a comb ;
And unto us
You did pronounce a speech most marvellous,
Dear Chalse ! and then you said
And *sthrooghed*[1] the head—
"If there'll be no objection,
We'll now *purseed*[2] to the collection"—
Chalse, poor Chalse !

And do you still remember, Chalse,
How at the Dhoor[3]—
Near Ramsey, *to be sure*—
I got two painters painting in the chapel
To make with me a congregation ?
And you did mount the pulpit, and did grapple
With a tremendous text, and warn the nation
Of drunkenness ; and in your hand
Did wave an empty bottle, so that we,
By palpable typology,
Might understand—
Dear Chalse, you never had
An audience more silent or more sad !

And have you met him, Chalse,
Whom you did long to meet ?
You used to call him *dear and sweet*—
Good Bishop Wilson—has he *taken you*
In hand, dear Chalse ? And is he true,
And is he kind,
And do you tell him all your mind,
Dear Chalse—
All your mind ?
And have you yet set up the press ;
And is the type in readiness,

[1] Stroked. [2] Proceed.
[3] A well of "black water" on the Andreas Road.

Founded with gems
Of living sapphire, dipped
In blood of molten rubies, diamond-tipped?
And, *with the sanction of the Governor*,
Do you, a proud compositor,
Stand forth, and *prent the Hemns?* [1]—
Chalse, poor Chalse!

IN THE COACH

No. I.—Jus' the shy

YES, comin' home from the North Sea fishin' we were, past John o' Grotes,
Past the Pentlands and Cape Wrath theer, twenty boats
There'd be of us, and eight men and boys to every one, and how many are you making that?
A hunderd-and-sixty, says you—You're smart though, what?
And sure enough it is—aw this ciphrin' and figgurin' and recknin', aw grand! grand!
Well, when we hauled to the southward, the wind turned a foul, you'll understand;
So we made for a bay though, the lot of us: ter'ble narra it was to get in—
That bay—but spreadin' out astonishin',
And the room you navar seen—acres! acres! So swings to an anchor for all
As aisy as aisy, and plenty to spare, just that we could call
The time o' day and that: it's comfible, you know, like yandhar, and mayve a matthar
Of ten fathom—good houldin', fuss-rate ridin', couldn' be batthar.
And at the top of the bay there was a castle, ter'ble though,
Aw, bless ye, ter'ble uncommon, and the gardens theer all in a row,
And all above one another; and some guns that was took from the Rooshians, and a tower, and a flag goin' a-haulin'—
I don' know the burgee, but as broad as a good tarpaulin;

[1] Print the Hymns.

And over the door, cut to a dot, aw, open your eyes the widest you can!
Over the door, if you plaze, over the door, what next? God bless us! the three legs of Man!
That was the thing. My gough! the wondher we had;
And this and that; but at last Billy Fargher said
It muss ha' been some of these ould Earls or Dukes, or their daughters, or their nieces, or their cousins
(Of coorse, there'd be dozens)
That got married on yandhar lek—
At laste you'd expeck
There'd be some workin' in and out; and blood is blood,
That's aisy understood;
And navar ashamed of the ould flag, not her; but heisin'[1] it to the wind, and carvin' it on the stone, like defyin',
Lek as bould as a lion.
Now there was a ter'ble great lady livin' in this Castle, mind!
Aye, a lady, bless ye! and no mistake, grand, no doubt, but kind.
And she come to see us, aye, and she said she was once on the Islan',
And the people was that good to her, and that civil, and that smilin',
And that plazzant, she said, *that she couldn' forget it*, she said,
No, she said; *and it wasn' no use*, she said,
They were nice people, she said, *the nice you couldn' tell;*
That's what she said, and she liked them well.
And she wouldn' take no res' of us but we muss promise then and theer
To have dinner with her, aye! dinner, think of that now! a hunderd-and-sixty of us—what? aw, I'll sweer.
Dinner though; so promised sure enough; and the day come,
And there wasn' a sowl of us went, not a sowl, by gum!
No! and the pipers blawin',
And the curks[2] drawin',
And the preparation they'd be havin', so I'm toul',
And there wasn' a sowl, no, not a sowl.
And what for was that? What for? Just the shy, the shy,
That's the what for, and that's the why,

[1] Hoisting. [2] Corks.

And that's the way with the Manx; aw, it is though, aw, they are, they are,
Mos' despard shy; aw, it's a pity for all, but star'
They will, and wink and nudge and poke and bother,
And spit theer and laugh, and look like axin' one another—
"Are you goin', and you?" and takin' rises, and all to that,
Till you can't tell is it your granny's cat
Or what is it that's doin' on you, but you feel jus' a reg'lar fool,
And all the time bitendin'[1] to be as cool as cool.
Aw dear! it's a pity! a pity! aw, a rum lot!
But, whether or not,
The great lady was agate of us again,
'Deed for sure she was, and she seen the men
Was shy of the dinner; but it's lek[2] she thought
It was on account of not knowin' how to behave theerselves the way they ought
With theer knives and theer plates and the lek; so axed them to tay—
Aw, she muss ha' been a kind lady anyway!
And we promised faithful, and the day come, and she sent and she sent,
And there wasn' a one of us went.
The shy, did ye say? Sartinly, nothin' but the shy,
That's the way we are; aye,
Treminjus though. I was raelly sorry for her, I was, I tell ye,
And all the throuble that was at her theer, fit for a melya,[3]
And the disappointed—what? and, altogather, my chiarn![4]
These Manx chaps isn' fit, no they ar'n'—
Ter'ble boghs![5]
Well the wind veered round, and we all sailed for the southward,
Excep' two boats. Now, d'ye think she'd ha' bothered
About such dunkies? Well, that's jus' what she did,
Perseverin', aye! and considherin', and waitin'. 'Turn your quid!"
Says Juan Jem, lek *futhee*, lek *no hurry!* you know
Lek *aisy all!* lek *keep her so!*

[1] Pretending. [2] Like, likely. [3] Harvest-home.
[4] Lord. [5] Poor creatures.

Lek *wait and see!* Patient, is it? But anyway the strong
The kindness was in her—that's it, and the long-
Suff'rin' lek, and navar not no capers of takin' offince.
My gough! it's many a time I've thought of it since.
What did she do but down to these chaps that was lavin'[1]
behind—
Sixteen of them, aye—and axed them theer as kind as kind—
To tay? most sartin; what else? and I tell ye they took
heart and went,
And enjoyed theerselves to the full the same's it might be
you or any other gent.
But the res'? you're wond'rin'. Chut!
Jus' the shy, and nothin' *but*
The shy. Aw, no use a' talkin',
The shy it's shawkin'.
No raison, says you: not a bit.
Amazin', says you. Well, that's all you'll get,
That is the raison, and the for and the why—
Jus' the shy!

No. II.—Yes, ma'am! no, ma'am!

Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am;
We called him Joe, ma'am;
Eighteen—
My name's Cregeen—
Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am;
Had to go, ma'am
Faver? aye;
Young to die;
Eighteen for spring.
(*Chorus of sympathisers*) "Poor thing! poor thing!"

Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am;
I'm rather low, ma'am—
Bombay—
Not at say.
Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am;
Just so, ma'am,

[1] Was leaving: were left.

Clane groun',
And the Pazon in his gown ;
No stone, just marks.
(*Chorus as before*) "She's thinkin' of these sharks."

Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am,
Not like home, ma'am—
The clothes he died in
The corp was plied in.
Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am ;
But just to sew, ma'am,
Something sof',
Plazed enough,
But couldn' be—
(*Chorus as before*) "My chree ! my chree !" [1]

Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am,
We were callin' him Joe, ma'am—
His chiss [2] come,
Not like to some ;
Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am,
Come by Crow, ma'am,
From Liverpool :
And, of a rule,
Not amiss.
(*Chorus as before*) "She's got his chiss ! she's got his chiss !"

Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am,
These feerns [3] will grow, ma'am,
So I'm tould.
But I'm makin' very bould.
Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am—
Rather slow, ma'am,
Is this coach ;
But I hope I don't encroach—
In my head the pain 's.
(*Chorus as before*) "In her heart she manes."
Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am.

[1] Dear Heart ! [2] Chest. [3] Ferns.

No. III.—Conjergal Rights

Conjergal rights! conjergal rights!
I don't care for the jink of her and I don't care for the jaw of her,
But I'll have the law of her.
Conjergal rights! yis, yis, I know what I'm sayin'
Fuss-rate, Misthress Corkhill, fuss-rate, Misther Cain,
And all the people in the coach—is there a man or a woman of the lot of ye—
Well now, that's what I wudn' have thought of ye,
I wudn' raelly—No, I *haven' got a little sup*,
Not me—is there one of ye that wudn' stand up
For conjergal rights?
No, ma'am, *tight*'s
Not the word, not a drop since yesterday. But lizzen, good people, lizzen!
I'll have her in the coorts, I'll have her in prison—
It's the most scandalous thing you ever—What! this woman and her daughter—
It's clane murder, it's abslit manslaughter,
Aye, and I wudn' trus' but beggamy, that's what it is—
Married yesterday mornin'
In Kirk Breddhan Church, and not the smallest taste of warnin',
Takes her to her house in Castletown,
And jus' for I axed a quashtin [1]—and I'll be boun'
It's a quashtin any one of you wud have axed—picks a quarrel, makes a row,
The two of them, aye, the two of them—bow-wow!
Hammer and tungs![2] sends for a pleeceman, puts me to the door—
But I'll owe her! I'll owe her!
Aisy, Mr. Cretney? No, I'll not be aisy;
It's enough to make a body crazy,
That's what it is, and the supper on the table,
And the hoss in the stable.
And I said nothin', nor I done nothin'. Aw, if there's law in the land,
Law or justice, I'll have it, d'ye understand?

[1] Question. [2] Tongs.

Do ye see the thing? My grayshurs! married is married,
Isn' it? what? and me that carried
The woman's box. And that isn' all; what raison? what sense?
Think of the expense! think of the expense!
Don't ye know? God bless me! The certif'cake, that's hafe-a-crown,
And the licence, that's five shillin', money down, money down!
And not a farlin' off for cash, these Pazons, not a farlin';
And said she was my darlin'
And all to that, guy heng![1] it's thrue! it's thrue!
And look at me now! boo-hoo-oo-oo!
Yis, cryin' I am, and no wondher—
You don't see me it's that dark in the coach. By the livin' thundher
I'm kilt mos'ly, that's what I am, almos' kilt
With throuble and disthress and all. *A jilt*,
You say, *a jilt?* But married, married, married, d'ye hear?
Married, Misthress Creer,
Married afore twelve at Kirk Breddhan,
Married, a reg'lar proper weddin'
And no mistake,
And this woman . . . O my gough! don't spake of her! don't spake!
It's me that's spakin'? Yis, and I will! I will!
Who's to spake if I amn'? But still—
It's lek you don't see, the coach is so dark, and no light from these houses,
But feel of this new coat, and the pair of new trousis,
Bought o' puppose,[2] o' puppose! what else?
Bran new; and the shirt and the frells,
And the cuffs and the collar, every d—— thing
As bran and as new as a gull's wing—
And all to plaze her, and to look accordin'
To the occasion, and to do her credit, and ho'rdin'
The teens of months. And O, if I'd only borrowed them from a neighbour!
That's the thing, but bought them, bought them! and even so they might ha' been chaber,[3]

[1] Go hang! [2] On purpose. [3] Cheaper.

Yis, they might, at another shop. But you don' see the way I'm goin',
No, no, you don'—
But I'd lek you to—the tears! I'm jus' slushin' the sthraw
With the tears, makin' the coach all damp for the people—yis, I know I am, but I'll have the law, I'll have the law.
Just a quashtin about a bit of proppity,
The house, in fac', the very house we come into, d'ye see?
The house, her house! Of coorse! of coorse! But goodness grayshurs!
Who doesn' know the law about a thing like that? the iggorant! the ordashurs!
If ever there was a thing on God's earth
That was mine, it was yandhar house! But it isn' worth
Talkin'—no! There's people that'll go against anything. But what! no suttlement goin' a-makin',[1]
Nor nothin', jus' everything goin' a-takin'
Undher the common law of matrimony theer—
At my massy![2] at my massy! With your lave, Mr. Tear,
At my massy, sir. You'll 'scuse me.
But you know the law. Married—my chree! my chree!
What *iss* "married," if that isn'? it's as plain as a dus'bin—
Your own dear lovin' husbin'
As kind as kind!
See the beauty of it! And "all that's thine is mine,"
Isn' it sayin' that in the Bible?
And surely the woman is li'ble
As well as the man; and to "love, honour, and obey,"
Isn' that what they say?
But it's my heart, that's it! my poor broken heart! aw dear! aw dear!
And my feelin's! my feelin's! and that son of mine girnin' from ear to ear,
And his lip, and his imprince, and his disrespeck,
And the waste and the neglec'—
O, it's awful! it's awful! O, the wounds that there's no healin's!
O, my feelin's! my feelin's!
But I'll see aburt,[3] I will, I'll see aburt—
The dirt!

[1] Settlement to be made. [2] Mercy. [3] About it.

The wife of my bosom! Don't be mockin'!
I heard a woman laughing: its shockin'
That a woman'd laugh at the lek of such doin's, yis, it is,
Downright wickedness—
A woman that I could name—
Fie for shame! fie for shame!
But I'll have law. Look here! Is James Gell a lawyer?
You'll hardly uphould me
He isn', will ye? James Gell—the Attorney-Gineral: well,
that's the man that tould me.
Did I spake to him about it? was I axin' him afore
I was anything to her?
Sartinly! my gough! was I goin' to run my neck into a
noose,
And navar no 'pinion nor . . . I'm not such a goose
As yandhar ither, I've gorrit[1] in writin', yis, I have,
I've gorrit here—aw, you'll get lave! you'll get lave!
Not aisy to read, but God bless me! where's my specs?
But lar't! lar't![2]
It's my feelin's: O, my heart! my heart!
My poor heart! my poor heart! boo-hoo-oo-oo! Aye, and
you'd think there'd be
Some semperthy,
Some . . . Crow, open this door and let me out! there's
no regard with ye
For a man's . . . I'll not ride another yard with ye . . .
Theer then! theer! No, I'll have none of your good-
nights . . .
Conjergal rights! conjergal rights!

No. IV.—Going to meet him

A. Yes, yes, I'll be seein' him, seein' Billy
This very night—aw, I'm almost silly
With the thought. Yes, Mrs. Quayle, just a year away,
And he's comin' home this very day.
Billy! Billy! aw, the foolish I am!
And you'll 'scuse me, ladies, won't ye now? Aw, I'll be as
qui't as a lamb,

[1] Got it. [2] Let it be.

Yes, I will: and it isn' right
To be carryin' on like this afore people, but aw, the delight!
O! I wonder how he'll be lookin'; he's that handsome and gud,
Aw yes, aw dear! I wud, I wud,
I wud fly, I wud die! O the darling! O! it's shockin',
And I can't keep qui't, no, I can't, no, I can't, and it's no use o' talkin'.
But I'll try, Mrs. Quayle, you know me; yes, I'll try, I'll do my best,
O! I will though, and only proper lek. But how'l he be drest?
O Billy, Billy! will he have his white ducks? ho, ho!
It's me that 'd make them like the driven snow;
But these Liverpool washerwomen—chut! the nasty things! aw, I'll be bail
No notion whatever, no, they haven'; what did ye say, Mrs. Quayle?
Not to be expectin' too much and I'll not be disappointed? and *I'd batthar*—
What, Mrs. Quayle, *batthar* what, what? what? I've got the latthar!
He's comin'! he's comin'! "On the spree," did ye say?
Like the way
With such, Mrs. Quayle? With such!
Mrs. Quayle! Mrs. Quayle! Who then? whuch?
This coach is chokin' me, give me air—
No, no! it isn' fair,
Navar! no, navar! navar!
No, no! you're clavar,
You've seen a dale,
Mrs. Quayle,
A dale, no doubt, but that you'll navar see,
For I love Billy, and Billy loves me!
Is that plain? don't you know that? It cudn'! it cudn'!
But ye come upon me that sudden.
No, no! that's not Billy, nor natur', nor nothin'; that's foolishness—
But I can't rest—
This coach is close—the hot I am and the coul'!
(*Chorus of conscious women*) "Poor sowl! poor sowl!"

B. Now then, now then, what do you say now?

Here he is, and I think you'll allow,
Eh, Mrs. Quayle, you'll allow, I think,
Not the smallest sign of drink.
And I ast your pardon humble I do—
I'm forgettin' myself. But is it you?
Is it you? is it you? Whisper then,
The *millish ven!*[1]
Close, Billy, close—
God knows
I love you, Billy, and you love me,
Don't you, Billy? my chree! my chree!
Aw, just to hear—
Chut! I'm foolish, but O, the dear!
The—*Steady*, did ye say? yis, Billy, yis!
Steady it is.
Now, Mrs. Quayle, is he drunk or sober?
Poor ould Billy! And last October
He sailed, poor chap! And *it's me that's drunk*—
With joy you mane? And have you got your trunk—
What am I talkin'? your chiss—dear me! and didn' I see't
Comin' along the street—
Of coorse, and mended—
You tould me. O! isn' all this beautiful? isn' it splendid?
Closer, Billy, closer then!
Crid shen?[2]
Nothin', but . . . lizzen, Billy, whisp'rin's free
I love Billy, and he loves me . . .
Do you, Billy? as God's above,
Do you love
Me, Billy? The word, Billy, as soft as soft—
What am I thinkin' of?
Aw, ye said it, ye said it. And now I'll trouble ye
Is he drunk or sober, this young man, W.
Sayle, by name? Aw, you'll 'scuse me, won't ye?
Aw I didn' mane to 'front ye,
Aw nothin' of the surt! Only, ye see, the glad
I am it's fit to drive me mad.
And I'm rather young . . . at laste, not that oul',
You'll 'scuse me, won't ye . . .
(*Chorus of conscious women*) "Poor sowl! poor sowl!"

[1] Sweet dear. [2] What's that?

No. V.—The Pazons

What's the gud of these Pazons? They're the most despard rubbage go'n',
Reg'lar humbugs they are. Show me a Pazon, show me a drone!
Livin' on the fat of the land, livin' on the people's money
The same 's the drones is livin' on the beeses honey.
Aw bless ye! the use of them? not the smallest taste in the world, no!
Grindin' down the honest workin' man, just so;
Suckin' the blood of the poor and needy,
And as greedy's greedy.
See the tithes, see the fees, see the glebes and all;
What's the call
For the lek? and their wives go'n' a takin' for ladies, and their childhar go'n' sendin' to College
Like the fuss[1] of the land. Aw, it bates all knowledge
The uprisement of the lek! And fingerin' with their piannas,
Them that shud be singin' their hosannahs
To the King of glory constant. Clap them in the pulfit theer,
What can they do! Aw, come down the steer![2] come down the steer,
And don't be disgracin' yourself that way! That's what I've been thinkin' many a time—
And let a praecher take his turn, a local, aye, just try 'm!
Aw, give your people a chance to get salvation.
"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion!" That's the style, and the prespiration
Pourin' out all over his body! See the wrestlin',
And the poor Pazon with his collec' and his pestlin'
And his gosp'lin'. *Gospel!* Let it sound abroad,
The rael gospel of God!
Aw then the happy I am!
Give us the Lamb! give us the Lamb!
But he can't, I tell ye, he can't—
What's that young man sayin' theer—rant?
Rant indeed, is that what he's learnin'
At Oxfoot College, to revile the spirit that's burnin'

[1] First. [2] Stair.

In the hearts of the faithful? Aye, and let it burn, let it blaze!
But here's the Pazon, if ye plaze,
Cocked up with his little twinkle of a farlin' rush,
And 'll hauk and blush,
And his snips and his snaps
And his scrips and his scraps,
And endin' up with the Lord's Prayer quite sudden
Lek the ould woman's sauce to give a notion of a puddin', . . .
Aye, puddin', and drabbin' with their swishups and dishups
Of the stale ould broth of the law! If all the hands of all the bishops
Was goin' crookin' over his head, he wudn' be a praecher,
Not him, *nor* a taecher.
You can't be married without a Pazon? Can't I though?
Can't I, Masther Crow?
Give me the chance: I'm a married man with a fam'ly comin',
But if it plazed the Lord to take Mrs. Creer, d'ye think there's a woman
'd refuse to go with me before the High Bailiff down
At Castletown,
And ger' a slick of matrimony put upon us?
Honest?
Yes, honest thallure:[1] *but holy*, "*holy matrimony*," *they're say'n'*—
Holy your grandmother!—At laste, I mane,
And astin' your pardon, Mrs. Clague!
But the idikkilis people is about the lek o' yandhar—Aisy with your leg,
Masthar Callow; thank ye! that'll do—
Yis, Mrs. Clague, and crizzenin's and funarls too—
Shuperstition, just shuperstition, the whole kit,
Most horrid, just popery, clane popery, that's it—
Aye, popery and schamin' and a lie and a delusion and snares
To get money out of the people, which is the Lord's and not theirs!
Money, money every turn,
Money, money—pay or burn!
And where does it come from? I said it before, and I say it again,
Out of the sweat of the workin' man,

[1] Enough.

Aw these priests! these priests! these priests—
Down with them, I say. The brute beasts
Has more sense till us, that's willin' to pay blackmail
To a set of rascals, to a pack of——Good evenin', Pazon
Gale!
Good evenin', sir, good evenin'! Step up, sir! Make room,
Make room for our respected Vicar—And may I persume
To ax how is Mrs. Gale, sir, and the family?
Does this weather agree—
Rather damp, I dessay! And the Governor's got knighted?
I'm delighted to see you, sir, delighted, delighted!

No. VI.—Noah's Ark

(*On the road*)
"Good gracious! what in the world is this?"—"A lil
cauf, ma'am."
"Why, you don't mean to say . . .?"—"I'll take it by
the scruff, ma'am;
We'll just lave it at the door.
It's belongin' to Mr. Moore."
"And to think the abominable brute
Was sucking at my boot!
Mr. Crow! Mr. Crow!
I'd have you to know . . ."
"Jus' a lil cauf, ma'am,
Jus' a lil cauf."
(*Arrival at Ramsey*)
"Mercy on us! what next?"—"A lil dunkey, ma'am."
"A little what? Good heavens!"—"Aw, ye needn' be
funky, ma'am;
I'll get him out as qui't . . .
Good people, bring a light!"
"But a solitary female in the dark . . . .
With half the beasts in Noah's ark.
Mr. Crow! Mr. Crow!
I'd have you to know . . ."
"Jus' a lil dunkey, ma'am,
Jus' a lil dunkey."

MATER DOLOROSA

Aw, Billy, good sowl! don't cuss! don't cuss!
Ye see, these angels is grand to nuss;
And it's lek they're feedin' them on some nice air,
Or dew or the lek, that's handy there,
O Billy, look at my poor poor bress!
O Billy, see the full it is!
But . . . O my God! . . . but navar mind!
There's no doubt them sperrits is very kind—
And of coorse they're that beautiful it's lekly
The childher is takin to them directly—
Eh, Billy, eh? . . . And . . . O my head!
Billy, Billy, come to bed! . . .
And the little things that navar knew sin—
And everything as nate as a pin:
And the lovely bells goin' ding-a-lingin'—
And of coorse we've allis heard of their singin'.
But won't he want me when he'll be wakin'?
Will they take him up when he's wantin' takin'?
I hope he'll not be left in the dark—
He was allis used to make a wark
If a body'd lave him the smallest minute—
Dear me! the little linnet—
But I forgot—it's allis light
In yandhar place . . . All right! all right!
I forgot, ye see, . . . I'm not very well . . .
Light, was I sayin'? but who can tell?
Bad for the eyes, though . . . but a little curtain
On a string, ye know—aw certain! certain!
Let me feel your face, Billy! Jus' us two!
Aw, Billy, the sorry I am for you!
Aw 'deed it is, Billy,—very disthressin'
To lave your childher to another pessin—
But . . . all the little rooms that's theer—
And Jesus walkin' up the steer,
And tappin' lek—I see! I see!—
O Jesus Christ, have pity on me!
But He'll come, He'll come! He'll give a look
Jus' to see the care that's took—

O ! there's no doubt He's very gud—
O, I think He wud, I think He wud !
But still . . . but still . . . but I don't know . . .
O Billy ! I think I'd like to go—
What's that, Billy ? did ye hear a cry ?
O Illiam, the sweet it 'd be to die !

THE CHRISTENING

HOULD him up !
Hould him up !
Joy ! joy !
Hould him up ! hould him up !
Is that the boy ?
Hould him up !

Stand out of the way, women,
Stand out of the way !
Here, Misthress Shimmin !
Here, I say !
Here ! here !
Aw dear !
Is this him ?
Every limb
Taut and trim—
Here's a hull !
Here's a breast—
Like a bull !
He's got my finger in his fess [1]—
He hess ! [2] he hess !

Look at the grip !
Is that a smile upon his lip ?
He can't do that !
What ! what !

[1] Fist. [2] Has.

Smile!
My gough! what a chile!

Feel the gristle!
Feel it though!
Stop! I'll whistle—
Whew——! bo!
What's he doin'?
Is it cooin'
You call it when he goes like yandhar?
See his eyes the way they wandhar!
Hullo! hullo!
Where'll you go? where'll you go?
Keep her so!

There's a look!
There's another!
The little rook!
What's he wantin'
With this gallivantin'?
Ah! the mother! ah! the mother!
Yiss! yiss! muss hev a kiss!
Aw, Kitty, Kitty bogh![1]
Aw my gough!
Kitty darlin'! Kitty then!
And me so far away!
The hard it muss ha' ben![2]
Were you freckened,[3] Kitty, eh?
Navar mind!
Here I am!
As consigned!
And, axin' your pardon, Misthress Shimmin, ma'am,
Here's the joy!
Here's our boy, Kitty!
Here's our boy!

Listen! I'll tell you a thing—
By jing!
I've calkerlated it to a dot,
But whether or not—

[1] Poor Kitty. [2] Must have been. [3] Frightened

The very night Kitty was tuk—
Just three days,
If you plaze,
Out of Dantzic, there was a sea struck—
Jemmy 'll remember—
Every timber
Shuck!

Close-hauled, you know, and I navar tould ye,
But behould ye!
In the trough there, rowlin' in it,
Just that minute—
I saw a baby, as plain,
Passin' by on a slant of rain
To leeward, and his little shiff[1]
Streamin' away in the long gray driff.
I saw him there—you didn' regard[2] me—
But his face was toward me—
Oughtn't I to know him?
Well, I saw him afore Kitty saw him!
I saw him, and there he ess,[3]
There upon his mother's breast,
The very same, I'll assure ye;
And I think that'll floor ye!
And his body all in a blaze of light—
A dirty night!
"Where was he goin'?"
Who's knowin'?
He was in a hurry in any case,
And the Baltic is a lonesome place—
But here he is, all right!
Here he is now! joy! joy!
God bless the boy!

Have you tould the Pazon? what did he say?
Has he seen him—ould Pazon Gale?
Aw, you tould the Pazon anyway!
Tould! he'll turn the scale
At thirty pound,
I'll be bound.

[1] Shift. [2] See. [3] Is.

Did you put it in the papers?
No, no! What capers!
No, no!
Splendid though!
Upon my life—
Catharine, wife
Of Mounseer
Eddard Creer,
Esqueer,
Otherwise dadaa,
Of a son and heer!
Hip-hip-hip-hip, hooraa!

Bless my sowl! am I draemin'?
He'll make a seaman
Will yandhar lad—
Aw, the glad!
Yiss! yiss! Misthress Shimmin, certainly!
Go down to the smack,
Jemmy, and see—
Yiss! Misthress Shimmin
And all the rest of the women—
'Scuse me, ladies! rather 'cited—
Just the delighted, you know, the delighted!
And every raison to suppose
(See him cockin' his nose!)
That the best of care
And ceterar——
I'll get that with Misthress Shimmin—did ye say?
Eh?

Go, Jemmy, they're lyin' quite handy,
A bottle of rum and another of brandy,
In the starboard locker theer—
And, Jemmy! there's a taste of gin—
Aw, navar fear!
Tell the chaps to finish it—
All the kit—
And listen—tell ould Harper
We'll take and warp her

Inside
On the morning's tide—
About hafe-past four 'll be time to begin—
My gough! but we'll have a chrizzenin'!

PEGGY'S WEDDING

"Is that you, Peggy? my goodness me!
And so dark still I can hardly see!
Wait, woman, wait!
I'll come down: ye needn' go on hommerin' at such a rate.
Here's the master snorin'
Like a mill, and you to be breakin' the door in—
It's just disthractin', that's what it is—
Aisy, woman! yis! yis!—
There's people 'll snore—where's that perricut?[1]
There's people 'll hommer—my gough! that slut!
I'm comin'! I'm comin'!
God bless the woman!
I navar heard such a row——

"Aw dear! aw dear! aw, the craythur! aw, poor Peggy, what's the matter with you now?
Come in! come in! the sowl! the sowl!
What is it, Peggy, what? and where have you left Dan Cowle?
Is he outside in the street?—well, where is he then?
Did you call at the halfway-house? did he get—aw, bless these men!
Did he fall on the road? *No*, ye say, *no?*
Well then where did he go?
Is he lyin' in the ditch?
Did he lave you, or did you lave him—which?
You left *him?*
So I suppose it's not a man you're wantin' at all, but a cherubim?
Aye! aye!
Middlin' high!

[1] Petticoat.

"And you that were married only yesterday, and the weddin' out of this house—
To be comin' home in the mornin' all ragg'd and rumpled like a reg'lar trouse[1]—
Peggy, Peggy! *You'd like to blow the fire, just to feel You're at home again*—eh, Peggy? Don't kneel! don't kneel!
Don't be foolish, Peggy. There! take the bellows,
And blow away!
And we'll have a cup o' tay,
And then you'll tell us.
Why—Dan Cowle! Dan Ballabroo!
A dacent man, and well-to-do!
Dan! Dan Cowle! dear heart!
And the beautiful ye went away in the cart!
And you've tuk and left him! left Dan!
Left the man!"

"*Man!* did ye say? aw Misthriss, Misthriss! what are ye talkin'?
Man! do ye call that craythur a man, because he's a thing that's walkin'
On two legs, and a tongue in his head? a beautiful surt[2]
Of a man—you call him a man, I call him a dirt!
That's what I call him—a dirt, and a sneak, and a dunkey—
Man! if that chap's a man, he's a cross 'twix a man and a monkey!
And a touch of a divil, and a touch of a fool . . .
Listen, Misthriss, listen! We warn' half-way up Barrule,
When I thought he'd ha' stayed a bit—and only raisonable he shud—
At Kinvigs's—bein' a thing lek that's general understood—
What's halfway-houses for, I'd like to know—
Just so!
You wouldn' be agen[3] that?
What?

"Certainly! and company waitin'—and just a drop to warm a body—
And dear me! what is there in half a glass of rum, or a whole glass, for the matter of that, to harm a body?

[1] Slattern. [2] Sort. [3] Against.

And well you know it isn' the dhrink I regard—
Well you know that—but still a body's hardly prepar'd
To pass the only public-house on the road, drivin' home on
your weddin' night—
It isn' right,
Nor correck, nor friendly, nor in any surt of a concatenation
Lek accordin' to your station—
And disappintin' people that way, when they're trustin'
Your proper feelin's, is quite disgustin'.

"So I lays my hand on his arm, just by way of signifyin'—
Nothin' more—and behould ye! he cocks hisself up as
stiff and as dignifyin',
And rip! and rup! and chip! and chup!
And 'There's nobody up,' he says. Nobody up?
And glasses jinglin', and windows blazin',
And people comin' out, and shoutin' amazin'
To stop! But no! but sticks his elbers like skewers in a
body—
'What!' I says, 'not a glass of toddy?
Just for neighbourly dacency?'
'It's surprisin' how early they're goin' to bed,' says he.
'Goin' to bed!' says I. 'Yes,' he says—middlin' snarly—
'Kinvigs's was allis early,' he says, 'partic'lar early'—
And his ould hoss gallopin', and heisin' his hind-quarters,
and workin'
Like a see-saw, and bumpin' and jerkin',
And sent me flyin', with my head in the bottom of the cart,
and my feet in the air,
And the rest of me—anywhere.

"So he puts out his hand—
'Bless my sowl!' he says, 'I thought it was gone!'
'What?' says I. 'The box,' he says, maenin' my box, and
my weddin' bonnet
Smashed to jammy—'I wish you'd sit upon it,'
He says—the box, of coorse! So I thought I'd be a little
lovin'
And that—and I comes up lek gradjal, lek shiftin' and shovin'
Lek agen him in a way. And I says, 'I'd like to be with
you,' says I,

'My own husband,' I says ; for I thought it better to try
Was there just a taste
Of anything of a husband in him. So he put his arm round my waist—
Not round either—for he couldn' do that—
Not for the stout I am, bein' allis a gintale figger, but just like a lath—
Flat
Agen the back o' my stays, and not the smallest curl
Or squeeze in the ould pump-handle, not the smallest in the worl'—
And his eyes on the box—and 'There it's goin'!'
He says, and waein' and woin'—
And as restless! And then we got on the mountain ; and the ling
Was smellin' very sweet in the dark, and a stream began ting-ting-ting
Down the other way—very pleasant, and it got couldher,
And I thought it was only a 'spectable thing to put my head on his shouldher.

"O dear! he got as crabbit
As an ould buck rabbit ;
And he hitched and he hunched, and he cribbed and he crunched,
Till he was all bunched
In a lump ; and anyway his blades that sharp
And snaggy you might as well ha' leaned your head on the backbone of a carp.

"So I didn' care, and I sat up as straight
And as indepandin'. It was gettin' late
When we come to his house ; and there was a falla theer standin' on the look-out
On the very top of the midden, and jumps down, and grips the hoss, and gives a big shout,
And 'Look here!' he says, 'who's goin' to pay me? 'Pay!'
Thinks I—and this ould fool goin' seerchin' away
In all his pockets—and gev a start,
And 'Bless my heart!'

He says, 'hev I lost it? hev I lost it?' and twisses and
wriggles
Hisself into knots—and the other chap stands and sniggles—
A young chap—And 'Dear me!' says Dan, 'it must ha'
dropt out on the road comin'—
It's very disthressin',' he says. 'Faith then! you're a
rummin,'
Says the chap, and like to buss[1]—
'What's the use o' talkin'?' says Dan Cowle, 'I've lost my
puss.
Where's your puss, Peggy? maybe,' he says, 'you'll not
mind
Payin' the man,' he says—'if you'll be so kind,'
He says—but oh! that creepin', and that sneakin', and
that slewin', and that screwin',
Like a conger just. And 'What's a doin'?'
Says I; 'isn' it your own cart you got?'
'Well—— no—— it's not,'
He says, 'I must confess—
The fact of the matter is,' he says,
'My own cart is bruk very bad,
And I borrowed this one for the occasion.' So I paid the lad.

"'Aye, aye! his cart is bruk very bad,' says the chap,
'Likewise his trap,
And the phaeton, and the barooch, and the jantin'-car, and
the family coach-and-four'—
And he gev a roor
Out of hisself, this young divil—
And 'Hurrah for the weddiners!' he says. 'Be civil! be
civil!'
Says Dan, 'be civil, young man, it would well become ye'—
But says I—'Take your money and your cart,' I says, 'and
be off with ye, ye scum ye!
Be off!' I says, 'stir your stumps!'
(These Foxdale lumps[2]
Is pirriful.[3]) And Dan with the box on the street, and pokin'
The key in the door—and, you know, I seen the chimbley
wasn' smokin',

[1] Burst. [2] Lads. [3] Pitiful, detestable.

Nor nothin'—nor no cowhouse about that I could see,
Nor no garden, nor a bush, let alone a tree—
But just a crock
Standin' on a rock,
And water runnin' in it very free
At the gable, and slishin' and slushin', and muckin' the street
Under one's feet.

"And this is the man that tould me he'd make me
So comfible!
But still
You'll not mistake me,
You know me, Misthriss, don't ye? and you know I wouldn' flinch,
No, not even if I was deceived—no, not an inch!
On I'd go, through the smooth and the rough,
Content enough—
For richer for poorer, for better for wuss—
Lost his puss!
Had he? lost two! lost twenty!
Give me a man with a lovin' heart, Misthriss, with a lovin' heart—
That's plenty—
Plenty for me—navar mind the cart—
With a lovin' heart, and some wit about him—
And I'd navar doubt him,
Misthriss—no! *For better for wuss*—
Them's the words, and didn' the Pazon say them? And I'd nuss
His childher, and I'd work, and I'd slave, and I'd die
Before I'd be beat—and still a lie
Is a dirty thing—fore or aft,
As the sailors is sayin'—
But listen again—
Misthriss! Misthriss! you don't know half.

"So we got in, however, and he groped about, and he found a flint-and-steel,
And he skinned his ould knuckles all like a priddha[1] peel,

[1] Potato.

Streck-streckin' away ; and, when he gor[1] a light at last,
You navar seen such a rookery. A dresser there was—
Yis—but hardly a plate or a bason, or any other surt o' war',
And a hape of mouldy turmits[2] in a corner there—cŏŭld, comfortless things they are—
And a rot-hole,[3] or a shot-hole, I don't know which, and I don't care etha',[4]
And a barrel that looked like male, with a flag or a slate on the top of it, and a medha,[5]
And a pot, and nothin' in it, and no fire, if there had been, and as for bed or beddin'—
Well, I dedn' throuble, no, faith, I dedn'.

"It was a house that if you were inside you'd see about as much sky as roof,
A surt o' mixthar o' the two, and a touch of harry-long-legses and spiders—aw, it's the troof![6] it's the troof,
The troof I'm tellin'! And the scraas[7] hangin' in rags and strings of dirt as black
You couldn' tell were they scraas, or strips tore from a rotten ould sack,
Or nettin' or somethin'. And I can tell ye the chap begun, as a body might say,
To look rather ashamed of hisself—I think so—in a way—
Yis—he didn' look at me for a bit at all,
But cocked his face agen the wall.

"And—'It's too late,' he says, 'it's too late for supper, I suppose'—
And ye might have sniffed and sniffed till ye straint your nose
Afore you'd ha' got a smell of supper in yandhar place—
But he turned at last, and I saw his face—
Workin', workin', workin' most terrible,
And screwin' the eye, and workin' still—

[1] Got. [2] Turnips. [3] Rat-hole.
[4] Either. [5] Small, one-handled tub.
[6] Truth. [7] Strips of sod laid on the rafters under the thatch.

And—'Let's sit down a bit,' he says, and he studdied
the candle, if ye plaze, and he looks up as innocent as a
linnet,
And he says, 'That's a nice puss you've got,' he says; 'how
much is there in it?'
And I tould him £4 : 16s. and 2½d.-farlin'—
So he says, 'That's a nice little bit o' money, my darlin'—
Let's see it,' he says.
So I gev it to him, ye know;
And he counted it out, I tell ye, every coin of it, very
slow—
Very slow he counted—and then—what d'ye think?
Whips it in his pocket! 'A nice lump of jink!'
Says Dan; and he snuggled up closer to me, and he began
to fiddle and fiddle,
Lek tryin' to span me round the middle—
Some surt o' coortin'? thinks I, *he's improvin', I doubt*—
The ould villyan! He was just tryin' to find out
Had I any more stitched up in my stays!
And a man with such ways—
Would you call him a man? now would ye, Misthriss?
would ye, though?
That was the fiddlin'—aye! he said it, he said it hisself, the
ould crow!
Yis, and his dirty ould mouth all of a pucker, and grippin'
and nippin',
And declarin' he felt the shillin's slippin'
Between the quiltin's—aw dear! aw dear!
But I was enough for him—navar fear!

"I says—'This is no place for me,' I says; and up I
jumps—
'I'm off,' I says; and he rattles his ould stumps—
And—'Off?' he says—'Why you've not opened your box
yet!'
'Clear out o' the road!' I says. 'I hevn' seen your frocks
yet,'
He says, 'nor the sheetin' nor nothin'!—just give us that
key—
It's every bit my proppity!' he says. 'Out o' the way!'

I says, and I gript the box. But if I gript it, he gript it, and he shouted and bawled,
And backards and forrards we tugged and we hauled ;
And we staggered this way, and we staggered that way,
And higgledy-piggledy, and I cannot tell what way—
But I gev him a run in on the dresser, and his ould back bent,
And——down he went !

"And the crockery—what there was—all smashed—well to be sure !
And the turmits rowlin' on the floor—
So the box was mine, and I out on the door.
'Murdher ! tieves !' and he run after me full trot—
'You're a robber !' he says ; 'you've robbed me ! everything you got
Belongs to me—I'll bring a shuit,' he says ; 'I'll bring a shuit
For damagers !' he says—the ould brute—
'I'll have your life !' he says,
'Ar'n' you my wife ?' he says—
'Murdher !' he says, 'murdher !' — '*Murdher* — your granny,'
I says—'Good-bye, Dan Cowle ! good-bye, Danny !'
And I left him standin' in the road ; and here I am, as you see—
And, Misthriss ! no more weddin's, aw good sakes ! no, no more weddin's for me !"

THE PEEL LIFE-BOAT

Of Charley Cain, the cox,
And the thunder of the rocks,
And the ship *St. George*—
How he balked the sea-wolf's gorge
Of its prey—
Southward bound from Norraway ;

And the fury and the din,
And the horror and the roar,
Rolling in, rolling in,
Rolling in upon the dead lee-shore!

See the Harbour-master stands,
Cries—"Have you all your hands?"
Then, as an angel springs
With God's breath upon his wings,
She went;
And the black storm robe was rent
With the shout and with the din. . . .

And the castle walls were crowned,
And no woman lay in swound,
But they stood upon the height
Straight and stiff to see the fight,
For they knew
What the pluck of men can do:
With the fury and the din. . . .

"Lay aboard her, Charley lad!"
"Lay aboard her!—Are you mad?
With the bumping and the scamper
Of all this loose deck hamper,
And the yards
Dancing round us here like cards,"
With the fury and the din. . . .

So Charley scans the rout,
Charley knows what he's about,
Keeps his distance, heaves the line—
"Pay it out there true and fine!
Not too much, men!
Take in the slack, you Dutchmen!"
With the fury and the din. . . .

Now the hauser's fast and steady,
And the traveller rigged and ready.
Says Charley—"What's the lot?"
"Twenty-four." Then like a shot—

"Twenty-three,"
Says Charley, "'s all I see"—
With the fury and the din. . . .

"Not a soul shall leave the wreck,"
Says Charley, "till on deck
You bring the man that's hurt."
So they brought him in his shirt—
O, it's fain
I am for you, Charles Cain—
With the fury and the din. . . .

And the Captain and his wife,
And a baby! Odds my life!
Such a beauty! Such a prize!
And the tears in Charley's eyes.
Arms of steel,
For the honour of old Peel
Haul away amid the din. . . .

Sing ho! the seething foam!
Sing ho! the road for home!
And the hulk they've left behind,
Like a giant stunned and blind
With the loom
And the boding of his doom—
With the fury and the din. . . .

"Here's a child! don't let it fall!"
Says Charley, "Nurse it, all!"
O the tossing of the breasts!
O the brooding of soft nests,
Taking turns,
As each maid and mother yearns
For the babe that 'scaped the din. . . .

See the rainbow bright and broad!
Now, all men, thank ye God,
For the marvel and the token,
And the word that He hath spoken!

With Thee,
O Lord of all that be,
We have peace amid the din,
And the horror and the roar,
Rolling in, rolling in,
Rolling in upon the dead lee-shore.

CATHERINE KINRADE

[" ANOTHER unfortunate creature was soon afterwards subjected to the same treatment, although it was admitted she had 'a degree of unsettledness and defect of understanding,' and, as was certified by the clergy, that she had submitted 'with as much submission and discretion as can be expected of the like of her,' and 'considering the defect of her understanding.' The records state—'Forasmuch as neither Christian advice nor gentle modes of punishment are found to have any effect on Kath. Kinred of Kirk Christ, a notorious strumpet, who had brought forth three illegitimate children, and still continues to stroll about the country, and lead a most vicious and scandalous life on other accounts; all which tending to the great dishonour of the Christian name, and to her own utter destruction without a timely and thorough reformation. It is therefore hereby ordered (as well for the further punishment of the said delinquent as for the example of others) that the said Kath. Kinred be dragged after a boat in the sea at Peel, on Wed., the 17th inst. (being the fair of St. Patrick), at the height of the market. To which end, a boat and boat's crew are to be charged by the general sumner, and the constable and soldiers of the garrison are, by the Governor's order, to be aiding and assisting in seeing this censure performed. And in case any owner, master, or crew of any boat are found refractory, by refusing or neglecting to perform this service for the restraining of vice, their names are to be forthwith given in by the general sumner, to the end they may be severally fined for their contempt, as the Governor's order directs. Dated at Bishop's Court this 15th day of March, 1713.

'THOS. SODOR AND MAN.
'WILLIAM WALKER.'

"It was certified by the Sumner General so long after as July 13th ensuing, that 'St. Patrick's day being so stormy and tempestuous that no boat could perform the within censure, upon St.

German's day about the height of the market the within Kath. Kinred was dragged after a boat in the sea according to the within order.' However, poor Katherine Kinred is not yet done with, for on the 27th Oct., 1718, having had a fourth bastard child, and 'after imprisonment, penance, dragging in the sea, continuing still remorseless,' and notwithstanding her 'defect of understanding,' she is again 'ordered to be twenty-one days closely imprisoned, and (as soon as the weather will permit) dragged in the sea again after a boat, and also perform public penance in all the churches of this island.' After undergoing all this, she is apparently penitent, 'according to her capacity,' and is ordered by the Bishop 'to be received into the peace of the Church, according to the forms appointed for that purpose.' 'Given under my hand this 13th day of Aug., 1720.'"

See *Manx Society's Publications*, vol. xi. pp. 98, 99.]

NONE spake when Wilson stood before
The throne—
And He that sat thereon
Spake not; and all the presence-floor
Burnt deep with blushes, as the angels cast
Their faces downwards. Then at last,
Awe-stricken, he was 'ware
How on the emerald stair
A woman sat, divinely clothed in white,
And at her knees four cherubs bright,
That laid
Their heads within her lap. Then, trembling, he essayed
To speak:—"Christ's mother, pity me!"
Then answered she:—
"Sir, I am Catherine Kinrade."
Even so—the poor dull brain,
Drenched in unhallowed fire,
It had no vigour to restrain—
God's image trodden in the mire
Of impious wrongs—whom last he saw
Gazing with animal awe
Before his harsh tribunal, proved unchaste,
Incorrigible, woman's form defaced
To uttermost ruin by no fault of hers—
So gave her to the torturers;
And now—some vital spring adjusted,
Some faculty that rusted

Cleansed to legitimate use—
Some undeveloped action stirred, some juice
Of God's distilling dropt into the core
Of all her life—no more
In that dark grave entombed,
Her soul had bloomed
To perfect woman—swift celestial growth
That mocks our temporal sloth—
To perfect woman—woman made to honour,
With all the glory of her youth upon her.
And from her lips and from her eyes there flowed
A smile that lit all Heaven; the angels smiled;
God smiled, if that were smile beneath the state that glowed
Soft purple—and a voice:—"Be reconciled!"
So to his side the children crept,
And Catherine kissed him, and he wept.
Then said a seraph:—"Lo! he is forgiven."
And for a space again there was no voice in Heaven.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HOM-VEG AND BALLURE'S RIVER

HOM-VEG

HOULD on then, I tell ye! Do ye see yandhar wall,
You sniffikan'[1] dirt, and the other as tall
Lek opposite lek, and sides like a sewer's,
A' puppus to stop such perseedin's as yours—
Masther D., that have built them, because he's intarmint
To bring you to raison, you bothersome varmint!
In a million of years you've stòle a good fut
From the bank, yes you have. Aw, it's aisy to "chut"
And blackguard and give sauce. But I'll tell ye! look here!
It's just go'n a' stoppin'. What capers! *Don' keer?*
You inslin' monkey! I'll see about that!
You slippery vagabone! Rat-a-tat-tat!

[1] Insignificant.

You'll go your own way, will ye? navar say die!
You're a freeborn river—Aye man, aye!
I've got ye! I've got ye! Now, aisy, magellya[1]!
Be dacen', be dacen', be dacen', I tell ye.
And I know there's a tongue at ye, tongue thallure[2]
But none of your tongue or your cheek at Ballure!
Such ramblin' and amblin',
Such bustlin' and scramblin',
Such booin' and sthooin'
And hullabalooin'!
Such work, you young Turk,
Wiss a jump and a jerk
And a shy and a toss,
Like a runaway hoss,
And the jiggin' and joggin',
And all the lape-froggin'—
Ondacen' it is;
And the buzz and the bizz,
And the fuss and the fizz—
And altogathar, ye 'nointed young divil,
Be civil! will ye? *Will* ye be civil?
Will ye? won't ye? Str'ight then, str'ight!
Nither the leff nor *nither* the right—
And no nizin',[3] no, nor a sigh nor a mutter,
Just humblin'-bumblin' 'twix your gutter.
D'ye hear? d'ye hear?

RIVER

O dear! O dear!

HOM-VEG

What did they larn ye up in the mountain?
Nothin', I think, that's much accountin'.

RIVER

No, no!
Only to go,
To flow,
To fling my spray in the sunny glow,
To splash,

[1] My boy. [2] Enough. [3] Noise.

To dash,
Heels over head with a crazy crash.

HOM-VEG

So that's your arly eddication
Lek accordin' to your station?
And just the smallest taste of a mill
'd ha been a dale more 'spectable.
But times is changed. So that'll do.

RIVER

O wirrasthru![1] O wirrasthru!
O, that beast of an arch! O, that beast of a wall!

HOM-VEG

Aisy, for all!

RIVER

O the ferns and the cushags!

HOM-VEG

Hushags! hushags!
Lek we're say'n' to the pigs.

RIVER

O the barley-rigs!
O the bees and the bells
And the lovely smells!
O the winds a blowin'!

HOM-VEG

What's all this O-in'?

RIVER

O heaven! O earth!
Thay gave me birth.

[1] A cry of woe.

HOM-VEG

Goodness grayshurs! you're as good as a play.
And ar'n' ye lavin' them anyway?
No sense nor nothin'—the little sinner!
I wish he'd be off, for I'm wantin' my dinner.
Now what can you expec'?
The tip of the ear, or the scruff of the neck—

RIVER

And must I no more
Speed down to the shore
With a frisk and a frolic?
You old man diabolic,
With a shout and a rout
And an in and an out,
And a sly little kiss for the toes
Of the woman that's washin' the clothes?

HOM-VEG

Did ye avar? I navar! the rip!
Kissin', is it? What lip!
I'm clane inshamed,
And the lek that shud'n' be named;
But young people now—but it's in the blood—

RIVER

Good-bye then, good-bye then! old stick-in-the-mud!
O the strong! O the free!
O the space, and the strength of the sea!

GOB-NY-USHTEY

(WATER'S MOUTH)

I SAW a little stream to-day
That sprang right away
From the cornice of rock—
Sprang like a deer, not slid;

And the Tritons to mock—
Old dissolute Tritons—"Hurroo!"
They said, "We'll teach him a thing or two,
This upland babe." And I've no doubt they did.
But, as he lightly fell, midway
His robe of bright spray
He flung in my face,
Then down to the soles and the cods
With his sweet young grace.
Ah, what will the stripling learn,
From those rude mates—that mountain burn,
What manners of th' extremely early gods?

FAILAND

HA, little one!
Would'st like a torrent run
That spurns the mountain steep,
And falls in thunder? O, brave leap! brave leap!
'Twas excellently done.
Nay, I am not in fun!
You silly thing, that you should slink
And hide among the cresses! only think!
Pooh! 'tis a very Nile! there, there! that's right!
Flash out again into the light!
Have at the biggest stone—O, nobly meant!
I swear it was magnificent!

And thus I chaffed the stream, but I was wrong:
He never dreamt of fountains
Rock-scooped in mighty mountains;
He never made pretence
To power; but in his own sweet innocence
He danced, and sang thereto a simple song;
And after that one frolic,
To sneer at which were well-nigh diabolic,
He sang it all day long.

PORTBURY

YES, you are weary, and it is most right—
This is a blessed light
Wherein you ask to sleep:
How soft it falls! How delicately creep
The perfumed airs upon your breast!
Sleep on! sleep on! rest! rest!

Ah, it was glorious fun up there,
You little devil-may-care!
Such flowers to kiss, such pebbles to chide,
Such crabbed old carls of roots to deride,
Flouting them with your saucy riot!
Yes, yes! But now be quiet!

For after all the stones were rough,
And you've had fun enough.
See! it is O, so peaceful here!
Ah! feel this lily—is it not most dear?
Coax it with curling of your liquid limbs!
And, as it delicately swims,
Let nothing but its shadow cumber
The lightness of your slumber!

The great sea calls—be still!
And fear not any ill!
For all the Loves will pet you,
Nor kindly Jove forget you,
When those bold Tritons with the rush
Of many arms seize you and make you blush!—
Ah, hush! hush! hush!

THE DHOON

"LEAP from the crags, brave boy!
The musing hills have kept thee long,
But they have made thee strong,
And fed thee with the fulness of their joy,
And given direction that thou might'st return
To me who yearn
At foot of this great steep—
Leap! leap!"

So the stream leapt
Into his mother's arms,
Who wept
A space,
Then calmed her sweet alarms,
And smiled to see him as he slept,
Wrapt in that dear embrace:
And with the brooding of her tepid breast
Cherished his mountain chillness—
O, then—what rest!
O, everywhere what stillness!

WASTWATER TO SCAWFELL

I LOVE to kiss thy feet
With tend'rest lip of wave;
To feel that thou art big and brave,
And beautiful and strong;
Nor any glare of lightning-sheet,
Nor thunder-crash, nor all the storms that rave
Combined, avail to do thee wrong.

Bare-breasted to the blast,
Thou art at grips with him

Steadfast, yet through each awful limb
I feel the rock-veins start,
And muscular thrillings darkly passed,
And rigid throes, and a pulsation dim,
And all the working of thy heart.

Me too he smites—I quiver,
Yet, 'neath the scourge, to thee
I cling, and kiss thee in an agony,
Of thy great love secure:
Love that is helpless to deliver,
Only it strengthens, whisp'ring unto me:—
"Endure, O friend!" and I endure.

Dear thus; but even dearer
When on my waveless breast,
Smoothed glassy in a mirrored trance of rest,
Thy perfect shadow sleeps,
And, waxing clearer still and clearer,
Limns its fine edge till, all of thee possessed,
I faint within my yearning deeps.

Once, when the world was young,
To us at least unknown
All law of severance that dooms thee lone,
And me forbids to rise;
When first I felt thy shadow flung,
I thought thyself descended from thy throne
To bless me with a swift surprise.

Fond thought! but mine no more;
Ah, no! it was not thou!
The beldame years have preached me that enow.
But O, if thou couldst glide
Into my arms, how I would pour
Around thee sleeping, side, and breast, and brow—
Storm-furrowed brow, and breast, and side!

What would I do,
O God! if that were true!
With wreaths of diamond spray
I would bind thee every way—

O! I'd crown thee, and I'd drown thee,
And I'd bathe thee, and I'd swathe thee
With the swirling and the curling,
And the splashing and the flashing
Of my arms;
And I'd float to thee in bubbles,
And I'd woo thee in sweet troubles
Of a gurgling soft and reedy,
Of a rippling foamed and beady,
Till with a refluent sliding,
Till with a hushed subsiding,
I would hold thee in the hollows
Where the storm-trump never follows,
Never pierces with the clang of its alarms.

Be still, my heart, be still!
Dreams are but dreams, they say;
The ordered world is one both night and day,
And we are but the gear,
Nor have we aught of voice or will,
But, borne on her great zones, we must obey,
Nor move but with the moving sphere.

So, when in meek compliance,
I hear the distant roar
That comes of jubilant waves on ocean's shore,
When on the nether plain
The iron monster snorts defiance,
And boasts himself the slave of fate no more,
Exulting in his fiery pain,
I heed the challenges of change
Not once, nor once would leave
The dale, like that proud stream so proud t'achieve
His course of giddy mirth.
We ask not for such chartered range:
We are content with her to joy and grieve
Who is our mother, and did us conceive,
The children of the earth.

THE WELL

I AM a spring—
Why square me with a kerb?
Ah, why this measuring
Of marble limit? Why this accurate vault
Lest day assault,
Or any breath disturb?
And why this regulated flow
Of what 'tis good to feel, and what to know?
You have no right
To take me thus, and bind me to your use,
Screening me from the flight
Of all great wings that are beneath the heaven,
So that to me it is not given
To hold the image of the awful Zeus,
Nor any cloud or star
Emprints me from afar.
O cruel force,
That gives me not a chance
To fill my natural course;
With mathematic rod
Economising God;
Calling me to pre-ordered circumstance
Nor suffering me to dance
Over the pleasant gravel,
With music solacing my travel—
With music, and the baby buds that toss
In light, with roots and sippets of the moss!
A fount, a tank:
Yet through some sorry grate
A driblet faulters, till around the flank
Of burly cliffs it creeps; then, silver-shooting,
Threads all the patient fluting
Of quartz, and violet-dappled slate:
A puny thing, on whose attenuate ripples
No satyr stoops to see
His broken effigy,
No naiad leans the languor of her nipples.

One faith remains—
That through what ducts soe'er,
What metamorphic strains,
What chymic filt'rings, I shall pass
To where, O God, Thou lov'st to mass
Thy rains upon the crags, and dim the sphere.
So, when night's heart with keenest silence thrills,
Take me, and weep me on the desolate hills!

ROMAN WOMEN

I

CLOSE by the Mamertine
Her eyes swooped into mine.
O Jove supreme!
What gleam
Of sovereignty! what hate—
Large, disproportionate!
What lust
August!
Imperial state
Of full-orbed throbbings solved
In vast and dissolute content—
Love-gluts revolved
In lazy rumination, rent,
As then, by urgence of the immediate sting!
The tiger spring
Is there; the naked strife
Of sinewy gladiators, knife
Slant-urged, Locusta drugs,
Suburran rangings, Messalina hugs;
Neronic crapula-pangs
I' the dizzy morning; gangs
Of captives:—"Pretty men enough,
Eh, Livia?" Puff

Of lecherous torches ; ooze
Of gutter-creeping gore ; the booze
Gnathic, Trimalchial ; hot hiss
Of *leno* in the lobby—This,
And more. No wonder if her brow
Is arched to empire even now!
No wonder
If bated thunder
Sleeps in her silken lashes!
If flashes
Of awful splendour light the purple mud
That clogs the spherèd depths palatial!
No wonder if a blotch of blood
Lies murd'rous in the centre of the ball!

II

That look was Heaven or Hell,
As you shall please to take it—
Enormity of love, or lust so fell
The Devil could not slake it—
And so—and so—
She passes—I shall never know.

III

Ah! now
I have you, Julia, Brutus' mate,
Such lip, such brow,
Such port, such gait:
A body, where the act of every sense
Compounds a final excellence—
Ah, glorious woman! Whence
This perfect good,
If not from juice
Of finer blood,
Perfumed with use
Of ardours pure, intense
With strains of sweet control?
Clear soul,
If unpropitious starr'd,

You wear the fitting vesture,
You have the native gesture,
And your most wanton thought mounts guard
On chastity's fair fence.

IV

Woman, a word with you!
Round-ribbed, large-flanked,
Broad-shouldered (God be thanked!),
Face fair and free,
And pleasant for a man to see—
I know not whom you love; but—hark! be true:
Partake his honest joys;
Cling to him, grow to him, make noble boys
For Italy.

V

Pomegranate, orange, rose,
Chewed to a paste
(Her flesh);
A miscellaneous nose,
No waist;
Mouth ript and ragg'd,
Ears nipt and jagg'd,
As fresh
From bull-dog grapplings; tongue
Beet-root, crisp, strong,
Now curled against the teeth,
Lip-cleaving now, like flower from sheath.
Now fix'd, now vibrant, blowing spray
Of spittle on the King's highway.

VI

Pretty? I think so;
Crushed, I admit it, and crumpled and bruised,
And smashed out of shape,
The poor little ape,
And sorely and sadly abused

Yes, I should say so—
Like a streamlet defiled at the source,
Condemned in advance—
Not a ghost of a chance—
Invertebrate morals, of course!

Pretty? yes, pretty—
For the sighs and the sobs and the tears
Have got mixed with the mesh
Of her wonderful flesh,
And leavened the growth of the years.

Pretty, and more—
For she sighs not, and sobs not, nor weeps;
But the sobs and the sighs
And the tears of her eyes
Dissolve in the physical deeps.
And they soften and sweeten the whole,
And in abject submission
To any condition
She fashions the ply of her soul.

VII

Good wife, good mother—yes, I know.
But what a glow
Of elemental fires!
What breadth, what stately flow
Of absolute desires—
How bound
To household task
And daily round,
It boots not ask!

Good mother, and good wife—
These women seem to live suspended life.
As lakes, dark-gleaming till the night is done,
Expect the sun,
So these,
That wont to hold Jove's offspring on their knees,
Take current odds,
Accept life's lees,
And wait returning Gods.

VIII

Ah! naughty little girl,
With teeth of pearl,
You exquisite little brute,
So young, so dissolute—
Ripe orange brushed
From an o'erladen tree, chance-crushed
And bruised and battered on the street,
And yet so merry and so sweet!
Ah, child, don't scoff—
Yes, yes, I see—you lovely wretch, be off!

IX

This is the Forum of Augustus—see
The continuity
Of all these Forums, and the size—
(*By Jove, those eyes!*).

Three pillars of the peristyle—that's all;
A fragment of the wall;
Some doubtful traces of the cella—
(*Down the Bonella!*).

Corinthian capitals—observe how fine
The helices entwine—
Your Bädeker a *minutino*—
(*Ha! the Baccino!*).

The Arco de' Pantani shows the ground
Has risen all around.
Of course you know we're far above the level
Of—(*Gone? The Devil!*).

Bädeker tells how many feet we stand
Above old Rome. He's grand!
He is so plain, is Bädeker—
(*Again she's there!*).

I really—'pon my word, you know, this book
This Bädeker—(*Look! look!*)—
This English Bädeker's so plain—
(*She's there again!*).

You don't seem quite to—(*What a heavenly boddice!*)—
You don't—(*A perfect goddess!*)—
I mean, you seem a bit *distrait*—
(*O, blue! O, green! O—blazes—Fire away!*).

X

"You seem so strange to me,
You merman from the Northern sea"—
"A barnacle from Noah's ark?"
"Well—yes—a sort of shark!"
"Ah, blow then, darling, blow!
Blow in my ears, and let the warm breath flow,
And search the inmost vault
Of my sad brain. Blow, love—
Blow *in* the cooing of the dove,
Blow *out* the singing of the salt!"

XI

A little maiden, fifteen years or under—
And, as the curtain swings with heavy lurch,
Behold, she stands within St. Peter's Church—
O wonder! wonder! wonder!

And yet not so—her birthright rather seems it
She claims, whose breast the brooding sunshine warms
To absolute sense of colours and of forms—
Her birthright 'tis she deems it.

Or nothing deems—but, very sweet and grave,
Yet proud withal to be at last in Rome,
And see the shops, and see St. Peter's Dome,
She passes up the nave.

And if some angel spreads a silver wing
I know not—Visibly accompanying her
Are but her mother and her grandmother—
The lovely little thing!

Such soil, such children, representing clearly
The land they live in; so that if this pet
Of subtlest variance had the alphabet,
You'd think it nature merely.

And if, where stemming crags the torrent shatter,
She stood before the sunlit waterfall,
And wrapp'd the rainbow round her like a shawl,
It were a simple matter.

Now Mary and her dead Son—she has seen them :—
"Yes, darling, wrought by Michael Angelo"!
And now, too short to reach to Peter's toe,
They lift her up between them ;

And, having kissed, she soft unclasps her mother,
As graduated woman from to-day ;
And blushing thinks, how Seppe's sick till they
Shall marry one another.

And when to-night her Seppe comes to meet her,
And, for the one poor kiss she gave to Peter,
Exacts a vengeful twenty, if she can
For kisses, she will tell him all the plan
Of Peter's Church, and *What a tiny kiss*
It was, "Seppino ; not like this, or this !"
And how, hard by, the hungry Englishman
Looked just as if he'd eat her !

XII

Why does she stare at you like that ? The glow
Flew sheeted,
As from the furnace seven times heated
For Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego.
Is it immediate sense
Of difference ?
Of complement ? And so—
While we want sun and grapes,
This burning creature gapes
For ice and snow !

XIII

O Englishwoman on the Pincian,
I love you not, nor ever can—
Astounding woman on the Pincian !

I know your mechanism well-adjusted,
I see your mind and body have been trusted
To all the proper people:
I see you straight as is a steeple;
I see you are not old;
I see you are a rich man's daughter;
I see you know the use of gold,
But also know the use of soap-and-water;
And yet I love you not, nor ever can—
Distinguished woman on the Pincian!

You have no doubt of your preëminence,
Nor do I make pretence
To challenge it for my poor little slattern,
Whose costume dates from Saturn—
My wall-flower with the long, love-draggled fringes
But then the controversy hinges
On higher forms; and you must bear
Comparisons more noble. Stare, yes, stare—
I love you not, nor ever can,
You peerless woman on the Pincian.

No, you'll not see her on the Pincian,
My Roman woman, wife of Roman man!
Elsewhere you may—
And she is bright as is the day;
And she is sweet, that honest workman's wife,
Fulfilled with bounteous life:
Her body balanced like a spring
In equipoise of perfect natural grace;
Her soul unquestioning
Of all but genial cares; her face,
Her frock, her attitude, her pace
The confluence of absolute harmonies—
And you, my Lady Margaret,
Pray what have you to set
'Gainst splendours such as these?
No, I don't love you, and I never can,
Pretentious woman on the Pincian!

But morals—beautiful serenity
Of social life, the sugar and the tea,
The flannels and the soup, the coals,
The patent recipés for saving souls,
And other things: the chill dead sneer
Conventional, the abject fear
Of form-transgressing freedom—I admit
That you have these; but love you not a whit
The more, nor ever can,
Alarming female on the Pincian!

Come out, O woman, from this blindness!
Rome, too, has women full of loving-kindness,
Has noble women, perfect in all good
That makes the glory of great womanhood—
But they are Women! I have seen them bent
On gracious errand; seen how goodness lent
The grave, ineffable charm
That guards from possibility of harm
A creature so divinely made,
So softly swayed
With native gesture free—
The melting-point of passionate purity.
Yes—soup and flannels too,
And tickets for them—just like you—
Tracts, books, and all the innumerable channels
Through which your bounty acts—
Well—not the tracts,
But certainly the flannels—
Her I must love, but you I never can,
Unlovely woman on the Pincian.

And yet—
Remarkable woman on the Pincian!—
We owe a sort of debt
To you, as having gone with us of old
To those bleak islands, cold
And desolate and grim,
Upon the ocean's rim,

And shared their horrors with us—not that then
Our poor bewildered ken
Could catch the further issues, knowing only
That we were very lonely!
Ah well, you did us service in your station;
And how the progress of our civilisation
Has made you quite so terrible
It boots not ask; for still
You gave us stalwart scions,
Suckled the young sea-lions,
And smiled infrequent, glacial smiles
Upon the sulky isles—
For this and all His mercies——stay at home!
Here are the passion-flowers!
Here are the sunny hours!
O Pincian woman, do not come to Rome!

IN MEMORIAM

HALF-MAST the flag by sweet St. Mary's shore,
Half-mast the schooner in Port Erin bay:
Death has been with us in the night, of prey
Insatiate from a fold thrice robbed before;
And now he climbs to me upon the hoar
And ruinous rock, and shrouds the gladsome day
With sullen gloom, nor any word will say
That might to strength my sinking heart restore.
Speak, Death, O, speak! What high command restrains
The dark disclosure? Is it thine own will
Thou workest, I adjure thee, shape of fear?
Then from the awful face a shadow wanes,
And, clad in robes of light unspeakable,
God's loveliest angel sits beside me here.

SONG

LOOK at me, sun, ere thou set
In the far sea;
From the gold and the rose and the jet
Look full at me!

Leave on my brow a trace
Of tenderest light;
Kiss me upon the face,
Kiss for good-night.

DUNOON

LITTLE Maggie sitting in the pew,
Eyes of light and lips of dew!
What is that to you? what is that to you—
Little Maggie sitting in the pew?
Grinding like a saw-mill,
Worthy Doctor "Cawmill,"
What has he to do,
He so lank and prosy,
With Maggie plump and rosy—
Little Maggie sitting in the pew?
Is burd Maggie stupid?
No, by sweet Saint Cupid!
Rhythmic little sinner,
All that is within her
Chiming like a psalm
In the stellar calm;
Gracious warmth of blood
Making fancies bud
With a tender folly
Into belled corollæ;

Radiating gleams
Of half-conscious dreams,
Floating her on blisses
Of potential kisses ;
Filling all the presence
With a balmy pleasance,
With a kind confusion,
With a quick elusion
Of all ponderous matter
That would fain come at her—
What is that to you,
Little Maggie, little Maggie, sitting in the pew?
Cubic, orthodox,
Sink the ordered blocks :
Doctrinal adamant,
Riven with the fiery rant
And hammered with the hammer of John Knox ;
Cemented with the cant
Of glutinous emotion ;
Riveted with logic
Hard-gripped, presbyterous,
Something, mayhap, to us !
But Maggie, with a "mawgic"
Of which we have no notion,
Upborne upon the tide
Of her young life, has power to hide,
With unbroken sweetness
With a soul-completeness,
All the rock and rubble ;
Knowing of no trouble ;
Flecked only
With shadows of those lofty things and lonely,
That from the seventh sphere
Pencil their diamond traces
Nowhere but on the mere
Of hearts that stir not from their places.

THE LAUGH

An empty laugh, I heard it on the road
Shivering the twilight with its lance of mirth;
And yet why empty? Knowing not its birth,
This much I know, that it goes up to God;
And if to God, from God it surely starts,
Who has within Himself the secret springs
Of all the lovely, causeless, unclaimed things,
And loves them in His very heart of hearts.
A girl of fifteen summers, pure and free,
Æolian, vocal to the lightest touch
Of fancy's winnowed breath—Ah, happy such
Whose life is music of the eternal sea!
Laugh on, laugh loud and long, O merry child,
And be not careful to unearth a cause:
Thou art serenely placed above our laws,
And we in thee with God are reconciled.

"NE SIT ANCILLÆ"

Poor little Teignmouth slavey,
Squat, but rosy!
Slatternly, but cosy!
A humble adjunct of the British navy,
A fifth-rate dabbler in the British gravy—
How was I mirrored? In what spiritual dress
Appeared I to your struggling consciousness?

Thump! bump!
A dump
Of first a knife and then a fork!
Then plump
A mustard-pot! Then slump, stump, frump.

The plates
Like slates—
And lastly fearful wrestling with a cork!
And so I thought:—"Poor thing!
She has not any wing
To waft her from the grease,
To give her soul release
From this dull sphere
Of baccy, beef, and beer."

But, as it happed,
I spoke of Chagford, Chagford by the moor,
Sweet Chagford town. Then, pure
And bright as Burton tapped
By master hand,
Then, red as is a peach,
My little maid found speech—
Gave me to understand
She knew "them parts";
And to our several hearts
We stood elate,
As each revealed to each
A mate—
She stood, I sate,
And saw within her eyes
The folly of an infinite surprise.

WHITEHAVEN HARBOUR

O, CAN'T she? Listen! There's a volley!
Stand to your guns, my Ipswich boy!
Chain-shot ahoy!
"Ah, ain't she jolly"
(Young Ipswich telegraphing

To us upon the quay)!
"Some credit chaffing
With her!" Decidedly—
"The gen'lemen are looking." Yes, we are,
My noble Ipswich tar—
"Ain't her eyes brown?"
(Says telegraph)
"Ah, can't she laugh?
And ain't she all so nice and pert?"
Yes, yes! stand up and flirt!
Flirt for the honour of your native town!
Flirt! flirt! my man of Ipswich. Not so bad!
A good sufficient lad!
See how the strong young hearts
Dance to the tongue-tips; lightning darts
From eye to eye:
The maiden is not shy!
See the two Manxmen on the schooner there,
Who stare
With all their souls in silent admiration
Of such a very excellent flirtation!
Quite out of it—
Those Manxmen—wait a bit—
Poor fellows! Shall we hail them? No?
Ah well, let's go.

IBANT OBSCURÆ

TO-NIGHT I saw three maidens on the beach,
Dark-robed descending to the sea,
So slow, so silent of all speech,
And visible to me
Only by that strange drift-light, dim, forlorn,
Of the sun's wreck and clashing surges born.

Each after other went,
And they were gathered to his breast—
It seemed to me a sacrament
Of some stern creed unblest:
As when to rocks, that cheerless girt the bay,
They bound thy holy limbs, Andromeda.

ST. BEE'S HEAD

I HAVE seen cliffs that met the ocean foe
As a black bison, with his crouching front
And neck back-coiled, awaits the yelping hunt,
That reck not of his horns protruding low.

And others I have seen with calm disdain
O'erlook the immediate strife, and gaze afar:
Eternity was in that gaze; the jar
Of temporal broil assailed not its domain.

Some cliffs are full of pity: in the sweep
Of their bluff brows a kindly tolerance waits,
And smiles upon the petulant sea, that rates,
And fumes, and scolds against the patient steep.

And some are joyous with a hearty joy,
And in mock-earnest wage the busy fight:
So may you see a giant with delight
Parrying the buffets of a saucy boy!

Remonstrant others stand—a wild surprise
Glares from their crests against the insolent throng;
Half frightened, half indignant at the wrong,
They look appealing to those heedless skies.

And other some are of a sleepy mood,
Who care not if the tempest does its worst:
What is't to them if bounding billows burst,
Or winds assail them with their jeerings rude?

But like not unto any one of these
Is that tall crag, that northward guards the bay,
And stands, a watchful sentry, night and day
Above the pleasant downs of old St. Bee's.

Straight-levelled as the bayonet's dread array,
His shelves abide the charge. Come one, come all!
The blustering surges at his feet shall fall
And writhe and sob their puny lives away!

AN OXFORD IDYLL

Ah little mill, you're rumbling still,
Ah sunset flecked with gold!
Ah deepening tinge, ah purple fringe
Of lilac as of old!
Ah hawthorn hedge, ah light-won pledge
Of kisses warm and plenty,
When she was true, and twenty-two,
And I was two-and-twenty.
I don't know how she broke her vow—
She said that I was "horty";
And there's the mill a goin' still,
And I am five-and-forty.
And sooth to tell, 'twas just as well,
Her aitches were uncertain;
Her ways though nice, not point-device;
Her father liked his "Burton."
But there's a place you cannot trace,
So spare the fond endeavour—
A cloudless sky, where Kate and I
Are twenty-two for ever.

MAGDALEN WALK.

SCARLETT ROCKS

I THOUGHT of life, the outer and the inner,
As I was walking by the sea:
How vague, unshapen this, and that, though thinner,
Yet hard and clear in its rigidity.
Then took I up the fragment of a shell,
And saw its accurate loveliness,
And searched its filmy lines, its pearly cell,
And all that keen contention to express
A finite thought. And then I recognised
God's working in the shell from root to rim,
And said:—"He works till He has realised—
O Heaven! if I could only work like Him!"

LIME STREET

YOU might have been as lovely as the dawn,
Had household sweetness nurtured you, and arts
Domestic, and the strength which love imparts
To lowliness, and chastened ardour drawn
From vital sap that burgeons in the brawn
Around the dreadful arms of Hercules,
And shapes the curvature of Dian's knees,
And has its course in lilies of the lawn.
Even now your flesh is soft and full, defaced
Although it be, and bruised. Unblenched your eyes
Meet mine, as misinterpreting their call,
Then sink, reluctant, forced to recognise
That there are men whose look is not unchaste—
O God! the pain! the horror of it all!

HOTWELLS

Is it her face that looks from forth the glare
Of those dull stony eyes?
Her face! that used to light with meek surprise,
If I but said that she was fair!

Can it have come to this, since at the gate
Her lips between the bars
Fluttered irresolute to mine, for it was late
Beneath the misty stars!

It was our last farewell, our last farewell—
O heaven above!
And now she is a fearful thing of Hell—
My dove! my dove!
A hollow thing carved rigid on the shell
Of her that was my love!

Yet, if the soul remain,
There crouched and dumb behind the obdurate mask,
This would I ask:—
Kill her, O God! that so, the flesh being slain,
Her soul my soul may be again.

TO K. H.

O far withdrawn into the lonely West,
To whom those Irish hills are as a grave
Cairn-crowned, the dead sun's monument,
And this fair English land but vaguely guessed—
Thee, lady, by the melancholy wave
I greet, where salt winds whistle through the bent,
And harsh sea-holly buds beneath thy foot are pressed.

What is thy thought? 'Tis not the obvious scene
That holds thee with its grand simplicity
Of natural forms. Thou musest rather

What larger life may be, what richer sheen
Of social gloss in lands beyond the sea,
What nobler cult than where, around thy father,
The silent fishers pray in chapel small and mean.

Yes, thou art absent far—thy soul has slipt
The visual bond, and thou art lowly kneeling
Upon a pavement with the sacred kisses
Of emerald and ruby gleamings lipped;
And down the tunnelled nave the organ, pealing,
Blows music-storm, and with far-floating blisses
Gives tremor to the bells, and shakes the dead men's crypt.

This is thy thought; for this thou heav'st the sigh.
Yet, lady, look around thee! hast thou not
The life of real men, the home,
The tribe, and for a temple that old sky,
Whereto the sea intones the polyglot
Of water-pipes antiphonal, and the dome,
Round-arched, goes up to God in lapis lazuli?

CLIFTON

I'm here at Clifton, grinding at the mill
My feet for thrice nine barren years have trod;
But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still,
And gorse runs riot in Glen Chass—thank God!

Alert, I seek exactitude of rule,
I step, and square my shoulders with the squad;
But there are blaeberries on old Barrule,
And Langness has its heather still—thank God!

There is no silence here: the truculent quack
Insists with acrid shriek my ears to prod,
And, if I stop them, fumes; but there's no lack
Of silence still on Carraghyn—thank God!

Pragmatic fibs surround my soul, and bate it
With measured phrase, that asks the assenting nod;
I rise, and say the bitter thing, and hate it—
But Wordsworth's castle's still at Peel—thank God!

O broken life! O wretched bits of being,
Unrhythmic, patched, the even and the odd!
But Bradda still has lichens worth the seeing,
And thunder in her caves—thank God! thank God!

FIVES'-COURT

SOMETIMES at night I stand within a court
Where I have play'd by day;
And still the walls are vibrant with the sport,
And still the air is pulsing with the sway
Of agile limbs that now, their labours o'er,
To healthful sleep their strength resign—
But how of those who play'd with me langsyne,
And sleep for evermore?

THE LILY-POOL

WHAT sees our mailie[1] in the lily-pool,
What sees she with that large surprise?
What sees our mailie in the lily-pool
With all the violet of her big eyes—
Our mailie in the lily-pool?

She sees herself within the lily-pool,
Herself in flakes of brown and white—
Herself beneath the slab that is the lily-pool,
The green and liquid slab of light
With cups of silver dight,
Stem-rooted in the depths of amber night
That hold the hollows of the lily-pool—
Our own dear lily-pool!

[1] A cow without horns.

And does she gaze into the lily-pool
As one that is enchanted?
Or does she try the cause to find
How the reflection's slanted,
That sleeps within the lily-pool?
Or does she take it all for granted,
With the sweet natural logic of her kind?
The lazy logic of the lily-pool,
Our own bright, innocent, stupid lily-pool!

She knows that it is nice—our lily-pool:
She likes the water-rings around her knees;
She likes the shadow of the trees,
That droop above the lily-pool;
She likes to scatter with a silly sneeze
The long-legged flies that skim the lily-pool—
The peaceful-sleeping, baby lily-pool.

So may I look upon the lily-pool,
Nor ever in the slightest care
Why I am there;
Why upon land and sea
Is ever stamped the inevitable me;
But rather say with that most gentle fool:—
"How pleasant is this lily-pool!
How nice and cool!
Be off, you long-legged flies! O what a spree!
To drive the flies from off the lily-pool!
From off this most sufficient, absolute lily-pool!"

"NOT WILLING TO STAY"

I SAW a fisher bold yestreen
At his cottage by the bay,
And I asked how he and his had been,
While I was far away.

But when I asked him of the child
With whom I used to play,
The sunniest thing that ever smiled
Upon a summer's day—
Then said that fisher bold to me—
And turned his face away :—
"She was not willing to stay with us—
She was not willing to stay."

"But, Evan, she was brave and strong,
And blithesome as the May ;
And who would do her any wrong,
Our darling of the bay ?"
His head was low, his breath was short,
He seemed as he would pray,
Nor answer made in any sort
That might his grief betray ;
Save once again that fisher bold
Turned, and to me did say :—
"She was not willing to stay with us,
She was not willing to stay."

Then I looked upon his pretty cot,
So neat in its array,
And I looked upon his garden-plot
With its flowers so trim and gay ;
And I said :—"He hath no need of me
To help him up the brae ;
God worketh in his heart, and He
Will soon let in the day."
So I left him there, and sought yon rock
Where leaps the salt sea-spray ;
For ah ! how many have lost their loves
That were "not willing to stay" with them,
That were not willing to stay !

ECCLESIASTES

We came from church, she from the Down was coming ;
She with a branch of may,
We laden with persistence of the humming
Wherein men think they pray ;
She winning to her faded face a beauty
From the kissed buds, we having heard "the duty
Performed," with needful prayer-book thumbing ;
We proper, she so gay.

Yet, as we met, her little joy was dashed
By our spruce decency ;
She hung her head as who must be abashed
In her poor liberty ;
Forgetting how in that damp city cellar
The sick child pines, whom none but God did tell her
To bring bright flowers Himself has splashed
With dew for such as she.

Or was it but the natural rebound
To what thou truly art,
O worn with life ! whose soul-depths He would sound,
And prick upon His chart ?
Is this thy "service" ? Stay ! for very grace !
One moment stay, and lift the faded face !
O woman ! woman ! thou hast found
The way into my heart.

INDWELLING

If thou couldst empty all thyself of self,
Like to a shell dishabited,
Then might He find thee on the Ocean shelf,
And say—"This is not dead,"—
And fill thee with Himself instead.

But thou art all replete with very *thou*,
And hast such shrewd activity,
That, when He comes, He says:—"This is enow
Unto itself—'Twere better let it be:
It is so small and full, there is no room for Me."

SALVE!

To live within a cave—it is most good.
But, if God make a day,
And some one come, and say:—
"Lo! I have gathered faggots in the wood!"
E'en let him stay,
And light a fire, and fan a temporal mood!

So sit till morning! When the light is grown
That he the path can read,
Then bid the man God-speed!
His morning is not thine; yet must thou own
They have a cheerful warmth—those ashes on the stone.

IN MEMORIAM

PAUL BRIDSON

TAKE him, O Braddan, for he loved thee well—
Take him, kind mother of my own dear dead!
And let him lay his head
On thy soft breast,
And rest—
Rest.

He loved thee well; and thee, my father, thee
Also he loved. O, meet him! reassure
That heart thou prov'dst so pure—
Whisper release!
And peace—
Peace!

O countrymen, believe me! here is laid
A Manxman's heart the simplest and the truest:
O Spring, when thou renewest
Thy sunny hours,
Bring flowers—
Flowers!
And bring them of thy sweetest
And bring them of thy meetest
And, till God's trumpet wake him,
Take him, O Braddan, take him!

IN MEMORIAM: A. F.

Ob. Oct. 12, 1879

Aug. 1875

Bright skies, bright sea—
All happy things
That, borne on wings,
Cleave the long distance, glad and free—
A boat—swift swirls
Of foam-wake—boys and girls
And innocence and laughter—She
Was there, and was so happy; and I said:—
"God bless the children!"

Oct. 1879

Dead!

Dead, say you? "Yes, the last sweet rose
Is gathered"—Close, O close,
O, gently, gently, very gently close
Her little book of life, and seal it up
To God, who gave, who took—O bitter cup!
O bell!
O folding grave—O mother, it is well—
Yes, it is well. He holds the key
That opens all the mysteries; and He
Has blessed our children—it is well.

CANTICLE

When all the sky is pure
My soul takes flight,
Serene and sure,
Upward—till at the height
She weighs her wings,
And sings.

But when the heaven is black,
And west-winds sigh,
Beat back, beat back,
She has no strength to try
The drifting rain
Again.

So cheaply baffled! see!
The field is bare—
Behold a tree—
Is't not enough? Sit there,
Thou foolish thing,
And sing!

WHITE FOXGLOVE

White foxglove, by an angle in the wall,
Secluded, tall,
No vulgar bees
Consult you, wondering
If such a dainty thing
Can give them ease.
Yet what was that? Sudden a breeze
From the far moorland sighed,
And you replied,
Quiv'ring a moment with a thrill
Sweet, but ineffable.

Was it a kiss that sought you from the bowers
Of happier flowers,
And did not heed
Accessible loveliness,
And with a quaint distress
Hinted the need,
And paused and trembled for its deed,
And so you trembled, too,
No roseate hue
Revealing how the alarmèd sense
Blushed quick—intense?

Ah me!
Such kisses are for roses in the prime,
For braid of lime,
For full-blown blooms,
For ardent breaths outpoured
Obvious, or treasure stored
In honied rooms
Of rare delight, in which the looms
Of nature still conspire
To sate desire.
Not such are you beside the wall,
Cloistered and virginal.

'Twas your wild purple sisters there that passed
Unseen, and cast
The spell. They hold
The vantage of the heights,
And in you they have rights,
And they are bold:
They know not ever to be cold
Or coy, but they would play
With you alway.
Wherefore their little sprites a-wing
Make onslaught from the ling.

So spake I to the foxglove in my mood,
But was not understood.
Rather she shrank, and in a tenfold whiteness
Condemned what must have seemed to her my lightness.

OCTAVES

I KNOW a weaver and his wife,
And he is fair, and she is dark—
That breeds no strife
Within their peaceful ark.
The fairest man in all our town
Is he, light-flaxen, with a *plus*
Of marigold; her brown
Is brown of Stradivarius.

She keeps the humblest kind of shop,
Sells "goodies" to the little ones,
The knob, the drop
Acidulous; he runs
The timely threads, the boding tints
He summons in accordant row;
Babes buying peppermints
Observe the gath'ring purpose grow.

Hums the dull loom; I enter; pauses
The shopping, and the weaving. Straight
Her loud "O Lawses!"
Proclaim me designate
The erst beloved. I feel the dribble
Of fire volcanic in my soul
Long quenched—*Cumæan Sibyl?*
Nay, but the Delphic aureole!

Wrinkled and wizen? Every line
Is furrowed with sweet longings; flames
Disused entwine
Our hearts; the once dear names,
The ties no fateful force can sunder,
Recur. Unthought occasion wiles
Our lips; the children wonder,
I hesitate, the weaver smiles.

POETS AND POETS

He fishes in the night of deep sea pools :
For him the nets hang long and low,
Cork-buoyed and strong ; the silver-gleaming schools
Come with the ebb and flow
Of universal tides, and all the channels glow.

Or, holding with his hand the weighted line,
He sounds the languor of the neaps,
Or feels what current of the springing brine
The cord divergent sweeps,
The throb of what great heart bestirs the middle deeps.

Thou also weavest meshes, fine and thin,
And leaguer'st all the forest ways ;
But of that sea and the great heart therein
Thou knowest nought : whole days
Thou toil'st, and hast thy end—good store of pies and jays.

OPIFEX

As I was carving images from clouds,
And tinting them with soft ethereal dyes
Pressed from the pulp of dreams, one comes, and cries :—
"Forbear!" and all my heaven with gloom enshrouds.

"Forbear! Thou hast no tools wherewith to essay
The delicate waves of that elusive grain :
Wouldst have due recompense of vulgar pain ?
The potter's wheel for thee, and some coarse clay !

"So work, if work thou must, O humbly skilled !
Thou hast not known the Master ; in thy soul
His spirit moves not with a sweet control ;
Thou art outside, and art not of the guild."

Thereat I rose, and from his presence passed,
But, going, murmured :—"To the God above,
Who holds my heart, and knows its store of love,
I turn from thee, thou proud iconoclast."

Then on the shore God stooped to me, and said :—
"He spake the truth : even so the springs are set
That move thy life, nor will they suffer let,
Nor change their scope ; else, living, thou wert dead.

"This is thy life : indulge its natural flow,
And carve these forms. They yet may find a place
On shelves for them reserved. In any case,
I bid thee carve them, knowing what I know."

IN MEMORIAM: J. MACMEIKIN

Died April 1883

Excellent Manxman, Scotia gave you birth,
But you were ours, being apt to take the print
Of island forms, the mood, the tone, the tint,
Nor missed the ripples of the larger mirth.
A lovely soul has sought the silent firth ;
Yet haply on our shores you still may hint
A delicate presence, though no visible dint
Betrays where you have touched the conscious earth.
You walk with our loved "Chalse" ; you help him speak
A gracious tongue, to us not wholly clear,
And sing the "Hymns"—fond dream that wont to dwell
In his confusion. Friend of all things weak,
Go down to that sweet soil you held so dear!
Go up to God, and joys unspeakable!

"GOD IS LOVE"

At Derby Haven in the sweet Manx land
A little girl had written on the sand
This legend :—"God is love." But, when I said :—
"What means this writing?" thus she answered :—
"It's father that's at say,
And I come here to pray,
And . . . God is love." My eyes grew dim—
Blest child! in Heaven above
Your angel sees the face of Him
Whose name is love.

THE INTERCEPTED SALUTE

A little maiden met me in the lane,
And smiled a smile so very fain,
So full of trust and happiness,
I could not choose but bless
The child, that she should have such grace
To laugh into my face.

She never could have known me; but I thought
It was the common joy that wrought
Within the little creature's heart,
As who should say :—"Thou art
As I; the heaven is bright above us;
And there is God to love us.
And I am but a little gleeful maid,
And thou art big, and old, and staid;
But the blue hills have made thee mild
As is a little child.
Wherefore I laugh that thou may'st see—
O, laugh! O, laugh with me!"

A pretty challenge! Then I turned me round,
And straight the sober truth I found.
For I was not alone; behind me stood,
Beneath his load of wood,
He that of right the smile possessed—
Her father manifest.

O, blest be God! that such an overplus
Of joy is given to us:
That that sweet innocent
Gave me the gift she never meant,
A gift secure and permanent!
For, howsoe'er the smile had birth,
It is an added glory on the earth.

METABOΛH

THE fashions change, for change is dear to men.
"Πάντων γλυκύτατον μεταβολή,"
Opined the Greek who had the widest ken:—
"Change of all things that be
Is sweetest." Yet since Leda's egg swans strive
To innovate no curvature on that,
And gannets dive as Noah saw them dive
O'er sunken Ararat.

JESSIE

WHEN Jessie comes with her soft breast,
And yields the golden keys,
Then is it as if God caressed
Twin babes upon His knees—
Twin babes that, each to other pressed,
Just feel the Father's arms, wherewith they both are blessed.

But when I think if we must part,
And all this personal dream be fled—
O, then my heart! O, then my useless heart!
Would God that thou wert dead—
A clod insensible to joys or ills—
A stone remote in some bleak gully of the hills!

A WISH

Of two things one: with Chaucer let me ride,
And hear the Pilgrims' tales; or, that denied,
Let me with Petrarch in a dew-sprent grove
Ring endless changes on the bells of love.

DANTE AND ARIOSTO

If Dante breathes on me his awful breath,
I rise and go; but I am sad as death—
I go; but, turning, who is that I see?
I whisper:—"Ariosto, wait for me!"

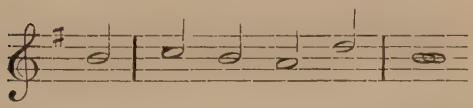
BOCCACCIO

Boccaccio, for you laughed all laughs that are—
The Cynic scoff, the chuckle of the churl,
The laugh that ripples over reefs of pearl,
The broad, the sly, the hugely jocular;
Men call you lewd, and coarse, allege you mar
The music that, withdrawn your ribald skirl,
Were sweet as note of mavis or of merle—
Wherefore they frown, and rate you at the bar.

One thing is proved : To count the sad degrees
Upon the Plague's dim dial, catch the tone
Of a great death that lies upon a land,
Feel nature's ties, yet hold with steadfast hand
The diamond, you are three that stand alone—
You, and Lucretius, and Thucydides.

TO E. M. O.

CHANCE-CHILD of some lone sorrow on the hills,
Bach finds a babe : instant the great heart fills
With love of that fair innocence,
Conveys it thence,
Clothes it with all divinest harmonies,
Gives it sure foot to tread the dim degrees
Of Pilate's stair—Hush ! hush ! its last sweet breath
Wails far along the passages of death.



Time Eternity

CAROL

THREE kings from out the Orient
For Judah's land were fairly bent,
To find the Lord of grace ;
And as they journeyed pleasantlie,
A star kept shining in the sky,
To guide them to the place.
"O Star," they cried, "by all confest
Withouten dreed, the loveliest !"

The first was Melchior to see,
The emperour hight of Arabye,
An aged man, I trow:
He sat upon a rouncy bold,
Had taken of the red red gold,
The babe for to endow.
"O Star," he cried. . . .

The next was Gaspar, young and gay,
That held the realm of far Cathay—
Our Jesus drew him thence—
Yclad in silk from head to heel,
He rode upon a high cameel,
And bare the frankincense.
"O Star," he cried. . . .

The last was dusky Balthasar,
That rode upon a dromedar—
His coat was of the fur.
Dark-browed he came from Samarkand,
The Christ to seek, and in his hand
Upheld the bleeding myrrh.
"O Star," he cried, "by all confest
Withouten dreed, the loveliest."

M. T. W.

FAR swept from Lundy, spanned from side to side
With heaven's blue arch, the ocean waters flow;
Sweet May has piled her pyramids of snow,
And the fair land is glorious as a bride,
That chooses summer for her hour of pride:
The lordly sun, with his great heart a-glow,
Is fain to kiss all things that bud and blow,
And Maurice sleeps, nor hears the murmuring tide.
Fine spirit, wheresoe'er, a quester keen,
You mark the asphodel with prints of pearl,

Breathing the freshness of the early lawns ;
O darling, clad in light of tend'rest sheen,
Hard by the nest of some celestial merle
We yet shall see you when the morning dawns.

THE ORGANIST IN HEAVEN

WHEN Wesley died, the Angelic orders,
To see him at the state,
Pressed so incontinent that the warders
Forgot to shut the gate.
So I, that hitherto had followed
As one with grief o'ercast,
Where for the doors a space was hollowed,
Crept in, and heard what passed.
And God said :—" Seeing thou hast given
Thy life to my great sounds,
Choose thou through all the cirque of Heaven
What most of bliss redounds."
Then Wesley said :—" I hear the thunder
Low growling from Thy seat—
Grant me that I may bind it under
The trampling of my feet."
And Wesley said :—" See, lightning quivers
Upon the presence walls—
Lord, give me of it four great rivers,
To be my manuals."
And then I saw the thunder chidden
As slave to his desire ;
And then I saw the space bestridden
With four great bands of fire ;
And stage by stage, stop stop subtending,
Each lever strong and true,
One shape inextricable blending,
The awful organ grew.

Then certain angels clad the Master
In very marvellous wise,
Till clouds of rose and alabaster
Concealed him from mine eyes.
And likest to a dove soft brooding,
The innocent figure ran;
So breathed the breath of his preluding,
And then the fugue began—
Began; but, to his office turning,
The porter swung his key;
Wherefore, although my heart was yearning,
I had to go; but he
Played on; and, as I downward clomb,
I heard the mighty bars
Of thunder-gusts, that shook heaven's dome,
And moved the balanced stars.

TO E. M. O.

OAKELEY, whenas the bass you beat
In that tremendous way,
I still could fancy at your feet
A dreadful lion lay.
Askance he views the petulant scores,
But, when you touch a rib, he roars.

A SERMON AT CLEVEDON

GOOD FRIDAY

Go on! Go on!
Don't wait for me!
Isaac was Abraham's son—
Yes, certainly—
And as they clomb Moriah—

I know! I know!
A type of the Messiah—
Just so! just so!
Perfectly right; and then the ram
Caught in the—*listening?* Why of course I am!
Wherefore, my brethren, that was counted—yes—
To Abraham for righteousness—
Exactly, so I said—
At least—but go a-head!
Now mark
The conduct of the Patriarch—
"*Behold the wood!*"
Isaac exclaimed—By Jove, an Oxford hood!
"*But where*"—
What long straight hair!
"*Where is the lamb?*"
You mean—the ram:
No, no! I beg you pardon!
There's the Churchwarden,
In the Clerk's pew—
Stick tipped with blue—
Now Justification—
"By Faith?" I fancy; Aye, the old equation;
Go it, Justice! Go it, Mercy!
Go it, Douglas! Go it, Percy!
I back the winner,
And have a vague conception of the sinner—
Limbs nude,
Horatian attitude,
Nursing his foot in Sublapsarian mood—
More power
To you my friend! you're good for half-an-hour.
Dry bones! dry bones!
But in my ear the long-drawn west wind moans,
Sweet voices seem to murmur from the wave;
And I can sit, and look upon the stones
That cover Hallam's grave.

A FABLE

For Henricus D., Esq., Jun.

In the old old times
The harebells had their chimes,
I can tell you, and could sing out loud and brave;
But Queen Titania said
That they quite confused her head,
And she really must request—
And, in short, she gave no rest
To her silly Lord and Master,
Till his royal word he'd passed her
That the little darling harebells,
The merry little harebells,
Should be for ever silent as the grave.

Then to each little root
Sank down so sad and mute
Even the tiniest little tremor of a tinkle.
But when evening is come,
And the noisy day is dumb,
And the stars above the vale begin to twinkle,
Then, shy as is a fly,
Poor Oberon will come,
And lean him to the whispers
Of the lovely little lispers,
And he'll listen, and he'll listen, and he'll sigh.

THE PESSIMIST

OR

THE RAVEN AND THE JACKDAW

(*Manx pronunciation, Jăck-dāw*)

"CROAK—croak—croak!
Life's a pig-in-a-poke."
"Indeed!" says the little Jackdaw.

"Croak—croak—croak!
And a cruel joke!"
"Dear me!" says the little Jackdaw.

"Croak—croak—croak!
It's a tyrant's yoke!"
"How?" says the little Jackdaw.

"Croak—croak—croak!
We must vanish like smoke."
"Why?" says the little Jackdaw.

"Croak—croak—croak!
Ask the elm! ask the oak!"
"What?" says the little Jackdaw

"Croak—croak—croak!
Your feelings you cloke!"
"Where?" says the little Jackdaw.

"Croak—croak—croak!
Do you like your own folk?"
"Yes!" says the little Jackdaw.

"Croak—croak—croak!
With despair don't you choke?"
"No!" says the little Jackdaw.

"Croak—croak—croak!
You're a d——d little bloke!"
"Always was" says the little Jackdaw.

ON THE SINKING OF THE *VICTORIA*

"HAS NELSON HEARD?"

"HAS Nelson heard?"
Death's angel spake what time the sea was rent
With that big plunge. Far hand-clap, and the word—
"Content."

Content; even so,
Great sailor, let the immortal signal fly—
Enough! we know our duty, and we know
To die.

To die. No loud
Thunder of battle shakes the furious scene;
And, if we die in silence, are you proud,
O Queen?

O Queen, 'tis thus
For you we die, no matter where or when
Or how we die, the while you say of us—
"O, nobly died! O glorious Englishmen!"

ΧΡΙΣΜΑ

TO HIS GODSON

CHILDE DAKYNS, I'd have had thee born
To other heritage than ours,
To larger compass, nobler scorn,
Faith, courage, hope than dowers
The old and impotent world. So had thy powers
Been tuned to primal rhythms: in Noah's ark

Thou might'st have dreamed thy dove-bemurmured dream;
Or lain and heard old Nimrod's sleuth-hounds bark,
Echoing great Babel's towers;
Or played with Laban's teraphim.

Or nearer, yet remote from us,
Thou might'st have grown a civic man
Protagonist to Aeschylus;
Or blocked Pentelican
For Phidias; or, foremost in the van,
Whose lithe-armed grapplings broke the Orient's pride,
Thou might'st have fought on Marathon's red beach;
Or, olivê-screened by fair Ilissus' side,
Surprised the sleeping Pan;
Or heard the martyr-sophist preach.

Perchance, to higher ends devote,
A fisher on Gennesareth,
Thou might'st have heard him from the boat,
And loved him unto death,
Who, with the outgoing of his latest breath,
Desired the souls of men: thy thought to lay
His pillow in the stern, when blast on blast
Came sweeping from the ridge of Magdala;
Thy charge to ward all scathe
From that supreme enthusiast.

Or, still in time for purpose true,
Though haply fallen on later years,
Thou might'st have stemmed the Cyprian blue
With Richard and his peers,
Cross-dight as chosen God's own cavaliers;
Or borne a banner into Crecy fight;
Or with Earl Simon on the Lewes fields
Stood strong-embattled for the Commons' right,
Or scattered at Poitiers
The wall of Gallic shields.

Or, borne with Raleigh to the West,
Thou might'st have felt the glad emprise
Of men who follow a behest
Self-sealed, and spurn the skies

Familiar; leaving to the would-be wise
These seats; as wondering not in any zone
If some sweet island bloom beneath their prow:
"Let the daft Stuart maunder on his throne!
Let slack-knee'd varlets bow!
We will away!—the world has room enow!"

Childe Dakyns, it may not be so!
The long-breathed pulse, the aim direct
The forces that concurrent flow,
Charged with their sure effect—
Sure joy, childe Dakyns, must thou not expect;
But fever-throb; but agues of desire,
Like zig-zag lightnings scrabbled on a cloud;
Irresolute execution; paling fire
Of Hope; life's springs by cold Suspicion bowed—
All these thou needs must know;
And I will meet thee somewhere in the crowd.

Ah then, childe Dakyns, what of generous ire,
Of Honour, Truth, of Chastity's bright snow,
The pitying centuries have allowed
To us forlorn, thou child elect,
Grant me to see it on thy forehead glow!

II. NARRATIVE

FO'C'S'LE YARNS

AND OTHER TALES

PROLOGUE

SPES ALTERA

To the future Manx Poet

O Poet, somewhere to be born
'Twixt Calf and Ayre before the century closes,
Cain, Karran, Kewish, or Skillicorn,
Soft-lapt serene 'mid antenatal roses,
Abide until I come, lest chance we miss
Each other as we pass, nor any kiss
Be planted on your brow thrice dear,
Nor any spell of mine be murmured in your ear!

For I will seek you in the bowers
Where Plato marked the virgin souls desiring
The birth-call of the ripening hours,
And Spenser saw old Genius attiring
The naked babes. And I will help to dress
The awful beauty of your nakedness;
And from that moment you shall be
The Poet of the Isle, a Poet glad and free.

Yet haply should the search be vain,
For that I am not worthy—*you* are coming:
Heaven holds you promised! Karran, Cain,
Kewish, Skillicorn, revealed the absolute summing
Of cherished hopes. So may the Gods enlarge
Your wings to flight immortal as the charge
You keep to sing the perfect song
Pent in your Mother's inmost heart, and pent so long!

Nor lacking you of scholarship
To guide the subtle harmonies soft-flowing
From rugged outward-seeming lip,
By vulgar minds not relished, all unknowing

Of gentle arts. Trench deep within the soil
That bore you fateful: toil, and toil, and toil!
'Tis deep as Death; dig, till the rock
Clangs hard against the spade, and yields the central shock.

No mincing this. Be nervous, soaked
In dialect colloquial, retaining
The native accent pure, unchoked
With cockney balderdash. Old Manx is waning,
She's dying in the *tholthan*.[1] Lift the latch,
Enter, and kneel beside the bed, and catch
The sweet long sighs, to which the clew
Trembles, and asks their one interpreter in you.

Then shut the *tholthan*. Strike the lyre,
Toward that proud shore your face reluctant turning;
With Keltic force, with Keltic fire,
With Keltic tears, let every string be burning.
And use the instrument that we have wrought,
Hammered on Saxon stithies, to our thought
Alien, unapt, but capable of modes
Wherein the soul its treasured wealth unloads.

And, for the wayward thing is lax,
Capricious, guard against the insidious changing
Of pitch, that makes more tense, or slacks
Our diatonics. See there be no ranging
Ad libitum; but moor the wand'rer fast,
And fix him where two sev'ring ages cast
Their secular anchors. Matters not,
If arbitrary, when or where one single jot.

But come, come soon, or else we slide
To lawlessness, or deep-sea English soundings,
Absorbent, final, in the tide
Of Empire lost, from homely old surroundings,
Familiar, swept. O excellent babe, arise,
And, ere a decade fail from forth the skies,
Unto our longing hearts be born,
Cain, Karran, Kewish supreme, supremest Skillicorn!

[1] Ruined cottage.

1896.

FO'C'S'LE YARNS

First Series

DEDICATION

To sing a song shall please my countrymen ;
To unlock the treasures of the Island heart ;
With loving feet to trace each hill and glen,
And find the ore that is not for the mart
Of commerce : this is all I ask.
No task,
But joy, God wot !
Wherewith "the stranger" intermeddles not—

Who, if perchance
He lend his ear,
As caught by mere romance
Of nature, traversing
On viewless wing
All parallels of sect
And race and dialect,
Then shall he be to me most dear.

Natheless, for mine own people do I sing,
And use the old familiar speech :
Happy if I shall reach
Their inmost consciousness.
One thing
They will confess :
I never did them wrong,
And so accept the singer and the song.

1881.

I

BETSY LEE

I SAID I would? Well, I hardly know,
But a yarn's a yarn; so here we go.
It's along of me and a Lawyer's Clerk.
You've seen mayhap that sort of spark?
As neat and as pert and as sharp as a pin,
With a mossel of hair on the tip of his chin;
With his face so fine, and his tongue so glib,
And a saucy cock in the set of his jib;
With his rings and his studs and all the rest,
And half a chain cable paid out on his breast.
Now there's different divils ashore and at sea,
And a divil's a divil wherever he be;
But if you want the rael ould mark,
The divil of divils is the Lawyer's Clerk.
Well—out it must come, though it be with a wrench,
And I must tell you about a wench
That I was a courtin' of, yes me!
Aye, and her name it was Betsy Lee.

Now most of you lads has had a spell
Of courtin' and that, and it's hard to tell
How ever a youngster comes to fancy
That of all the gels it's Jinny or Nancy,
Or Mary or Betsy that must be hisn.
I don't know how it is or it isn',
But some time or other it comes to us all,
Just like a clap of shoot[1] or a squall,

[1] Sudden fall of soot in the chimney.

Or a snake or a viper, or some such dirt,
Creep—creep—creepin' under your shirt,
And slidin' and slippin' right into your breast,
And makin' you as you can't get rest :
And it works and it works till you feel your heart risin'—
God knows what it is if it isn' pisin.

You see—we're a roughish set of chaps,
That's brought up rough on our mammies' laps ;
And we grow, and we run about shoutin' and foolin'
Till we gets to be lumps [1] and fit for the schoolin'.
Then we gets to know the marks [2] and the signs,[2]
And we leaves the school, and we sticks to the lines,
Baitin' and settin' and haulin' and that,
Till we know every fish from a whale to a sprat.
And we gets big and strong, for it do make you stronger
To row a big boat, and to pull at a conger.
Then what with a cobblin' up of the yawl,
And a patchin' and mendin' the nets for the trawl,
And a risin' early and a goin' to bed late,
And a dramin' of scollops as big as a plate,
And the hooks and the creels and the oars and the gut,
You'd say there's no room for a little slut.
But howsomdever it's not the case,
And a pretty face is a pretty face ;
And through the whole coil, as bright as a star,
A gel slips in, and there you are !

Well, that was just the way with me
And the gel I'm speakin' of—Betsy Lee.
Ah, mates ! it's wonderful too—the years
You may live dead-on-end with your eyes and your ears
Right alongside of the lass that's goin'
To be your sweetheart, and you never knowin' !

That's the way. For her father and mine
Was neighbours, and both in the fisherman line ;
And their cottages stood on the open beach,
With a nice bit of garden aback of them each.
You know the way them houses is fixed,
With the pigs and the hens and the childher mixed ;

[1] Good-sized lads. [2] Of the fishing-grounds.

And the mothers go round when the nights begin,
And whips up their own, and takes them in.
Her father was terrible fond of flowers,
And his garden was twice as handsome as ours—
A mortal keen eye he had for the varmin,
And his talk was always of plantin' and farmin'.
He had roses hangin' above his door,
Uncommon fine roses they was to be sure,
And the joy of my heart was to pull them there,
And break them in pieces on Betsy's hair.
Not that Betsy was much of a size
At the time I mean, but she had big eyes,
So big and so blue and so far asunder,
And she looked so sollum I used to wonder.
That was all—just baby play,
Knockin' about the boats all day,
And sometimes a lot of us takin' hands
And racin' like mad things over the sands.
Ah! it wouldn' be bad for some of us
If we'd never gone furder, and never fared wuss.;[1]
If we'd never grown up, and never got big,
If we'd never took the brandy swig,
If we were skippin' and scamp'rin' and cap'rin' still
On the sand that lies below the hill,
Crunchin' its gray ribs with the beat
Of our little patterin' naked feet:
If we'd just kept childher upon the shore
For ever and ever and ever more!

Now the beauty of the thing when childher plays is
The terrible wonderful length the days is.
Up you jumps, and out in the sun,
And you fancy the day will never be done;
And you're chasin' the bumbees hummin' so cross
In the hot sweet air among the goss,[2]
Or gath'rin' blue-bells, or lookin' for eggs,
Or peltin' the ducks with their yalla legs,
Or a climbin' and nearly breakin' your skulls,
Or a shoutin' for divilment after the gulls,

[1] Worse. [2] Gorse.

Or a thinkin' of nothin', but down at the tide
Singin' out for the happy you feel inside.
That's the way with the kids, you know,
And the years do come and the years do go,
And when you look back it's all like a puff,
Happy and over and short enough.

Well, I never took notions on Betsy Lee,
Nor no more did she, I suppose, on me,
Till one day diggin' upon the sand—
Gibbins,[1] of course you'll understand,
A lad that was always a cheeky young sprout,
Began a pullin' of Betsy about;
And he worried the wench till her shoulders were bare,
And he slipped the knot of her beautiful hair,
And down it come, as you may say,
Just like a shower of golden spray,
Blown this way and that by a gamesome breeze,
And a rip-rip-ripplin' down to her knees.
I looked at Betsy—aw dear! how she stood!
A quiv'rin' all over, and her face like blood!
And her eyes, all wet with tears, like fire,
And her breast a swellin' higher and higher!
And she gripped her sickle with a twitchy feel,
And her thumb started out like a coil of steel,
And a cloud seemed to pass from my eyes, and a glory
Like them you'll see painted sometimes in a story,
Breathed out from her skin; and I saw her no more
The child I had always thought her before,
But wrapped in the glory, and wrapped in the hair,
Every inch of a woman stood pantin' there.
So I ups with my fist, as I was bound,
And one for his nob, and knocks him down,
But from that day, by land and sea,
I loved her! O, I loved her! my Betsy Lee!

It's a terrible thing is love—did you say?
Well, Edward, my lad, I'll not say nay.
But you don't think of that when the young heart blows
Leaf by leaf, comin' out like a rose,

[1] Sand-eels.

And your sheets is slacked off, and your blood is a-prancin'
And the world seems a floor for you to dance on.
Terrible—eh? Yes, yes! you're right,
But all the same, it's God's own light.
Aw, there was somethin' worth lovin' in her—
As neat as a bird and as straight as a fir;
And I've heard them say, as she passed by,
It was like another sun slipped into the sky—
Kind to the old and kind to the young,
With a smile on her lip, and a laugh on her tongue,
With a heart to feel, and a head to choose,
And she stood just five feet four in her shoes.
O, I've seen her look—Well, well, I'll stop it!
O, I've seen her turn—Well, well, then! drop it!
Seen, seen! What, what! All under the sod
The darlin' lies now—my God! my God!

All right, my lads! I shipped that sea;
I couldn' help it! Let be! let be!
Aw, them courtin' times! Well it's no use tryin'
To tell what they were, and time is flyin'.
But you know how it is—the father pretendin'
He never sees nothin', and the mother mendin',
Or a grippin' the Bible, and spellin' a tex',
And a eyein' us now-and-then over her specs
Aw, they were a decent pair enough them two!
If it was only with them I'd had to do
Bless me! the larned he was in the flowers!
And how he would talk for hours and hours
About diggin' and dungin' and weedin' and seedin',
And sometimes a bit of a spell at the readin';
And Betsy and me sittin' back in the chimley,
And her a clickin' her needles so nim'ly,
And me lookin' straight in ould Anthony's face,
And a stealin' my arm round Betsy's wais'.
Aw, the shy she was! But when Anthony said:—
"Now, childher! it's time to be goin' to bed"—
Then Betsy would say, as we all of us riz[1]:—
"I wonder what sort of a night it is";
Or—"Never mind, father! I'll shut the door."

[1] Rose.

And shut it she did, you may be sure ;
Only the way she done it, d'ye see ?
I was outside, but so was she !

Ah, then was the time ! just a minute ! a minute !
But bless me the sight of love we put in it !
Ah, the claspin' arms ! ah, the stoopin' head !
Ah, the kisses in showers ! ah, the things that we said !
Yes, yes ! and the cryin' when I went—
Aw, the Innocent ! the Innocent !

Now listen, my lads, and I'll give you the cut
Of what I calls a innocent fut.
For it's no use the whole world talkin' to me,
If I'd never seen nothin' of Betsy Lee
Except her foot, I was bound to know
That she was as pure as the driven snow.
For there's feet that houlds on like a cat on a roof,
And there's feet that thumps like an elephant's hoof ;
There's feet that goes trundlin' on like a barra,[1]
And some that's crooky, some as straight as an arra ;
There's feet that's thick, and feet that's thin,
And some turnin' out, and some turnin' in ;
And there's feet that can run, and feet that can walk
Aye, feet that can laugh, and feet that can talk—
But an innocent foot—it's got the spring
That you feel when you tread on the mountain ling ;
And it's tied to the heart, and not to the hip,
And it moves with the eye, and it moves with the lip.
I suppose it's God that makes when He wills
Them beautiful things—with the lift of His hills,
And the waft of His winds, and His calms and His storms,
And His work and His rest ; and that's how He forms
A simple wench to be true and free,
And to move like a piece of poethry.

Well, a lass is a lass, and a lad is a lad ;
But now for the luck ould Anthony had.
For one ev'rin',[2] as I was makin' the beach,
I heard such a hollabaloo and a screech
That I left the boat there as she was, and I ran

[1] Barrow. [2] Evening.

Straight up to the houses, and saw the whole clan
Of neighbours a crowdin' at Anthony's door,
For most of the boats was landed before.
And some pressin' in, and some pressin' out;
So I axed a woman what it was all about;
And "Didn' ye hear the news?" says she;
"It's a fortin'[1] that's come to ould Anthony Lee."
Then she tould me about the Lawyer chap,
That was in with them there, and his horse and his trap,
And his papers "with seals as big as a skate"—
Bless me! how them women loves to prate!
And "a good-lookin' man he was," she said,
"As you might see! and a gentleman bred;
And he's talkin' that nice, and that kind, and that free!
And it's a fortin' he's got for ould Anthony Lee!"

So I said:—"All right!" but I felt all wrong;
And I turned away, and I walked along
To a part of the shore where the wreck of a mast
Stuck half of it out, and half of it fast.
And a knife inside of me seemed to cut
My heart from its moorin's, and heaven shut,
And locked, and barred, like the door of a dungeon,
And me in the trough of the sea a plungin',
With the only land that I knew behind me,
And a driftin' where God himself couldn' find me.
So I made for the mast, but before I got at it
I saw Betsy a standin' as straight as a stattit,[2]
With her back to the mast, and her face to the water,
And the strain of her eyes gettin' tauter[3] and tauter,
As if with the strength of her look she'd try
To draw a soul from the dull dead sky.
Then I went to her, but what could I say?
For she never took her eyes away:
Only she put her hand on my cheek,
And I tried, and I tried hard enough to speak,
But I couldn'—then all of a sudden she turned,
And the far-off look was gone, and she yearned
To my heart, and she said:—"You doubted me";
And I said:—"I didn' then, Betsy Lee"!

[1] Fortune. [2] Statue. [3] Tighter.

So her and me sat down on the mast,
And we talked and talked, and the time went fast,
When I heard a step close by, and—behould ye!
There was the Lawyer chap I tould ye
Had come with the papers (confound the pup!),
And says he:—"I'm sorry to interrup',"
He says, "such a pleasant têtertête;
But you'll pardon me; it's gettin' late,
And I couldn' think of returnin' to town
Without payin' my respects, as I feel bound,
To the lovely heiress, and off'rin' her ——,"
And cetterer, and cetterer—
You know how they rattles on. So we rose,
And all the three of us homeward goes.
But blest if he didn' buck up,[1] and says he,
With a smirk:—"Will you take my arm, Miss Lee?"
And Betsy didn' know what to do,
So she catched a hould, and there them two
Goes linkin'[2] along. Aw, I thought I'd split
With laughin', and then I cussed a bit.
And when we come up to the houses—the rushin'
There was to the doors, and Betsy blushin',
And him lookin' grand, and me lookin' queer,
And the women sayin':—"What a beautiful pair!"
Now it mattered little to me that night
What stuff they talked, for I knew I was right
With Betsy; but still, you see, of[3] a rule,
A fellow doesn' like to look like a fool.
And the more I thought of the chap and his beauin',
The madder I got; so when he was goin',
And I held the horse, and gave him the reins,
And, "There's a sixpence," says he, "for your pains—
A sixpence, my man!" I couldn' hould in,
And once I began I did begin,
And I let him have it *hot*, as they say;
But he only laughed, and druv away.

Now heave ahead, my lads, with me!
For the weeks rolled on, and ould Anthony Lee
Did just what he always wanted to do,

[1] Play the *buck*, act pretentiously. [2] Arm-in-arm. [3] As.

For he took a farm they called the *Brew*,
In a hollow that lay at the foot of a hill,
Where the blessed ould craythur might have his fill
Of stockin' and rearin' and grassin' and tillage,
And only about a mile from the village.
And a stream ran right through the orchard, and then
Went dancin' and glancin' down the glen,
And soaked through the shilly,[1] and out to the bay,
But never forgot, as it passed, to say,
With the ringin' laugh of its silv'ry flow:—
"She's thinkin' of you, and she tould me so."
Laugh on, my hearties! you'll do no harm!
But I've stood when the wind blew straight from the farm,
And I've felt her spirit draw nigher and nigher,
Till it shivered into my veins like fire,
And every ripple and every rock
Seemed swep' with the hem of Betsy's frock.

But—of coorse! of coorse—Ah, little Sim!
Is he off? little lad! just fist us the glim![2]
Ah, beauty! beauty! no matter for him!
No matter for him! Aw, isn' he gud?[3]
With his nose like a shell, and his mouth like a bud!
There's sauce enough in that there lip
To aggravate ever a man in the ship.
Did ye hear him to-day agate of[4] his chaff?
Well! how he made the skipper laugh!
Just come here and look at him, mates!
Isn' he like them things up the Straits?[5]
Them picthurs the Romans has got in their chapels?
Brave little chaps, with their cheeks like apples!
Holdin' on to their mawthers' petticoats,
And lookin' as pert and bould as goats!
Bless me! the body them craythurs has got!
Clean! without a speck or a spot!
And they calls the little boy Jesus, and her
With her head wrapped up in a handkecher
They calls the Vargin, and all them starts
And patterin-nostrin, and—bless their hearts!

[1] Fine gravel. [2] Light. [3] Good.
[4] At work with. [5] Up the Mediterranean.

What is he dreaming of now, little lad!
Brother and sister and mother and dad?
And lobsters a creepin' about the creel,
And granny hummin' her spinnin'-wheel?
Or him in the parlour a lyin' in bed,
And a twiggin' the spiders over-head?
"Hushee-bow-babby upon the tree-top!
And when the wind blows, the cradle will rock—"
Ah, Simmy my boy, I've done my best—
Somethin' like that—but as for the rest——

"Go on! go on!" Is that your shout?
Well, what is this I was thinkin' about?
I'm in for it now, and it's no use bilkin'—
O, aye! the milkin'! ould Anthony's milkin'!
I never thought on for the whys or the hows,
But I was always terrible fond of cows.
Now aren't they innocent things—them bas'es?[1]
And havn' they got ould innocent faces?
A strooghin'[2] their legs that lazy way,
Or a standin' as if they meant to pray—
They're that sollum and lovin' and studdy[3] and wise,
And the butter meltin' in their big eyes!
Eh? what do you think about it, John?
Is it the stuff they're feedin' on—
The clover and meadow-grass and rushes,
And them goin' pickin' among the bushes,
And sniffin' the dew when it's fresh and fine,
The sweetest brew of God's own wine!
And the smell of the harbs gets into their sowls,
And works and works, and rowls and rowls,
Till it tightens their tits,[4] and drabs[5] their muzzle—
Well, it's no use o' talkin'—it's a regular puzzle;
But you'll notice the very people that's got to atten'
To the like, is generally very aisy men.

Aw, ould Anthony knew about them pat,
Alderney, Ayrshire, and all to that!

[1] Beasts. [2] Stroking, trailing. [3] Steady.
[4] Teats. [5] Makes wet.

And breedin', and rearin', and profit and loss—
Aw, he was a clever ould chap, ould Anthony was.
More by token that's the for[1]
Him and me had our first war.
You see, I was sittin' there one night
When who should come in but ould Tommy Tite;
Tight he was by name and by nathur,
A dirty ould herpocrite[2] of a craythur,
With a mouth that shut with a snick and a snap—
Tight, for sure,[3] like the Divil's own trap;
And his hair brushed up behind and before—
Straight[4] like the bristles that's on a boar.
Well, that man was thin! I never saw thinner,
A lean, ould, hungry, mangy sinner!
And he'd sit and he'd talk! well, the way he'd talk!
And he'd groan in his innards, but an eye like a hawk—
And cunning written all over his face—
And wasn' it him that owned the place?

Well, there they were talkin' and talkin' away
About carrots and turmits and oats and hay—
And stock and lock and barrel, bless ye!
The big words they had was enough to distress ye!
With their pipes in each other's faces smookin',
And me lookin' and longin', and longin' and lookin'—
Lookin' for Betsy's little signs—
The way them pretty craythurs finds
To talk without talkin', is raely grand—
A tap of the foot, a twitch of the hand!
A heise[5] of the neck, a heave of the breast!
A stoop like a bird upon its nest!
A look at father, a look at mawther!
A one knee swingin' over the other!
A lookin' lower, and a lookin' higher!
A long, long straight look into the fire!
A look of joy, and a look of pain!
But bless ye! you understand what I mean.
So on they talked till all the fun
In her darlin' little face begun

[1] Reason. [2] Hypocrite. [3] I can assure you.
[4] Just. [5] Hoist, lift.

To work—and I couldn' hould it in,
And I laughed, and I laughed like anythin'.
My goodness! the mad ould Anthony got,
With his eyes so wide, and his cheeks as hot
And as red as a coal; and the other fellow
Was turnin' green and turnin' yellow;
And the ould woman bucked up[1] as proud as you plaze,
But ould Anthony spoke, and says he, he says:—
"It's most unfortnit—I hope you will—
I mean it's most disrespectable——
But I hopes, Misther Tite, as you'll excuse—"
And so he went on with his parley-voos—
"Just a young man from the shore," says he,
"As drops in in the ev'rin' for company!
A 'umble neighbour as don't know batther,[2]
You see, Mr. Tite, I knew his father."
Well I choked that down, but I says to myself,
Pretendin' to stare at the plates on the shelf:—
"You've got me, ould man! but I'll owe you one
For that, before the stakes is drawn."
But it's my belief that from that day
He never liked me anyway.

"But about the milkin'?" All right! all right!
I'm nearly as bad as ould Tommy Tite!
Spinnin' round and round and round,
And never a knowin' where am I bound.
Well, mostly every ev'rin', you see,
I was up at the milkin', with Betsy Lee.
For when she was milkin', she was always singin';
I don't know what was it—maybe the ringin'
Of the milk comin' tearin' into the can,
With a swish and a swelsh and a tāntărān,
A makin' what the Lawyer gent
Was callin' a sort of *accumpliment*.[3]
But the look of a cow is enough to do it,
And her breath, and her neck, the way she'll slew[4] it—
As if she was sayin', the patient she stood:—[5]
"Milk away! it's doin' me good."

[1] Drew herself up. [2] Better. [3] Accompaniment.
[4] Turn. [5] She stood so patiently.

And the sun goin' down, and the moon comin' up,
And maybe you takin' a little sup,
And the steam of the hay, and your forehead pressin'
Agin[1] her round side! But, for all, it's a blessin'
When they're nice and quiet, for there's some of them rough,
And kicky and pushy and bould enough.

Now Betsy would sing, and I would hear,
And away I'd be like a hound or a deer,
Up the glen and through the sedges,
And, bless me, the way I took the hedges!
For I'd be wantin' to get in time to the place
To see the last sunlight on Betsy's face.
And when I'd be gettin' a-top of the brew,[2]
Where ould Anthony's house was full in view,
Then I'd stop and listen till I'd got it right,
And answer it back with all my might.
And when I come down, she'd say:—"I heard!
You're for all the world like a mockin'-bird."
She had her fun! aw, she had her fun!
And I'd say:—"Well, Betsy, are you nearly done?"
And I'd kiss her, and then she'd say:—"What bother!"
And the cow lookin' round like a kind ould mawther.
One cow they had—well, of all the sense
That ever I saw, and the imperence!
God bless me! the lek of yandhar ould mailie![3]
A brown cow she was—well raely! raely!
She's made me laugh till I abslit shoutit—
Pretendin' to know all about it!

Well, one ev'rin' I'd been laughin' like a fool,
And Betsy nearly fallin' off the stool—
In the orchard—and the apple blossoms there
Was shreddin' down on Betsy's hair,
And I was pickin' them off, d'ye see?
And the cow was lookin' and smilin' at me,
When—creak went the gate, and who should appear
But Misther Richard Taylor, Esqueer!
That's the Lawyer chap—and says he:—
"Plasantly engaged, Miss Lee!"

[1] Against. [2] Hill. [3] Cow without horns.

So Betsy was all of a twitter lek,
And she catched her handkecher round her neck,
And straightened her hair, and smoothed her brat,[1]
And says :—"Good everin'!" just like that.

Well, I hardly knew what to do or to say,
So I just sat down, and milked away.
But Betsy stood up to him like a man,
Goodness! how that girl's tongue ran!
Like the tick of a watch, or the buzz of a reel,
And hoity-toity! and quite genteel—
Rittle-rattle—the talk it came,
And as grand as grand, the two of them!
Aw, I might have been a thousand miles away—
Of coorse! of coorse! I know what you'll say—
But I couldn' stand it—so I watched my chance,
And I turned the tit, and I gave it him once,
A right good skute betwix' the eyes—
Aw, murder! murder! what a rise!
With the milk all streamin' down his breast,
And his shirt and his pins and all the rest,
And a bran new waistcoat spoiled, and him splutt'rin',
And a wipin' his face, and mutt'rin'—mutt'rin'—
And at last he says, "I shall go" says he,
"And kermoonicate this to Misther Lee."
"Aw, Tom!" says Betsy; "Aw, Betsy!" says I:
"Whatever!" says she, and she begun to cry.
"Well," I says, "it's no wonder o' me,
With your ransy-tansy-tissimitee."[2]

But we soon made it up, and it was gettin' late,
And again I heard the garden gate.
"There!" says I, "he's goin': so now, little missis!"
And kisses, kisses, kisses, kisses!
"Take care!" says she. "Never fear!" I said;
Yes, a fool! an ould fool but she loved me, Ned.
So I cleared the fence, and the stream, and the pebbles
Chimin' all night with their little trebles,

[1] Apron.

[2] Burden of a song sung by children dancing: *Here comes three Dukes a ridin'.*

And tenors, and bassers down at the fall,
Answerin' back with a kindly call
(She used to tell me it sent her to sleep)
(Just at the dam it was middlin' deep);
And I crossed the glen, and I took a short cut,
And all at once I heard a fut.
I guessed it was him, and I was right,
With his boots goin' winkin'[1] through the night.
"Good-night!" says I. "Good-night!" says he.
"And what did you tell ould Anthony Lee?"
Aw, then he begun, and he cussed, and he swore,
The divil behind, and the divil before—
And all what he'd do—and he'd have the law—
And "If it hadn' been—" "Come, stop that jaw!
Have it out! Have it out, Misther Taylor!" says I;
"Here we are under God's own sky.
Have it out like a man, if it's a man you are!
Have it out! Have it out, my lad! if you dare;
And don't stand there like a blue baboon
With your long teeth chatterin' in the moon!"
"Not if I knows it!" says he, "Tom Baynes.
No! no!" says he, "I've other means."
"Have ye?" says I, and I grips him straight,
And sends him flyin' over a gate.
And gives a look, and nothing stirred;
But he kep' his word! he kep' his word!

This was in spring, and the summer come,
And, behould ye! my gentleman still was dumb,
For he maybe thought about that spree
The less said the better for he.
For he's one of them chaps that works in the dark,
And creeps and crawls—is a Lawyer's clerk;
And digs and digs, and gives no sign,
Spreadin' sods and flowers at the mouth of his mine;
And he'll lay his train, and he'll hould his match,
And he'll wait and he'll wait, and he'll watch and he'll watch,
Till the minute comes, and before you sneezes
You're up to heaven in a hundred pieces.
Aw, it's a bitter poison—that black art,

[1] Creaking.

The lie that eats into your heart;
A thing gath'rin' round you like a seine
Round the fish, and them never feelin' the strain;
A squall comin' tippytoe off the land,
And houldin' its breath till it's close at hand,
And whisp'rin' to the winds to keep still
Till all is ready—and then with a will,
With a rush and a roar they sweeps your deck,
And there you lies a shiv'rin' wreck.

Well, winter come, and then the cows
Was goin' a milkin' in the house.
And if you want peace and quietness,
It's in a cow-house you'll get it the best.
For the place is so warm, and their breath is so sweet,
And the nice straw bedding about their feet,
And hardly any light at all,
But just a dip stuck on to the wall,
And them yocked [1] in the dark as quiet as ghos'es,[2]
And a feelin' for each other's noses.
And, bless me! sometimes you'd hardly be knowin'
It was them, excep' for their chewin' and blowin'.
Aw, many a time I've felt quite queer
To see them standin' so orderly there.
Is it the Lord that makes them so still?
Aw, I like them craythurs terrible!
Aye, aye! the sea for the leks of us!
It's God's own work (though treacherous!);
But for peace and rest and that—d'ye see?
Among the cows is the place for me.

And Betsy speakin' so soft and low,
Or speakin' nothin' at all, you know;
Or singin' hymns, no matter what,
Gentle Jesus, and the like o' that.
And that's the way she was one night,
Pressed to my heart as tight as tight.
"Sing *Glory be!*" the darlin' said,
"And then it'll be time to be goin' to bed"—

[1] Yock = Yoke, plank sliding in a groove, and confining the cow's neck. [2] Ghosts.

When all of a sudden at the door
Come a clatt'rin' of clogs, and there for sure
Stood Peggy, the sarvant, all out o' breath,
And, "You're wanted," says she, "Miss Elizabeth!"
So I got up, and I was goin' too;
"Aw, no!" says Peggy, "that'll never do!"
And she went—and she went—and my heart gave a shiver—
And I never saw her again! no never! never!

Well! well! well! well!—What ails the ship?
Hold on! hold on! I've got a grip.
Who's at the helm? Is it Juan Cronin?
With all this criss-crossin' and herrin'-bonin'!
My patience! or is it Tommy Teare?
That's a tervil onasy[1] fellow to steer.
Have another pipe? Why, thank you, Eddart,[2]
You're a feelin' lad, and I allis said it.
Yes, give me the can! I'll just take a swipe—
Aye! another pipe—another pipe—
And, Eddart my lad, was that a letter
You got from home? Is your father better?
Is your mother hearty? I knew her well,
A nice little sthuggha[3] of a gel!
And, Eddart, whenever you'll be goin' to write,
Tell them I was axin' (I've got a light)
How were they. And, Eddart, mind you'll put in
If ould Tommy Tite's lookin' after the tin,
And if the herrin's was plenty this year,
And is the gaery[4] drained, d'ye hear?
And have ould Higgison rose the rent?—
Aw, Eddart and me is well acquent.

Well, well! I didn' know what was up,
Nor whether to go, nor whether to stop.
So I waited a bit, and I took off my shoes,
And, thinks I, the ould people's gone to roos';
And maybe she's waitin' all alone,
And wond'rin' and wond'rin' am I gone.

[1] Uneasy. [2] Edward. [3] Thick-set, but well-proportioned. [4] Piece of waste-land.

And I looked and I looked, and I crossed the street
As quite[1] as a mouse in my stocking-feet,
And I crep' in among the honey-suckles
At the porch, and I gave a tap with my knuckles,
Just this way; when the door gave a flirt,
And there stood ould Anthony in his shirt—
Hard and keen, and his ould bald head
Like Sammil when he was riz from the dead—
In the Bible, you know, yes! just the sem,
Isaac and Peter and the like of them,
That's allis got conks[2] like turkey's eggs,
And the wind blowin' free round their blessed old legs—
Enough to frecken you in the night,
He was so awful and big and white.
And says he:—"I thought it was you that was knockin'—
O, it's very shockin'! it's very shockin'!"
"What's shockin'?" I says. "O," he says, "it's no use
Pretendin', young man!" "Well, why the deuce,"
Says I, "can't you give the thing a name?"
"O, raely!" says he, "for shame! for shame!"
And "It's could," he says, "and I think I'll go in—
O, it's an awful sin! an awful sin!"
"Sin," says I, "well, whatever it is,
Who tould you this? Who tould you this?"
"Misther Taylor," he says; "Misther Taylor!" says I,
"O, indeed!" Then he tould me the why,
And all about it, how Jenny Magee
Had come home, and laid a child to me—
And "Nice purseedin's," he says, "indeed!"
And—*Who was I?*—and the beggarly breed
The lot of us was, and—*How dar' I*, says he,
How dar' I look up to Betsy Lee?
"Is he here?" I says. "No! no!" "That's well!
Thank God! thank God! for by heaven and hell,
If I had caught him in the wood,
The sun would have risen upon his blood."
"Oh!" says he, quite freckened lek,
"What shockin' feelin's!" and—*Could I expec'?*—
And—*Did I raely mean?*—and before I could say
This or that, he was in, and turned the key.

[1] Quiet. [2] Heads.

Aw, up to that I was proud enough,
Bould as a lion, and middlin' rough ;
But left there alone, that sore distressed,
All the strength of the night came upon me and pressed
And forced me down till I fell on my knees,
And I heard the moan of the long dead seas
Far away rollin' in on the shore,
And I called to ould Anthony through the door :—
"Aw, listen to me ! aw, listen to me !
Aw, Misther Lee ! aw, Misther Lee !
He's bought that woman," I said, "he's bought her
To swear that lie ; and it's after your daughter
He is himself ! aw, listen to me !
Aw, Misther Lee ! aw, Misther Lee !"
Not a word ! not a word !—"It's a lie," I cried,
"It's a lie, if on the spot I died,
It is, sir, it is, it is a lie !"
Never a word or a sound of reply !
"Aw, Misther Lee !" I says, "can I see her ?
Aw, Misthress Lee ! are *you* up there ?
Let me see Betsy ! She'll belave me !
Let me see Betsy ! Save me ! save me !
She hears me now, and her heart is broke !"
I said, and I listened, but no one spoke.
"She's dyin' ! you're stoppin' her mouth !" I said ;
"You're holding her down upon the bed !
Aw, you'll answer for this at the day of doom !
You're smotherin' her there in the little room !
Betsy ! Betsy ! my darlin' love !
Betsy ! Betsy ! O Father above !"

And then I fell right forrid, and lay
Quite stupid, how long I cannot say ;
But the first thing I felt when I tried to stand
Was something soft a slickin' my hand.
And what do you think it was but Sweep !
The ould black coly that minded the sheep !
"God bless ye !" says I, "I've a friend in you !"
And he was a middlin' sulky craythur too.
So I dragged myself up, and picked a bit
Of the honey-suckle, and buried it

In my breast, and I wandered round and round,
But not a mossel of light could be found.
I was like a drunken man the way I staggered,
And across the street, and through the haggard,[1]
And into the fields, and I know nothin' more
Till they found me in the mornin' upon the shore.

Well he was a villyan anyway?
He was a villyan—did you say?
A villyan!—Will you cuss him, Bill?
Aye, cuss your fill, boy, cuss your fill!
A villyan—eh? but before I'm done
You'll know something more about him, my son.
Now, men, what was I to do? can ye tell?
Just leave it alone? aye—maybe as well!
But I never would strike my flag to a lie
Before I knew good reason why.
No, no! my lads! it's not in my blood—
I never did, and I never would.

Well, I thought and I thought till at last a plan
Come into my head, and—"That's the man!"
I says—"The Pazon!—I'll go to him,
And I'll know the worst of it, sink or swim."
So I claned myself, and I had a draw
Of the pipe, and I went, but middlin' slaw,[2]
For my head was workin' uncommon hard
All the way, and I didn' regard
For nothing at all, and the boats comin' round
The Stack, a beatin' up for the ground,
And a Rantipike schooner caught in the tide,
And a nice little whole-sail breeze outside,
Not much matter to me, you'd 'spec'[3]—
No! but you'll allis be noticin' lek.

Now the grandest ould pazon, I'll be bail,
That ever was, was ould Pazon Gale.
Aw, of all the kind and the good and the true!
And the aisy and free, and:—"How do you do?
And how's your mother, Tom, and—the fishin'?"
Spakin' that nice, and allis wishin'

[1] Stackyard. [2] Slow. [3] Expect.

Good luck to the boats, and :—"How's the take?"
And blessin' us there for Jesus' sake.
And many a time he'd come out and try
A line, and the keen he was, and the spry!
And he'd sit in the stern, and he'd tuck his tails,
And well he knew how to handle the sails.
And sometimes, if we were smookin', he'd ax
For a pipe, and then we'd be turnin' our backs,
Lettin' on[1] never to see him, and lookin'
This way and that way, and him a smookin',
Twis' as strong and as black as tar,
And terrible sollum and regular.
Bless me! the sperrit that was in him too,
Houldin' on till all was blue!
And only a little man, but staunch,
With a main big heart aback of his paunch!
Just a little round man—but you should ha' seen him agate
Of a good-sized conger or a skate:
His arms as stiff, and his eye afire,
And every muscle of him like wire!

But avast this talk! What! what did you say?
Tell us more about the Pazon—eh?
Well, well! he was a pazon—yis!
But there's odds of pazons, that's the way it is.
For there's pazons now that's mortal[2] proud,
And some middlin' humble, that's allowed.
And there's pazons partikler about their clothes,
And rings on their fingers, and bells on their toes:
And there's pazons that doesn' know your names,
"Shut the gate, my man!" and all them games.
And there's pazons *too* free—I've heard one cuss
As hard and as hearty as one of us.
But Pazon Gale—now I'll give you his size,
He was a simple pazon, and lovin' and wise.
That's what he was, and quiet uncommon,
And never said much to man nor woman;
Only the little he said was meat
For a hungry heart, and soft and sweet,

[1] Pretending. [2] Very.

The way he said it: and often talkin'
To hisself, and lookin' down, and walkin'.
Quiet he was, but you couldn' doubt
The Pazon was knowin' what was he about.
Aye, many a time I've seen his face
All slushed with tears, and him tellin' of *grace*
And *mercy* and that, and his vice so low,
But trimblin'—aw, we liked him though!

And he wasn' livin' above the bay
Where I was livin', but a bit away,
Over the next, and betwix' the two
The land ran out to a point, and a screw
Of the tide set in on the rocks, and there
He'd stand in the mornin', and listen to hear
The dip of our oars comin' out, and the jealous
We were of the Derbyhaven fellows!
And the way we'd pull to try which would be fuss![1]
And "Pazon!" we'd say, "are you comin' with us?"
And the Derbyhaven chaps would call—
And the way he'd smile and say nothing at all!
Well, that's the Pazon, you'll understand,
Aye, the very man, the very man.
Aw, if I once get agate of him—
But some night again, if I'll be in the trim,
I'll maybe be tellin' you more, if so be
You'll be carin' to listen, and all agree.

Well, the Pazon was walkin' on the gravel—
My conscience! the slow that man did travel!
Backards and forrards, and stoppin' and thinkin',
And a talkin' away to hisself like winkin';
And a pickin' a flower, or a kickin' a stone,
There he was anyway all alone.
And I felt like a reglar blund'rin' blockit,[2]
And I stowed the quid in my waistcoat pocket,
And I said: "Here goes! I don't care a fardin',"
And I opened the gate, and into the garden,
And—"Pazon!" I says, "I've come to you."
"Is it true, Tom Baynes?" he says, "Is it true?"

[1] First. [2] Blockhead.

And he looked—"No it isn'!" I said, quite pale;
"So you needn' look that way, Pazon Gale!
It isn' true!" So the ould man smiled,
And says he: "Well, don't be angry, child!"
Child he called me—d'ye see? d'ye see?
Child!—and he takes my hand, and says he:
"I suppose you've got a yarn to spin:
Come in, Tom Baynes, come in, come in!"
So in we went, and him smilin' like fun,
Into the parlour; but the Misthress run
Quite shamed lek, a whiskin' through the door,
And droppin' her things upon the floor.
And the sarvant keeked[1] over the landin'-top—
A dirty trouss,[2] with her head like a mop—
And she gurned[3] like a cat, but I didn' care,
Though they're middlin' spiteful, them craythurs are.

So I tould the Pazon all that I had,
And he says: "God bless ye! God bless ye! my lad!"
Aw, it's himself that knew my very soul,
And me so young, and him so oul'.
And all the good talk! and never fear—
And leave it to him, and he'd bring me clear—
And Anthony wanted spakin' to—
And on with the hat—and away he'd go—
And *young Misther Taylor* (*a son of ould Dan!*)
Was a very *intelligent* young man.
"Aisy! Pazon," says I, and he went;
And all the road home—"*in-tel-li-gent*"—
I said, "what's that?" some pretty name
For a —— deng it! these pazons is just like crame,
They're talking that smooth—aw, it's well to be civil—
"A son of ould Dan's!" and *Dan* was a divil.

That was a Monday; a Thursday night
The Pazon come, and bless me the fright
The ould woman was in, and wipin' the chair,
And nudgin' and winkin'—"Is Thomas there?"
He says—"Can I see him?" So up I got,
And out at the door, and I put a knot

[1] Peeped. [2] Slut. [3] Grinned.

On my heart, like one of you, when he takes
A turn and belays, and houlds on till it breaks.
And—"Well?" I says—then he looked at me,
And "Have you your pipe, Thomas?" says he;
"Maybe you'd better light it," he said,
"It's terrible good to studdy[1] the head."
And he wouldn't take rest[2] till I had it lit;
And he twisses, and twisses, and—"Wait a bit!"
He says, and he feels, and "We're all alone,"
Says he, and behould ye! a pipe of his own.
And "I'll smook too," he says; and he charges,
And puffs away like Boanarges.
I never knew the like was at him[3] afore:
And so we walked along the shore.
And if he didn' behove to spin a yarn
About the stars—and Aldebar'n,
And Orïon—and just to consedher[4]
The grand way God had put them together,
And wasn' it a good world after all,
And—what was man—and the Bible—and Paul—
Till I got quite mad, and I says:—"That'll do!
Were you at the Brew, Pazon? were you at the Brew?
Aw, then it all come out, and the jaw
Ould Anthony had, and the coorts, and the law;
And—*Jane Magee and her mother both*—
He had gone there twice, but she stuck to her oath—
And—*what could he do?* "I'm going," says I—
"Keep up your heart now!" "I'll try, I'll try."
"Good-night, and mind you'll go straight to bed!
God bless ye, Tom!" "And you, sir!" I said.
"Come up in the mornin'! Good-night! good-night!
Now mind you'll come!" "All right! all right!"

And it's into the house, and "Mawther," I says,
"I'm off." "What off!" says she, "if you plaze!
Off! what off!" says she, "you slink!"[5]
And she was sharplin' a knife upon the sink,[6]
And she flung it down, and she looked that way—
Straight and stiff; and, "What did you say?

[1] Steady. [2] Be satisfied. [3] That he had such a thing.
[4] Consider. [5] Sneak. [6] Sink-stone.

Off! off where?" and the sting of a light
Snapped quick in her eye—"All right! all right!"
I says, and away to the chiss[1] I goes—
"Stand by!" I cried, "I want my clothes";
And I hauled them out—Aw, she gave a leap,
And, "Lave them alone!" she says, "you creep!"[2]
And she skutched[3] them up, and she whisked about
As lithe as an eel, and still lookin' out
Over her shouldher, and eyein' me,
Like a flint, or some dead thing—"Let be,
Mawther," I says, "let go! you'd batther!"
Aw, then if she didn' begin no matther!
And she threw the things upon the floor,
And she stamped them, and down on her knees, and she tore,
And ripped, and ragged, and scrunched away,
Aw, hands and teeth,—I'll be bound to say
Them shirts was eighteen pence the yard!
Rael good shirts! Aw, the woman was hard.
Hard she was, and lusty, and strong—
I've heard them say, when she was young
She could lift a hundred-weight and more,
And there wasn' a man in the parish could throw her.
And as for shearin' and pickin' potatoes—
Aw, well, she bet all, and always as nate as
A pin, and takin' a pride in it—
For there's some ould women, they're hardly fit,
They're that dirty and stupid, and messin' and muddin',
I wudn' live with the like—No! I wudn'!
But yandhar[4] woman—asleep or awake—
Was a clane ould craythur and no mistake.
But hard—aw, hard! for the ould man died,
And she looked, and she looked, but she never cried
And him laid out, as sweet as bran,
And everything white,—like a gentleman.
And brass nails—bless ye! and none of your 'sterrits,[5]
But proud in herself, and sarvin' the sperrits.[6]
And "Misthress Baynes, now! was he prepared?"

[1] Chest. [2] Creeping creature—very common term of contempt.
[3] Caught. [4] Yonder—that. [5] Hysterics.
[6] Serving out the spirits.

"God knows!" says she—Aw, the woman was hard!
But if you could have prised the hatches
Of that strong sowl, you would have seen the catches
She made at her heart, choked up to the brim,
And you'd ha' knew she was as dead as him.
But mind me! from that very day
The juice of her life, as you may say,
Was clean dried out of her, and she got
As tough and as dry, and as hard as a knot.
Hard—but handy, and goin' still,
Not troublin' much for good or ill;
Like the moon and the stars God only touched
Once long ago, and away they scutched;[1]
And now He never minds them a bit,
But they keep goin' on, for they're used of[2] it.

Goin' on! Well, she did go on that night,
And up from the floor, and her back to the light
Of the fire (it was burnin' middlin' low),
And the candle capsized, and she looked to grow
That big in the dark, and never a breath,
But standin' there like the shadda of death.
Never a breath—for maybe a minute,
Just like a cloud with the thunder in it:
Dark and still, till its powder-bags
Burst—and the world is blown to rags.
Aw, she gave it them with a taste—she did:
"And was it that flippity-flappity flid
Of a Betsy Lee? and she knew well enough
What I'd come to at last with my milkin' and stuff,
And sniffin' about where I hadn' no call,
And the lines hangin' rottin' upon the wall,
And the boat never moored, and grindin' her bones
To sawdust upon the cobblin' stones[3]—
And the people talkin'—And who were the Lees?
Who were they now after all, if you please?
Who were they to cock their nose?
And Lee's ould wife with her strings and her bows,
And her streamers and trimmin's, and pippin' and poppin'
Her stupid ould head like a hen with a toppin'![4]

[1] Ran. [2] To. [3] Large stones on the beach. [4] Crest.

And had they forgot when they lived next door?
A lazy lot, and as poor as poor—
And—*Misses Baynes! the beautiful tay*
You've got—and I raely think I'll stay—
And—*could you lend me a shillin' till to-morrow?*
And borrow, borrow, borrow, borrow.
Aye, and starvin', and him doin' nothin' for hours
But pokin' about with his harbs and his flowers—
The lig-y-ma-treih![1] the dirty ould bough![2]
And now it was *Misther Lee!* my gough!
Misther and Misthress Lee in the gig—
Make way, good people!—aw, terrible big!
And would I demean myself to them?
You silly-billy! for shame! for shame!"
And at it again:—"And what she would rather—
And me the very spit[3] of my father!
And what was the matter with Jinny Magee?
Your wife! your wife! and why shouldn' she be?
She was good at the work, and worth a hundred
Of your Betsy things—and why should we be sundered?
And Jinny and her would agree, never fear her!"
Aw, she was despard[4] though to hear her.

"Hush! mawther!" I says, "aw, mawther, hush!"
And she turned to the fire, and I saw her brush
The tears from her eyes, and I saw the workin'
Of her back, and her body jerkin', jerkin':
And I went, and I never said nothin' lek,
But I put my arm around her neck,
And I looked in her face, and the shape and the strent'[5]
And the very face itself had went
All into one, like a sudden thaw,
Slished and slushed, or the way you've saw
The water bubblin' and swirlin' around
The place where a strong man have gone down.

And I took her and put her upon the bed
Like a little child, and her poor ould head
On my breast, and I hushed her, and stroked her cheek,

[1] Taking time, dilatory. [2] Poor (creature).
[3] Exact likeness. [4] Desperate. [5] Strength.

Talkin' little talk—the way they speak
To babies—I did! and then I begun
To think of yandhar Absalun,
And David cryin': "My son, my son!"
And the moon come round, and the light shone in,
And crep' on her face, and I saw the thin
She was, and the wore, and her neck all dried
And shrivelled up like strips of hide;
And I thought of the time it was as warm
And as soft as Betsy's, and her husband's arm
Around it strong and lovin', and me
A cuddled up, and a suckin' free,
And I cried like Peter in the Testament,
When Jesus looked at him, and out he went,
And cried like a fool, and the cock a crowin',
But what there was in his heart there's no knowin'.
And I swore by the livin' God above
I'd pay her back, and love for love,
And keep for keep, and the wages checked,[1]
And her with a note,[2] and all correct.
Then I kissed her, and she never stirred;
And I took my clothes, and, without a word,
I snicked the door, and by break o' the day
I was standing alone on Douglas quay.

I shipped foreign of coorse, and a fine ship too,
China bound, the *Waterloo*—
Captain Davis—the time I joined her—
"Carry-on Davis?" Aye, I thought you'd mind her:
A tight little ship, and a tight little skipper—
Hadn' we a race with the Liverpool clipper,
The *Marco Polo*, that very trip?
And it's my opinion that if that ship—
But never mind! she done her duty,
And the *Marco Polo was* a beauty—
But still—close-hauled, d'ye see? Well! well!
There's odds of ships, and who can tell?
That was my ship anyway,
And I was aboard her two years to a day,
And back though for all, and her a dischargin',

[1] Stopped at the owner's. [2] Wage-note left at home by a seaman.

And the hands paid off, so you'll aisy imargine
The keen I was for home, and the tracks
I made right away, and no one to ax,
Nor nothing—*And surely hadn' I heard*
From nobody? Bless ye! not a word!

It was dark when I come upon the street,
And my heart hung heavy on my feet,
And—all turned in, but in the ould spot
A light was burnin' still, and the hot
I felt, and the chokin', and over the midden,
And up to the pane—and her face half-hidden,
And her sure enough, and the ould arm-chair,
And as straight as a reed, and terrible spare!
And the needles twinklin' cheerily,
And a brave big book spread out on her knee:
The Bible—thinks I—and I was raely plased,
For it's a great thing to get ould people aised
In their minds with the lek o' yandhar,[1] and tracks,
And hymns—it studdies them though, and slacks
Their sowls, and softens their tempers, and stops
Their coughin' as good as any drops.
And if they don't understand what they're readin'—
The poor ould things—it's a sort of feedin'—
Chewin' or suction—what's the odds?
One way's man's, and the other God's!

But how about Betsy? Well, wait a bit!
How about her? Aye, that was it—
And what a man knows, you see he knows,
So I lifts the latch, and in I goes.
"Mawther!" I says—Aw then! the spring
She gave, and says she:—"It's a scandalous thing,'
She says, "Comin' back in their very closes!
And it's bad enough, but I'll have no ghos'es!
Be aff!"[2] says she, "be aff! be aff!"
Well, I raely couldn' help but laugh.
"I'm Thomas Baynes, your son!" I said;
"I'm not a ghost." "And aren' you dead?"
"No!" I says, and I took and gave her a kiss:—

[1] Things like that. [2] Off.

"Is that like a ghost?" "Well, I can't say it is."
"And—Betsy, mawther?"—The look! the look!
"Betsy, mawther?"—The woman shook;
And she spread her arms, and I staggered to her,
And I fell upon my knees on the floor;
And she wrapped my head in her brat[1]—d'ye hear?
For to see a man cryin is middlin' queer:
And then, my mates, then—then I knew
What a man that's backed by the Divil can do.
For hadn' this Taylor come one day,
And tould them I was drowned at sea?
And ould Anthony Lee, that might have knew better,
Never axed to see the letter
Nor nothin', but talked about "Providence";
And the men at the shore they hadn' the sense;
And the Pazon as simple as a child;
And that's the way the villain beguiled
The lot of them, for they didn' know
What to do or where to go:
As if there wasn' no owners nor agent,
Nor Lloyd's, where they might have heard immadient!

And Betsy, be sure, heard all before long,
They took care of that, and then ding-dong,
Night and day the ould people was at her—
And would she marry Taylor? and chitter-chatter!
And never a word from Betsy Lee
But:—"It cannot be! it cannot be!"
And thinner and thinner every day,
And paler and paler, I've heard them say;
And always doin' the work and goin',
And early and late, and them never knowin',
For all they thought theirselves so wise,
That the gel was dyin' under their eyes.
And:—"Take advice, and marry him now!
A rael good husband anyhow."
And allis the one against the three—
And:—"It cannot be! it cannot be!"

One night he was there, and words ran high—
Ould Peggy was tellin'—and "Let me die!"

[1] Apron.

She says:—"let me die! let me die!" she said,
And they took her upstairs, and put her to bed,
And the Doctor come—I knew him well,
And he knew me—ould Doctor Bell—
A nice ould man, but hard on the drink,
And the fond of Betsy you wouldn' think!
He used to say, but he'd never say more,
Her face was like one he'd seen afore.
Aw, that's the man that had supped his fill
Of troubles, mind! but cheerful still.
And a big strong man; and he'd often say:—
"Well, Thomas, my lad, and when's the day?
And "would I be axin' him up to the feed?"
The day indeed! the day indeed!
So he went up all alone to see her,
For Betsy wouldn' have nobody there,
Excep' himself: and them that was standin'
And houldin' their breaths upon the landin'
Could hear her talkin' very quick,
And the Doctor's vice uncommon thick—
But what was said betwix' them two
That time, there was none of them ever knew:
God knows, and *him;* but the nither[1] will tell;
Aw, he was safe to trust was Doctor Bell.
But when he come down—"Is she raely dyin?'
Ould Anthony said; but the Doctor was cryin'.
And:—"Doctor! Doctor! what can it be?"
"It's only a broken heart," says he;
And—*he'd come again another day*—
And he took his glass, and went away.

And when the winter time come round,
And the snow lyin' deep upon the ground,
One mornin' early the mother got up
To see how was she, and give her a sup
Of tea or the like—and—mates—hould on!
Betsy was gone! aye, Betsy was gone!
"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild!
Look upon a little child!
Pity my simplicity!

[1] Neither of them.

Suffer me to come to thee!"
That's the words I've heard her sing
When she was just a little prattlin' thing—
And I raely don't think in my heart that ever
She was different from that—no never!
Aw, He'd pity her simplicity!
A child to God! a woman to me!
"Gentle Jesus!" the sound is sweet,
Like you'll hear the little lammies bleat!
Gentle Jesus! well, well, well!
And once I thought—but who can tell!
Come! give us a drop of drink! the stuff
A man will put out when he's dry! that's enough!
To hear me talkin' religion——eh?
You must have thought it strange?—*You didn'*—ye say?
You didn'—no!—what! you didn'—*you!*
Well, that'll do, my lads; that'll do, that'll do.

So of coorse the buryin'—terrible grand,
And all in the papers you'll understand:—
"Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Lee
And Mary his wife—and twenty-three."
But bless me! you've seen the lek afore—
And the Doctor waitin' at the door,
And wantin' somethin'—and "Could I see her?"
And "Yes! aw yes!" and up the steer[1]—
And he looked, and he looked—I've heard them say—
Like a man that's lookin' far away;
And he kissed her cheek, and he shut the lid,
That's what they tould me the Doctor did.

But, however, you musn' suppose, my men,
That all this was tould me there and then—
Aw, I thought I'd somethin' to tell ye, mind!
That wasn' much in the spoony line—
No! no! the words ould mawther said
Was:—"Betsy is dead, Tom; Betsy is dead!
And it's Taylor has kilt her anyway,
For didn' he tell you were lost at sea!"
Nothin' more—and up I sprung
To my feet, like a craythur that had been stung,

[1] Stair.

And I couldn' see nothin' but fire and blood,
And I reeled like a bullock that's got the thud
Of the slaughterer's hammer betwixt his hurns,[1]
And claps of light and dark by turns,
Fire and blood! fire and blood!
And round and round, till the blindin' scud
Got thinner and thinner, and then I seen
The ould woman had hitched herself between
My arms, and her arms around my neck,
And waitin', waitin', and wond'rin' lek.
Aw, I flung her off—"He'll die! he'll die!
This night, this very night," says I;
"He'll die before I'm one day ouldher";
And I stripped my arm right up to the shouldher—
"Look here!" I says, "hasn't God given
The strength?" I says, "and by Him in heaven,
And by her that's with Him—hip and thigh!
He'll die this night, he'll die! he'll die!"
"No! no!" says she, "no, Thomas, no!"
For I was at the door intarmined[2] to go.
And she coaxed and coaxed, and: "Wouldn' it be better
To speak to him fuss, or to write a letter—
Will you go to the Pazon?" says she; I laughed—
"Will you go to the Pazon?" "It's not his craft,"
I says; "the work I've got to do
Is no Pazon's work." "Will you go to the Brew?"
Aw, when she said that, I made a run—
But she held me, and—"O my son! my son!"
And cryin' and houldin' on to me still—
"Will you go to the Pazon?" "Yes! I will,
If that'll give you any content."
Not another word, but away we went—
And her in the dark, a keepin' a grip
Of my jacket for fear I'd give her the slip,
And a peggin' away with her poor old bones,
And stumblin' and knockin' agin the stones—
And neither the good nor the bad was said,
And the one of us[3] hadn' a thing on our head—
And the rain it rained, and the wind it blew—
Aw, the woman was hard, but the woman was true!

[1] Horns. [2] Determined. [3] Neither of us.

"Missis Baynes!" says the Pazon, "Missis Baynes!
Missis Baynes!
Will you plase to tell me what this means?"
And white as a sheet, and he cuts a caper,
And he drops the specs, and he drops the paper,
And backs and gets under the lee of a chair—
I'm blest if the Pazon didn' look queer!
I raely thought he was goin' to fall—
And says mawther:—"He isn' dead at all!
Don't be freckened!" and—holy Moses!
Wasn' he paid to look after ghos'es?
Aw, then the joy he took of me!
"And the only one saved from the wreck!" says he;
"What wreck?" I said, "there wasn' no wreck—
Just Taylor's lies!" and I cussed him lek.[1]
"For shame then! Thomas!" and up she stood.
"Let him cuss!" says the Pazon, "it'll do him good."
And the look he gave, and the sigh, and the sob!
And he saw in a minute the whole of the job.
And he tried to speak, but he wasn' able,
And I laid my head upon the table—
Quite stupid lek, and then them two
Began to talk, and I hardly knew
What was it they said, but "the little drop!"
I heard, and "you'll 'scuse him," and "Woman, stop!
The lad is drunk with grief," he said,
And he come and put his hand on my head;
And the poor old fingers as dry as chips!
And the pity a tricklin' off their tips—
And makin' me all as peaceable—
Aw, the Pazon was kind and lovin' still!
Full of wisdom and love, and blessin',
Aw, it's kind and lovin' was the Pazon!

So at last, ye see, whatever they had,
I didn' say nothin', good or bad;
And they settled betwix' them what would I do,
And neither to go to the town nor the Brew,
"But off to sea again, aye straight!
And, if I could, that very night."

[1] Apologetic use of this flexible word.

So they roused me up, and "Me and your mawther"—
The Pazon says—"Aw, ye needn' bother,"
Says I, "all right!" and then I'll be bail
I took it grand out of Pazon Gale—
"Now Pazon," I says, "you know your man—
And a son of ould Dan's too! a son of ould Dan!"
We were at the door just ready to go—
Aw, the Pazon couldn' help smilin' though—
A son of ould Dan's!—aye, just that way—
A son of ould Dan's!—eh? Billy! eh?

Well, I kept my word, and off at once,
And shipped on a coaster, owned in Penzance;
But it was foreign I wanted, so very soon
I joined the *Hector* bound for Rangoon.
Ah, mates! it's well for flesh and blood
To stick to a lass that's sweet and good,
Leastways if she sticks to you, ye know;
For then, my lads, blow high, blow low,
On the stormiest sea, in the darkest night
Her love is a star that'll keep you right.
But there wasn' no sun nor star for me
Drinkin' and tearin' and every spree—
And if I couldn' keep the divil under,
I don't think there's many of you will wonder.

Well, Divil or no, the *Hector* come home;
We raced that trip with the *Flying Foam*,
And up the river the very same tide,
And the two of them berthed there side by side;
A tight run that, and the whole of it stuck
In the paper—logs and all—good luck!
And the captain as proud, and me like a fool
Spreein' away in Liverpool—
And lodgin's of coorse, for I never could stand
Them Sailors' Homes, for a man is a man,
And a bell for dinner and a bell for tay,
And a bell to sing and a bell to pray,
And a bell for this and a bell for that,
And "Wipe your feet upon the mat!"
And the rules hung up; and fined if you're late,

And a chap like a bobby shuttin' the gate—
It isn' raisonable, it isn':
They calls it a Home, I calls it a Prison.
Let a man go wherever he chooses!
Ould mawther Higgins' the house that I uses—
Jem Higgins' widda—you'll be bound to know *her*—
Clane, but not partickiler.
There's Quiggin's too, next door but one,
Not Andrew, of coorse! but Rumpy John—
She's a dacent woman enough is Nancy,
But Higginses allis took my fancy.
There's some comfort there, for you just goes in,
And down with the watch and down with the tin,
And sleepin' and wakin', and eatin' and drinkin'—
And out and in, and never thinkin',
And carryin' on till all is blue,
And your jacket is gone and your waistcoat too.
Then of coorse you must cut your stick,
For the woman must live, however thick
You may be with her: and I'm tould there's houses
Where the people 'll let ye drink your trousis;
But Higginses! never! and it isn' right!
Shirt and trousis! honour bright!

But mostly afore it come to the spout
I'd ask if the money was all run out,
And she'd allis tell me whether or no,
And I'd lave my chiss, and away I'd go,
And so this time I took the street,
And I walked along till I chanced to meet
A shipmate, somewhere down in Wappin'—
And "What was I doin'? and where was I stoppin'?"
And "Blow it all! here goes the last copper!"
And into a house to get a cropper.[1]

It was one of them dirty stinkin' places,
Where the people is not a bit better than bas'es,[2]
And long-shore lubbers a shammin' to fight,
And Jack in his glory, and Jack's delight—
With her elbers stickin' outside of her shawl

[1] Crupper, a small measure of spirits. [2] Beasts.

Like the ribs of a wreck—and the divil and all!
And childher cussin' and suckin' the gin—
God help them craythurs! the white and the thin!
But what took my eye was an ouldish woman
In and out, and goin' and comin',
And heavy feet on the floor overhead,
And "She's long a dyin'," there's some of them said.
"Dyin'!" says I; "Yes, dying!" says they;
"Well, it's a rum place to choose to die in—eh?"
Aw, the ould woman was up, and she cussed very bad—
And:—"Choosin'! there's not much choosin', my lad!"
"And what's her name?" says I; says she,
"If ye want to know, it's Jinny Magee."
Aw, never believe me but I took the stair!
And: "Where have you got her? where? where? where?
"Turn to the right!" says she, "ye muff!"
And there was poor Jinny, sure enough!
There she was lyin' on a wisp of straw—
And the dirt and the rags—you never saw—
And her eyes—aw, them eyes! and her face—well! well!
And her that had been such a handsome gel!

"Tom Baynes! Tom Baynes! is it you? is it you?
O, can it be? can it be? can it be true?"
Well I couldn' speak, but just a nod—
"O, it's God that's sent you—it's God, it's God!"
And she gasped and gasped—"O, I wronged you, Thomas!
I wronged you, I did, but he made me promise—
And here I'm now, and I know I'll not live—
O Thomas, forgive me, O Tom, forgive!
O, reach me your hand, Tom, reach me your hand!"
And she stretched out hers, and—I think I'm a man,
But I shivered all over, and down by the bed,
And "Hush! hush! Jinny! hush! hush!" I said;
"*Forgive ye!*—Yes!" and I took and pressed
Her poor weak hand against my breast.
"Look, Tom," she said, "look there! look there!"
And a little bundle beside a chair—
And the little arms and the little legs—
And the round round eyes as big as eggs,
And full of wondher—and "That's the child!"

She says, and she smiled! the woman smiled!
So I took him up, and—"His name?" "It's Simmy":
And the little frock and the little chimmy![1]
And starved to the bones—so "Listen to me!
Listen now! listen! Jinny Magee!
By Him that made me, Jinny ven![2]
This child is mine for ever, Amen!"
And "Simmy!" I says, "remember this!"
And I put him to her for her to kiss;
And then I kissed him; but the little chap
Of coorse he didn' understand a rap.
And I turned to Jinny, and she tried to rise,
And I saw the death-light in her eyes—
Clasped hands! clenched teeth! and back with the head—
Aye, Jinny was dead, boys! Jinny was dead.

"Come here," I says, and I stamped on the floor,
And up the ould woman come to be sure.
"See after her!" I says, "ould Sukee!"
And "All very well!" she says, "but lookee!
You gives yourself terrible airs, young man!
Come now! what are you goin' to stand?"
But I took the child, and says I, "I'm goin'":
"Indeed!" she says, "and money owin'!
And the people 'll be 'spectin' a drop of drink,"
And cussin', *and who was she, did I think?*
And the buryin' too, for the matter of that!
"Out of the way!" says I, "you cat!"
And down the stair, and out at the front,
And the loblollyboys[3] shoutin': "Down with the blunt!"[4]
And a squarin' up, and a lookin' big,
And "hould him! down with him! here's a rig!"
"Stand back, you Irish curs! stand back!"
Says I, for there wasn' a man in the pack:
"Stand back, you cowards; or I'll soon let ye see!"
So off we went—little Simmy and me.

Is that him there asleep? did ye ax?
Aye, the very same, and them's the fac's.

[1] Chemise, shirt.
[2] Dear.
[3] "Loafers" about the docks.
[4] Money.

And now, my lads, you'll hardly miss
To know what poor little Simmy is.
Bless me! it's almost like a dream,
But the very same! the very same!
Grew of coorse, and growin', understand ye!
But you can't keep them small agin nathur, can ye?
Look at him, John! the quiet he lies!
And the fringes combin' over his eyes!
I know I'm a fool—but—feel that curl!
Aw, he's the only thing I have in all the world.

Well, on we marched, and the little thing
Wasn' so heavy as a swaller's wing—
A poor little bag of bones, that's all,
He'd have bruk in two if I'd let him fall.
And I tried all the little words I knew,
And actin' the way that women do.
But bless ye! he wouldn' take no rest,
But shovin' his little head in my breast,
For though I had lived so long ashore,
I never had carried a child before.
And not a farlin' at me;[1] so the only plan
Was to make tracks straight off for Whitehaven,
And chance a lugger loadin' there—
Aw, heaps of them yandhar—never fear!
And the first time ever I begged was then,
And the women is raely wuss till[2] the men—
"Be off!" says my lady, "be off! you scamp!
I never give nothin' to a tramp!"
So I made her a bow, for I learnt with my letters,
To "ordher myself to all my betters."
But when the sun got low in the sky,
Little Simmy began to cry.
"Hungry!" I says, and over a gate
And into a field, and "Wait then, wait!"
And I put him sitting upon the grass—
Dear o' me! the green it was—
And the daisies and buttercups that was in,
And him grabbin' at them astonishin'!

[1] Not a farthing in my possession. [2] Worse than.

So I milked a cow, and I held my cap,
And I gave it to the little chap;
And he supped it hearty enough, the sweep!
And stretched hisself, and off to sleep—
And a deuced good supper and nothin' to pay,
And "Over the hills and far away."

So by hook, or by crook, or however it was,
I got down to Whitehaven at last;
And a Ramsey lugger they call the *Map*—
Jemmy Corkhill—I knew the chap.
"Hullo!" says I—"Hullo!" says he;
"It's yourself that's been on the divil's spree,
And a baby at ye too—my word!"
"All right!" says I, and heaves him aboard—
And—*Bless his soul the fun! and a chile in!*[1]
So that's the way I got to the Islan'.
I landed at Ramsey and started off
The soonest I could, and past Ballaugh,
And Kirk Michael, and the Ballacraine—
I hadn' been there I couldn' tell ye the when.
And you may think how he wasn' much of a load,
But I was checked[2] when I come on the mountain road;
And I found a spot where the ling was high,
And terrible thick and soft and dry—
And a big rock standin' Nor'-east by East—
The way of the wind—aw, a beautiful place!

So I laid me down, and the child in my arms,
And the quick little breath, and the dogs at the farms,
And the curlews whistlin', passin' by—
And the noise of the river below, and the sigh
Of the mountain breeze—I kept awake,
And a star come out like a swan on a lake,
White and lonely; and a sort of amazement
Got hould on me, and the leads of a casement
Crissed-crossed on the sky like a window-frame,
And the long, long look! and the far it came!
Aw dear! I thought it was Jinny Magee
In heaven makin' signs to me.

[1] A child in the case. [2] Tired.

And sleep at last, and when I awoke,
The stars was gone, and the day was broke,
And the bees beginnin' to think of the honey,
And who was there but little sonny—
Loosed from my arms, and catchin' my hair,
And laughin'; and I laughed too, I'll swear.
And says I—"Come, Simmy, my little buffer!
You're small, but what is it sayin'?—*Suffer*
The little children to come to me—
So here goes! Simmy"; and "Glory be,"
I said, and "Our Father," and two or three
Little hymns I remembered—"Let dogs delight,"
The first two verses middling right—
And "Little boy with cheerful eye,
Bright and blue as yandhar sky";
And down, and takin' the road to the Lhen,
And the clear the sun was shinin' then,
And the little church that white; and below—
The stones—and—well—you know! you know!

But at last I come to the shore, and I ran,
For though it was early I saw a man
Diggin' lug[1] on the beach, and I didn' want
To meet the like, so I made a slant,
And back and in by the Claddagh lane,
And round by the gable—Ned knows what I mean;
And in at the door; and "Mawther!" I said,
"Mawther!" but she was still in bed.
"Mawther! look here! look here!" I cried;
And I tould her all how Jinny had died,
And this was the youngster, and what I intended,
And she heard me till my story was ended,
And just like a stone—aw, never a word!
And me gettin' angry, till this little bird
Chirrups up with a crow and a leap—
And—"Mammy seepy! Mammy as'eep"—
Just that baby way—aw, then the flood
Of the woman's-life come into her blood;
And she stretched her arms, and I gave him to her,
And she cried till she couldn' cry no more.

[1] Sand-worms for bait.

And she took to him grand, though of coorse at fuss[1]
Her hand was out, ye see, to nuss.
But after dinner she had him as nice—
And a singin', bless ye, with her poor ould vice.

The sun was down when I left them awhile,
And up the Claddagh, and over the stile,
And into the ould churchyard, and tryin'
To find the place where Betsy was lyin'.
It was nearly dark, but I wasn' alone,
For I seen a man bending over a stone—
And the look, and the heave of the breast—I could see
It *was* a man—in his agony.
And nearer! nearer! the head! the hair!
The stoop! it was Taylor! Taylor—*there!*
Aw, then it all come back again,
All the throuble and all the pain,
And the one thought in my head—*him there at her grave!*
And I stopped, and I said, "May Jesus save
His soul! for his life is in my hand—
Life for life! it's God's command,
Life for life!" and I measured my step—
"So long he shall live!" and I crep' and crep'—
Aw, the murderer's creep—"God give him grace!"
Thinks I—then to him, and looked in his face.
Aw, that face! he raised it—it wasn' surprise,
It wasn' fear that was in his eyes;
But the look of a man that's fairly done
With everythin' that's under the sun.
Ah, mates! however it was with me,
He had loved her, he *loved* her—my Betsy Lee!
"Taylor!" I said; but he never spoke:
"You loved her," I said, "and your heart is broke."
And he looked—aw, the look—"Come, give us your hand!"
I says—"*Forgive you?* I can! I can!
For the love that was so terrible strong,
For the love that made you do the wrong."
And, with them words, I saw the star
I tould you of, but brighter far:

[1] First.

It wasn' Jinny, but Betsy now!
"Misther Taylor," I says, "we cannot tell how,
But it was love—yes! yes! it was love! it was love!
And He's taken her to Hisself above;
And it's Him that'll see that nothin' annoys her,
And——" "Watch below! turn up!" "Aye, aye, sir!"

II

CHRISTMAS ROSE

THE Pazon! the Pazon! just stop a bit!
Where to begin—Is that lamp lit?
I've got it, I've got it! It's like you'll mind
The big storm in hunder-thirty-nine—
You do? at least some does—then think of your sins!
For that's the time my story begins.

It was Christmas time, if I remember,
Or at any rate well in the month of December—
They were up at the School that night practīsin'
(And even then the wind was risin'),
Ould Hughie the clerk, and Jem—Jemmy—Jem;
Aw well, there was a pair of them—
And Dicky-Dick-beg agate[1] of the fiddle,
And the son and the daughter, and him in the middle—
Carvels[2]—of coorse—again the Ail Varey[3]—
You'll mind it, Ned! you and me and Mary,
And all the gels and the lads from the shore,
Carryin' on outside of the door.
It was blowin' hard when they went to bed,
And "There'll be jeel[4] to night!" the ould man said.
But childher sleep sound; and the first I knew
Was mawther shoutin' for any two—
And I jumped, and I looked, and there was the wall,
But the divil a roof there was at us at all—

[1] At work at. [2] Carols. [3] Eve of Mary, Christmas Eve.
[4] Damage.

Divil a straw ; but the bits of spars,
And the sand and the spray, and the scud and the stars :
And all the houses stript the same,
Hardly a rafter, hardly a beam—
And the tearin' and callin' one to another,
And "Jenny ! where are ye ?" and "Mawther ! Mawther !"
And all the lot of them comin' flyin'
Out on the street—and the shoutin' and cryin'
And this way, that way, and the pullin' and haulin'
And "Give us that rope !" "Make fast that tarpaulin !"
Bless my heart ! the confusion though !
But the ould man took for the beach, you know—
Aw, a right ould sea-dog ! keen on the scent—
Sniffin' and snuffin' away he went,
And round the gable, and out on the strand,
And crouchin' and slouchin' a-back of his hand,
And a layin' his head to the wind like a bullet,
And a edgin' out to the side of the gullet—
Wasn' I after him ? knowin' his ways,
And a hold of his arm, and we saw the blaze
Of a rocket go up, and "Studdy !"[1] he said,
"There's a ship ashore on Conisthar head."
And a gun come boomin' through the roar
Of the waves, and "A ship ! a ship ashore !"
The both of us shouted, and we ran like mad—
Aw it's the wonderful wind the ould man had !
And "Here ! all hands !" he says, "just as ye are !
There's a ship ashore on Conisthar !"

Ashore, but not where we might have got at her,
You'll mind, but out in shoaly water—
The Scranes they calls it, and deep inside ;
But the Scranes shoal's bad, and a ten-knot tide
Rakes them, and at Spring ebbs you'll get
About a fathom—eh Ned ? that's it ?
Well that's where she was ; *And could you see*
The people aboard ? aye, aye ! let be !
My lads, let's drop it ! let's drop it, however !-
Could a boat have lived ? tut ! bless ye ! never !
Never ! no life-boats, nor apperaturs,

[1] Steady.

Nor nothin' them times! Lord help the craythurs!
Well look here now! drop it, do! It was light,
Broad day, when she parted amidships—*All right!*
Was the word, and *Steady! all hands look out!*
Then never a word till one gave a shout
And another, and hands was gript in a minute,
And I looked at the trough, and what was there in it
But a nigger swimmin' strong and hard
On his back? and a bundle—I didn' regard[1]
What, but somethin' white, and the lift
Of the sea curled round him, and swep' it adrift;
And he turned on his face, and he made a bite
With his teeth, and he caught it, and held it as tight
As tight; and struck out, but rather slow,
Aw, a pluckier nigger I never saw;
Nor nobody else—and pluck is pluck;
But whether it was his heart was bruck[2]
With the strength of the sea, I cannot tell;
But when they got hould of him he fell
In their arms; and, sure enough, he was dead!
Poor fellow! But what d'ye think he had
Clenched in his teeth that they had to cut
The tapes with a knife, they were that tight shut—
What but a little child? a gel!
And livin' too! aw well, well, well!
If you'd ha' heard the cheer, and the women cryin'
And runnin', and takin' their turn and tryin'
To warm it at their breasts, and rockin',
And doublin' themselves over it—well, it was shockin'!
And *go and tell the Pazon!* such squealin';
But the Pazon was there already kneelin'
By the black man's side: and he'd got a book,
And workin' the rules: and he wouldn' look
At the baby a bit, for he said, and he smiled:—
"The women 'll be sure to look after the child."

But all the rules of the Royal Human'[3]—
Tryin' and tryin'—they wouldn' do, man!
Aw, he worked them well, and they all of them worked,
And lifted and shook him, and rolled him, and jerked,

[1] Notice. [2] Broken. [3] Royal Humane Society.

And rubbed him and all; and a fine man, look'ee!
Of his limbs, though his legs was a little crooky—
As big as me, or maybe bigger—
And the Pazon manœuvering over the nigger—
And some of the men fit enough to cry[1]
To think that a man like that should die,
And him in their hands! But they had to give in
At last, and the Pazon tied up his chin
With his own handkecher, and strooked
His arms by his side; and he looked and looked
And then he kissed him! aye, aye! he did!
He did though! and these is the words he said—
And all with the hats off, holdin' their breath:—
"Thou hast been faithful unto death—
I will give thee a crown of life"—
Them's the words, and turns to the wife;
"And now let's see the baby!" says he,
And took it and nussed it as nice as could be.
And of every sowl aboard that wreck
That's all that had a chance, I expec',
To reach the shore; for a ship that catches
On the Scranes is very soon turned into matches.
Some of the cargo was got to land—
Not much—no divers, you'll understand,
Convanient to yandhar place; but her name
Was found on a bit of plankin' that came
In the trawl one day: but no manifess,[2]
Nor log, nor list of passengess,
Nor nothin'—only the name, d'ye see?
The *Hidalgar*—so it's a Spaniard she'd be.

Well the little gel was took up to the church,
And next day the Pazon come down to search
For a nuss, and got an aunt of mine—
Just the woman! in the washin' line—
And shuited capital—aw, the best
Of chărăcters—aye—and no sort of address,
No sign, nor marks, except on its shirt
An I, and a D, and a thing like a sort
Of a haythen god, or some of these charms—

[1] Very nearly crying. [2] Ship's manifest.

I think they called it a *coat-of-arms;*
But, howsomedever, that's the why
They thought the child was terrible high.

And the nigger was buried as grand as you plaze,
In the Pazon's ground, just a bit of a raise
At the top of the churchyard; and a mortal sight
Of people, and sarvice, and everything right;
And *dust to dust*, and the clerk with the muck
On the point of the spade—and the nate he shuck [1]
And the sollum—a makin' believe that way
They were all agate of a Christian—eh?
And a stone! aye, a stone, and the very verse
The Pazon said over him at first—
I know the man that cut it, and he tould me
In the teens of pounds! in the teens, behould ye!
And a stunnin' job at Jemmy Bluitt—
Aw, the man could do it! the man could do it!

And the little gel did thrive for all—
Aw, man-alive! and straight, and tall,
And strong on her feet; and every faythur [2]
Like a child twice her age—the little craythur!
Dark though, and keen, and soople [3] still,
And the Pazon loved her terrible.
I've seen him with her beside him a sittin'
On the darkey's grave, and her a gettin'
Daisies and that, and a pokin' them straight
In his face, and him with the love and the light
And the strength and the strain of his soul's desire
All round the child like a glory of fire.
Aw, it's truth I tell ye—but I've heard them say
The misthress wasn' much that way.
She'd look middlin' sharp now and then at the pair,
And bite her thread with a wrench, and stare;
But quite [4]—aw quite! just hemmin' and hummin'
A bit—she was hard to make out—that woman;
At least I'm told so—I was middlin' young
Them times, and the misthress was close o' the tongue,
A dry sort of woman, and noways free,
But allis civil enough to me.

[1] Shook. [2] Feature. [3] Supple, lithe. [4] Quiet.

What did they call the child? eh, Dan?
Wasn' I goin' to tell you, man?
My patience! there's chaps—But I knows what I knows—
Well—they called her the Christmas Rose.
And was the water hove[1] *in her face*
On a name like that? Just so if you plaze—
Christmas Rose—d'ye hear? d'ye hear?
Christmas Rose. Now then what cheer?
Christmas Rose! you'll 'scuse me, mates.
But I like to chastise these runagates.

Now the Pazon had childher, George and James,
Sons the both, and that's the names;
And that's the lot that ever they had;
And such times as they come, I've heard it said,
The wife and himself was middlin' ould.
And the woman was dry—that's the way I'm tould—
I believe she was, and bony uncommon,
Aw, it's dry and bony was the woman.
I've raelly thought many a time she was jus'
Like yandhar Sarah in Genesus,
The time she took Hagar, that was imperint[2] to her,
And jawed her, and put her to the door.
Only the misthress, whatever annoyed her,
Had a way to keep the divil inside her:
Like them burnin' mountains seems done their burnin',
But the fire is in them churnin' and churnin'
The brimstone—ah, dart[3] such women! I say—
They'd break the heart of Methusaleh.
Now the time I'm tellin' the boys, you know,
Was little things just beginnin' to go—
George was the ouldest, a tidy bit;
I don't know was James in perricuts yet—
Just little things with the little bare pelt
Of their legs and their arms, and never a belt,
But a runnin' string, and a blue check brat,
And big round eyes, and all to that.[4]
I don't believe that ever the mother
Herself was used to take much bother

[1] Thrown in her face; was she baptized? [2] Impudent.
[3] Drat. [4] So forth.

About them—middlin' fond of the bed
She was; and, as for the Pazon, he said
To my aunt when she spoke to him middlin' free,
"Now 'Tilder," he says, "don't worry me
About the lek;[1] for, I tell ye, 'Tilder—
I'll have my childher like other childher."
I don't know was it because he got
No pride in him; or maybe he thought
It was good for childher to be together,
And out in the muck, and out in the weather;
And sweatin' and tearin' and fightin' away;
And a gettin' strong, as you may say:
And hard, and apt to take their part,
And hand with hand, and heart with heart;
And free and bould in the talk, and givin'
And takin', and laughin' and lovin' and livin'
With the rest: and rough, if you like, but ready,
With the stuff in them that when they'd get steady,
And 'd know their place, them's the boys, by jing,
That 'd have go in them for anything.
Like trees, that grows in the open air,
Eh, lads? and chances it, rain or fair,
Blow high, blow low, they've got the grain
In their heart that'll polish and polish again.
Now did he do right, or did he do wrong?—
Is it me? chut! capers! get along!

Bless me! the imps they got, and the pluck!
But that was long after the Pazon took
The strange child home; for then, no doubt,
They were innocent baby things, runnin' about,
And terrible fond it's lek they'd be
Of the little sister that come from the sea.
But when they grew to be lumps,[2] the fond
They got of me, you'll understand,
And me of them, and the heads like wool—
That curly, and all of them beautiful!
And when they got big and took sense, they begun
To take a pride in theirselves, and done
Theirselves that nice, and their clothes that fine

[1] That sort of thing. [2] Good-sized urchins.

And soft and differin' lek from mine,
That I loved to touch them: and when they were rowin'
In the boat with me all stripped and showin'
Their arms that white and strong, for all,
And their neck like a tree and their back like a wall—
I'd miss my stroke for lookin'—yes!
Aw, I couldn' take no rest.

And mawther was allis scouldin' of coorse,
She was the woman that could, and never got hoorse—
And who was I, and what was the good?
And place was place, and blood was blood.
But let them grow a bit and I'd see
They wouldn' take up with the leks of me.
But the Pazon was terrible wise, you know,
And he saw at once which way the wind blow.
Aw, I have him now with the ould blue eyes—
The tender, the lovin', and the wise.
So with her it was allis "babby!" and "fool!"
And *when was I goin' to begin to cool?*
But there wasn' a thing goin' under the sun
But the Pazon knew the way it was done:
For his heart was just four pieces joined,
A man and a woman and a child, and a kind
Of a sort of Holy Ghost or another—
So he knew what was at me[1] better than mawther;
Just a fit that was on me lek
That would have its time and then it 'd break
Like a spell of weather, and I'd be wakin'
Swivel[2] enough, and no good to be shakin'
A poor craythur that's draemin', but all the same
If he's draemin', his drame is a happy drame.

And I believe there was more till[3] that;
I believe the Pazon knew what he was at:
I believe he knew it was good for us,
For me and for them, for better for wuss,
That all we had in us should have fair play,
And all give account at the judgment day.
Aw, the heat of young blood is a terrible thing,

[1] What ailed me. [2] Quickly. [3] Than.

And it swims in your head, and makes it sing
Queer songs enough—but doesn't it loose
Your soul, like a bud that's sticky with juice,
Till it creaks, and it cracks, and it opens free
In the eye of the sun most gloriously?
Anyway—look at the other surt,
A steppin' their tippytoes over the dirt!
Bless ye! keepin' no company
But only with the top of the tree;
And no spunk in them, and no chance if they had it,
And—*marry a fortin, and be a credit!*

Aw well but the Pazon was kind, and he'd say:—
"Come up man, Thomas!" or "Stay la',[1] stay!"
Aw, as free as free! and the servant tould
To give me my dinner, bless your soul—
In the kitchen of coorse; and them comin' creepin'
Across from the parlour, the divils! and peepin';
And her with a clout a hittin' them sudden,
And me lookin' foolish and workin' the puddin'.
And he'd play with us too, would the Pazon, yes!
Tops and marbles, and not amiss,
Not him—and laughin' at all their jokes,
And knuckle down, and take his canokes[2]—
Duckstone—no! nor Hommer-the-let—
Well—no! I don't think it would hardly be fit
For a Pazon to run with his shirt all-amuck
Of sweat, and singin' out "Double the Duck!"
And eyein' and creepin' just the same 's
An ould black cat; besides them games—
They doesn' do—of coorse they doesn'—
Without a little bit of cussin'.
But out with the ferrets agate of the warren,
Or in the haggard[3] playin' But-thorran,[4]
And them two boys with their imperince mockin',
And trippin' the Pazon up most shockin';
And floorin' him, and rollin' him over,
And tryin' to bury him in the clover,
Or straw, or the lek; and him a strugglin'

[1] Interjection.
[2] In the game of marbles.
[3] Stackyard.
[4] Hide-and-seek round the stacks.

Pretendin' lek, and his ould throat gugglin'
And splutterin' out the stuff; and me
As shamed as ever I could be—
Aw, the hat flyin' here and the stick flyin' there—
Well, the shy and the shamed—aw, never fear!
"A blessed ould fool!" you'll be thinkin'? not him!
But a sort of a blessed ould Cherubim,
If you like: and who can tell the sorrows
He was working out of him with them sparrows?—
Lyin' and kickin'—and if he had thought
The limb I was, and the way I taught
Them boys to cuss, it isn't there
I'd have been, it's lek; aw, dear! aw, dear!
Childher is strange; for nearly the fuss[1]
I knew them I axed them could they cuss.
And they said "No"; and I wouldn' take rest[2]
But they must learn—and the words—"Say this!"
I said, and "Say that!" and to it we went,
Bless my heart though the innocent!
And I don't know—but Him that's above,
Which they say His name is Love,
He'll be knowin' all the same
Was I as innocent as them.
Aw, I taught them though; and the ouldest was clever;
Well he could work it, for sure,[3] however;
But James was quiet over it still,
Noways hearty, though comfible.

But *the gel*—did you say? I know! I know!
The gel! the gel! just so! just so!
Gels! gels! gels! and sorrow and sin
They're in everythin', in everythin'.
And *what was she lek?* yes! yes! I hear—
What was she lek? aye—never fear!
The little girl that was took from the wreck?
What was she lek eh? what was she lek?
Is it what was she lek? stop! stop a bit!—
The way she'd stand, the way she'd sit!
And George and her, and takin' an oar,—
And up in the church—and down on the shore—

[1] First. [2] Would not be satisfied. [3] Really.

And the turn, and the spring, and the lookin' behind
And the eye all full like a cup with wine—
And—what was I sayin'? let's see! let's see!—
I can't! I can't! the leks o' me
Draw a picthur of her! come! that's a rig![1]
But *was she little or was she big?*
Little or big? What's in my head?
Little or big I think you said?
And me that never looked at her
But almost trimblin', mind ye—there!
Lord bless your sowl! you ignorant noddy![2]
Wasn' there fire come out of her body—
Aye all over her a blaze
That beat you back, like the Bible says
The sword of fire afore now at the door
Of the garden of Eden though to be sure—
And burnin' and burnin'
And turnin' and turnin'
Every art,[3] that no base[4] of a divil
With his cuts and his capers, no matter how swivel,
And dirt in his heart, and mowin' and mockin'
Could enter the place where God was walkin'!

Well they were wonderful them three—
To see them together was something to see.
Well they were scand'lous[5] though for all!
And the whole of the three o' them middlin' tall;
And her in the middle, and them either side,
And the strength, and the step of them, and the pride!
George was the biggest a goodish lot,
And the curly yellow hair he got!
And the eyes as blue and as soft as a wench's,
But a splendid strappin' lad of his inches.
And bould he looked, and keen, defyin'
The world, like a lump of a bull[6] or a lion.
He was middlin' red in the face was George;
And so was James, but not that large
In the shouldhers and back like the ouldest, but rather
Stoopin' lek, and favourin'[7] the father.

[1] Joke. [2] Ignorant blockhead. [3] Way. [4] Beast.
[5] Marvellous. [6] A big bull. [7] Resembling.

But pluck! aw, bless ye! there wasn' a patch [1]
Betwix' them—I never saw their match—
Game to the heels—aw, make your bet!
The true breed them! and never fret!

But if they were red then she was white—
The way I tould ye—with the sheets of light
Comin' off her skin, like it's sayin' about Moses—
With the fire on his face and all his closes.
But what's the use of me? I shouldn'
Be tryin' the lek, and I said I wouldn',
But just one thing, and that's her hair—
Well it wasn' right—no! no! I'll swear
It wasn'—some charm or the lek no doubt
Was put on it—aye! Says you "Get out!"
Aisy all! Some witch or another
Must have spun that stuff; neither father nor mother
Done that, my lads! It was black as nubs,[2]
But streaks of red, like you'll see in the dubs
Where they're cutting the turf; or down in the river,
Where it's deeper and darker and redder than ever—
And all like a cloud around her scutched [3]—
Aw, she must have been wutched! [4] she must have been wutched!
The three of them—the three of them!
I see them now, and it's like a dream;
A dream it's like—and it's strange to a man,
But I'm allis seein' things that's gone.

She was proud, 'deed [5] she was uncommon proud—
Aw, that's what the Pazon himself allowed!
Aye, many's the time I've seen the ould man
At the door, and houldin' the hat in his hand;
And her on the step, and him that narvous,
And backin' and fillin', and at-your-sarvice!
And bowin' and bowin'; and her on the step
With the sit of her head and the curl of her lip—
Sweet, but proud; and her foot like a queen's,
And her only just comin' into her teens!

[1] The slightest difference.
[2] Coals. [3] Caught. [4] Bewitched. [5] Indeed.

Aw, I'll never forget the time—no never!
One day she was coming across the river,
Not far from the shore, where the stones is high
And far betwix'—and to see her fly
Like a bird all colours! bless your hearts!
The way they gets them in foreign parts—
And a jumpin' delicate lek, and lettin'
On a stone like a feather; and then she'd be gettin'
Her perricuts round her, and balancing
Like a image set on a fine hair spring.
And I got aback of the bushes below,
The way she wouldn' see me, you know;
And my heart in my mouth—when—what was the spree
But her hair got caught in the branch of a tree—
Nuts, or trammon,[1] or—never mind!
But there she was, clane caught behind;
And whatever she'd do! and took that sudden—
It wudn' let go! it wudn'! it wudn'!
So in I goes, nearly up to my waist—
No stones for me! it was just a race!
And a plunge and a kick and a scramblin' through—
And up to her before she knew,
It's lek with the noise of the water thund'rin'
In her ears, and me with my hand a sund'rin'
The hair—aw, she turned! and, believe it or not!
She made a leap, and she cleared the lot,
And she stood all shiverin'! and the flashes
Of her eyes was awful, reglar splashes
Of fire they was—and "It's not afraid"—
Says she—"but how dare ye? how dare ye?" she said—
"How dare ye?" Lord bless me! I didn' stand
To think, I can tell ye, but away I ran,
And never stopped for gate or stile,
Till I'd done the bettermost part of a mile.
But that same night I couldn' sleep,
And back to the place, and I made a sweep
Overhead on the chance, and I caught the hair
That was hangin' still on the trammon there—
Aw, the tingly it felt in the dark, and the quick
It run up aroun' my finger lek!

[1] Elder.

You'd ha' thought it was steel—the coil it had,
And the spring—but am I goin' mad?
Eh boys? aw, laugh! laugh hearty! I say;
For that's despard[1] nonsense anyway!

But the very next mornin' I'll engage
Down come George in a terrible rage;
And him and James in their Sunday clothes,
And says they: "You've 'sulted Christmas Rose."
"'Sulted her?" "Yes! 'sulted her!" they says;
"And it's up to the church you must go and confess
On your bended knees this minute!" they said,
"And apologize!" That's the word they had.
Aw, they wouldn' take rest but up I should;
So I claned myself the quickest I could,
And away with them; and as stiff as may be,
Talking together, but not to me.
I didn' like it a bit, mind you!
And I didn' hardly know what to do.
"But what must I say?" says I, "when I'm there";
"Aw, it's all put down in the paper here,"
Says James, and whips it out of his pocket—
"Listen to this!" he says, "you blockit!"
And sure enough they had it as grand
As any lawyer in the land—
Aw, the terrible big words that was in,
And the *wicked* and *imperint* I'd been;
And *inasmuch*, and *seein' how far*,
And *the court*, and *the prisoner at the bar*—
Aye! and they stopped in the highroad twice
For to make me ply it to say it nice.
And *wasn' I ouldher?* I don't say nay;
But they come over me that way—
Ouldher of coorse; but it's no use o' talkin',
The art that was at them boys[2] was shockin'—
Aw, they'd work it, bless ye! and, whether or no,
They said the word, and you had to go.

Well, behould ye! there she was
Out in the garden, and a chair on the grass,

[1] Desperate. [2] Those boys had.

The Pazon's chair, with its arms like a gig,
Took out of the study o' purpose, and big
Enough to hold half the parish with aise—
And—cock her up with a stool, if you plaze,
Under her feet! and if she hadn'[1]
A scarf or the lek, with yallar and red in,
Twisted through her hair to give her
A look like a crown on her head, did you ever?
Aw, a reglar queen; and behould ye! a fan
And tippin' it this way and that in her hand;
And frownin' and frownin'—and "Let him draw near!"
Says she, and I tried, but it didn' appear
I had it at all—but middlin' handy
Down on my knees like a jack-o-dandy,
Or a play-actor, or the lek, and them
And me betwixt us, and—*Miss and Mem!*
Humblin'—bumblin'—and "no offence!"—
And up's with her chin, and "Take him hence!"
She says, and she says—"I forgive his rudeness";
And "He has his pardon"—his pardon! My goodness!
I'm laughin' now, but I didn' laugh then;
And the boys to lift me, and all hearty again,
And shakin' hands, and "*Never mind!*"
But it was necessary, and terrible kind;
And—*Just be careful lek! That was it!*
And—*the same friends as ever!* and coaxin' a bit.

But she got up, and she took a sweep
Of the grass with her frock, and I felt like a creep—
And the swing of her waist, and the ribbons flyin'—
Aw, a creep! a creep! there's no denyin'—
And the pick and the peck, and the in[2] with a taste—
And "'Scuse me, marm!" and "I ast[3] your grace!"
And the way and the look—"He have his pardon!"
If ever there was a fool in that garden,
It was me, aw, it was—but, right or wrong,
She held me, she did though, uncommon strong—
Her vice of coorse—aye that's the thing—
Sweet! aw, the sweet! astonishin'!
If she'd cussed ye, it 'd ha' been the same—

[1] She must needs have. [2] Into the house she goes. [3] Ask.

Aw, hard as steel and soft as crame ;
Somethíng betwix' a hawk and a linnet—
Aw, the music of her soul was in it.
Music ! soul ! you've heard tramhurns,[1]
And clarnets, and their twisses and turns, —
And curlin' and purlin', and pippin' and poppin',
And booin' and cooin', and stippin' and stoppin'—
Well they were all just fools, d'ye hear ?
To that darlin' voice—Ah Betsy, dear !
Yes, yes, yes, yes ! the difference !
I know, I know ! and taken hence—
That's it—we must—and—Come, come, come !
Shouldher arms and march to the drum !
Life is life, and the best foot fust !
'Scuse me, lads ! I was thinkin' just—
Thinkin'—thinkin'—Aw certainly,
Clear as a bell ; but it's sharp it could be,
Sharp as a knife, and stingin', stingin'—
But bless ye ! the angels isn' allis singin'—
But a hailin' the divils ; and "Enter not !"
They're shoutin', and givin' as good as they got,
Lookin' over the wall ; for they leaves their hymns,
And fights like Turks—them cherubims—
I've read in a book—but aisy ! I say !
She was the one could hould me anyway—
And shake me too—could Christmas Rose—
And, bless me, the way she had with her clothes !
The slackin' and tautin', and liffin'[2] and dippin'
And nippety-nappety trappin' and trippin',
And a hitch to starboard and a hitch to port,
And a driggledy-draggledy all through the dirt !
How are they doin' it, Billy—eh ?
I don't know but, they manage that way
That three or four foot of nothin'—bless ye !
Is more to you till Europe or Asia.

But avast then ! anyway in she goes—
And me all right, and—clothes ! is it clothes ?
Aw, blow the lot ! Aw, I did it grand !
Aw, I gave it them nice, you'll understand—

[1] Trombones. [2] Lifting.

And away, and shook them off, and tearin'
Blue murder and all, and cussin' and swearin'
The skin off your face, and makin' tracks
And down the road—but then I slacks,
And into the hedge and cries like blazes—
And up come people, and I knew their faces—
And souljerin'[1] on—as proud as you please,
And pretendin' to look for blackberries—
And down to the shore, and up's with a creel
And into the boat with a kick of my heel
And off, and before you could preach or pray
I was crossin' the tide and out to Mahay,[2]
And agate o' the lobsters, and haulin' in,
And destroyin' them congers like anythin'—
Aye! aye! I could do that—chit nish![3]
There's no mistake but I knew how to fish—
And up with the grapplin', and home, and the tide
Dead again' me, and springs beside,
And the back at me mostly broke out of the hinges,
And pullin'—aw, pullin'—pullin' tremenjous!
And landed and moored, and a skip and a hop
And a into bed, and a slep like a top.

Well, there's an end of everything under the sun,
And I must tell ye the way it was done—
And was it my fault it's not for me—
Maybe it wasn' nobody—
And if it wasn' for what the Bible is sayin'
About Him that hears us when we're prayin'
And never a sparrow drops, for all,[4]
But He's handy close to see it fall,
I'd think some black ould witch was stuck
At the wheel of the world, and spinnin' our luck,
And runnin' the threads through her skinny fingers
Till our time was up, and then, by jingers,
It's whinkum-whankum, thrummity-thrum,
And she cuts you short with a snick o' her thumb.
But of coorse it isn', all the same.
It's Him—and blessed be His name!

[1] Soldiering, sauntering.
[2] A famous fishing-ground. [3] Come now! [4] However.

They were tervil fond them three of the boat,
And they'd ha' had her whenever she could float;
But the Pazon was doin' their schoolin' at home
Hisself, you see, so they couldn' come
Just as they pleased, but they had their taskses—
And grammar, and ciph'rin', and questions they askses—
Wonderful! aw, I could tell ye a dale
About yandhar[1]—but mind ye! when Pazon Gale
Was about in the parish, or when they were done
With the taskses—aw, it's away they'd run
Like hounds for the shore; and her—yes, her—
The first of the three, and in, and a spur[2]
Rigged like a shot, and an oar I kept
O' purpose for her, and off we swept,
Her with the rullock—aw, bless your souls!
As proud—but ours was square in the thowls,[3]
And pins,[4] you know—and she'd pull, she'd pull!
Aw, man-alive! it was beautiful!

One everin' they come, and it's off to the Calf
Behould ye! and long-lines stowed there aft
Ready baited, and her that had never been there
And—carry on! and never care!
And a mist comin' creepin' up the Sound,
And wind to follow, you'll be bound—
But—*stuff-and-nonsense!* and a whiskin' her hat
At the breeze, and "We'll do this and that!"
And George with the gun lookin' out for a rabbit
On the cliffs above; but James rather crabbit
On the middle thwart, and houldin' the sheet
In his hand, and just a turn on the cleat;
And eyein' the offin'—aw, sink or swim!
A sailor every inch of him.
And "Is it back?" I says; "No! no!" says she,
"The sea! the sea! the open sea!"
And a lot of rhymes; and George says, "Blow it!
Give her it, Tom! put her gunwale to it!"
Her gunwale to it! aye! aye! my heartie!

[1] Yonder, that. [2] Rowlock.
[3] Part of the oar which rests upon the gunwale.
[4] Pegs to keep the oar in its place.

Her gunwale to it, says Buonaparte—
But it was *gunwale-to-it*, and no mistake;
For the wind come stronger, and I didn' spake,
And I knew well enough what ought we to do—
But—give in before her! not me! Would you?
No! no! and her that keen to be sure—
Aw, she'd have danced if she'd had the floor—
But she danced with her eyes—dear heart! the light
That come into them! and the stretched and the tight—
Till they looked to be snappin' fire in your face;
For the storm was in *her*—aw, that's the place
That *was* the storm! aye, aye, man! aye!
All out o' the sea, and out o' the sky,
Catching it with her mouth like suck,
Drawing the strength of its heart till she shuck[1]
And shivered again—and when the big cloud
Come up with the lightnin', she gripped a shroud,
And she sprang to meet it like a bird to its nest,
Or a child to hang on its mammy's breast—
Or was it her sweetheart the cloud was lek,
And her a leapin' on to his neck,
And sighin' and sobbin' and slakin' her drouth
With the thunder-poison from his mouth?
Sobbin'—aye! but not with fear!
Aw, bless my heart! I cannot bear
Them women aboard in a storm—can you?
Instead of the divil's own hollabaloo
And faintin', for them to go and rejice—
It isn' nice! it isn' nice!
Nor right nor raison nor nothin'—eh?
For them to be carryin' on that way.
Women is women, and it's in the blood,
And they should be freckened[2] a bit, they should.

Well, the dark it got, and the lightnin' strong,
Like it would slick up the sea with its red-hot tongue,
And a little dead dirt of daylight left
In the west, and we began to drift
On the rocks, for the boat couldn' look at her course;
So it's down with the lug, and out with the oars—

[1] Shook. [2] Frightened.

Me with the one again' them two,
And her in the stern with nothin' to do
But enjoyin' herself; and the head at her[1] bare,
And the lightnin' lookin' all mixed with her hair,
Like flowers of fire! yes, yes! and a child!
But the wild she looked! the wild! the wild!
And the glad and the mad—was her father and mother
Out in the clouds? chut![2] bother! bother!
There's strange things happens in storms though yet—
Well it makes me funny to think of it!

So we pulled uncommon hard till we got
To the Thushla—bless me! that's the spot—
That's where ye gets the strenth of the tide—
Aw, despard though! but slack inside,
And shelter from the sea, that's more;
So that's what we were making for.
"Three strokes! my hearts! three strokes!" I said,
"Three strokes, and we'll be round the head."
Three strokes was given—aw, the pluck of the lot!
Three strokes with a will—and in we shot—
Smooth water enough—but James had fell
Right aback from his taff,[3] with his head in the well—
"Dead as a herrin', for sure!" thinks I
And has him up immediately—
And feels the heart, and goin' still—
But as slow as slow—aw, terrible!
So I took him aft, and I put him restin'
With his head on her lap, and it was just distressin'
The way she sat, and not a notion
To hould him, or nuss him, nor never a motion
To breathe on his cheek, or hould his hand,
The way with women, you'll understand—
But her knees that sharp all drew to a pint
Most comfortless! and every jint
That stiff! aw, as sure as I'm a sinner
It was the divil of the storm that was in her!
Aye, aye! and mind my words, d'ye hear?
I don't believe it was her that was there—
Or if it was, I'll tell ye it,

[1] Her head. [2] Tut! [3] Thwart.

Her soul was gone out of her for a bit—
Out and off! and up in the air,
With the clouds and the thunder—Lord knows where!
"Get along!" says you, and "Stuff!" what *stuff!*
Aw, it might happen, mind ye! easy enough—
Well—lave it alone! but I saw—I saw—
And I gave a cuss, but middlin' low
That she wouldn' hear; and I says, "Miss Rose!"
I says, says I, "Lord only knows
If there's life in Masther James, and maybe
You'll nuss him a bit," I says, "like a baby.
He haven't got no sense," says I,
"To know what are you doin'—aw, try now! try!"
I spoke middlin' free; "and heise [1] him," I says,
"Heise him, Miss Rose, agin your bress!
And warm him, and sing some ould tune to his ear!
Aw, do, Miss Rose! aw, do! that's a dear!"
I was trimblin' when I said that word;
And afore it was out of my mouth—good Lord!
There come a flash that all the bay
And the boat and us was just like day—
Clap!—but betwix' the darks behould yer!
George's face lookin' over my shouldher
White as the dead! and eyein' them two—
White as the dead! hurroo! hurroo!
And I turned like a shot, and I saw her all
Like a tree when it doesn't know which way to fall,
And up with the arms and down again
All of a heap, and the boy gathered in,
With his head in her lap—I couldn' tell how—
Aw, the freckened I was that time! and now
When I remember—but it's likely not—
But still now? was it the sperrit—what?
Come back to her like a bird off the wing,
Or did she see George—eh? that's the thing!

Well we had a good two mile or more
To row agin [2] we got to the shore—
And not a word from the one of us
Till the boat was up to her moorin's just—

[1] Lift. [2] Against, before.

But then?—*how was he?* I axed, *and his head?*
Was it comin' to? "Aw, he's better," she said;
"He knows where he is." "Thank God!" says I,
And gets him ashore, and middlin' dry
On a bit of the floorin's; and me agate of him
And George, the two didn' feel the weight of him—
And up to the house, and in with us straight,
And mawther there, and gettin' a light,
And grumblin' (I heard her; but lettin' on[1] not)
And fixin' her hair, and strooghin' her brat,
And whippin' a chair amazin' swivel,[2]
And very nate and very civil—
Aw, she could be that—and "Mother!" I said,
"Masther James must be put to bed
'Torectly,"[3] I says; "And get a sup
Of something hot, and I'll sit up"—
And this and that, and where and when;
For I was afraid there'd be a fight even then
But there wasn' though—no! I declare—
But "Aw, the poor thing!" and "Dearee dear!"
And pityin', and lookin' at Christmas Rose—
And—bless me! the way them women knows
What's up, in a general way—when you're sick—
And also about young gels and the lek—
It's terrible in the world,[4] it is;
For if two craythurs hev took a kiss
Anywhere by day or night,
Every ould woman 'll know it straight.[5]

So we got him to bed, and George run home
For to tell the Pazon, and down he come,
And pale enough; and nothing to me[6]
But "I see!" he says, "I see—I see!"
And down to the parlour—and lost no time,
You may aisy suppose; but turned like lime,
He did though, when he saw the lad,
For the faver was on him, and talkin' like mad,
And never knowin' the father a mossel[7]—
And down on his knees like the ould Apostle

[1] Pretending. [2] Quickly. [3] Directly. [4] Intensive phrase.
[5] Immediately. [6] He said nothing to me. [7] Morsel, bit.

With the chap in the Bible that nothin' could hinder
But he must needs go and fall right out at the winder.
But the sollum—aw, the beautiful hearin'!
Prayin' a little—but none of your tearin'
And shoutin' up to the rafters, like yandhar
Premmitives,[1] that calls like a gandhar
Before his gesslins[2]—and what d'ye think
The Rose went and did? aw, the bonny blink
Of her eye that time—they're terrible though—
Them women—whether you like it or no—
She come behind, and she put her hand
On the ould man's head—Aw dear! the grand
It was to see her, and how he turned
And looked in her face! aw, it's me that yearned
In my very heart—and "Papa!" says she,
"Papa!" aye just like that it would be;
But sweeter, bless ye! and like to cryin'—
Aw, she was a darlin'—there's no denyin'.

And didn' the mother come? Yes! She come—
And middlin' snappish, and middlin' glum
She looked; and her bonnet off, aw, it was!
And titivated in our lookin'-glass—
Well now! I was freckened, I don't know what at—
But our little parlour, and a lady like that!
And, it's no use o' talkin', she made me jump
With her hair like the handle of a pump
Stickin' out, and no cap nor nothin', and as gray
As the divil—a sort of a wisp of hay—
And her never knowin' I saw her there
Combin' away in the big arm-chair.
But not till the mornin'—not her, if you plaze!
What's your hurry? no lovin' ways
With her—not a bit! and sittin' as stiff
And rubbin' her nose with her handkerchief;
And as grim; but mind ye! if you'd eyed her,
You'd seen that woman had something inside her—
Aye! but never mind! you'll hear!
"One at a time!" says Tommy Tear.

[1] Primitive Methodists. [2] Goslings.

Well the days went on though, and James could sit
In the bed, but—a cripple! aw, never fit
To earn his livin', nor nothin', but bent
All crooky—and crutches, and be content,
And hobble about! Aw dear! I grutched[1]
A lad like him to look like wutched,
Or took at[2] the fairies or that, and him
A picthur to look at, every limb.
If he wasn' that strong and that big like the brother,
I don't know where you'd ha' seen such another.
Aw, I tell you what! I loved the lad—
And to think of it now—it drives me mad.

Well just before he left our place,
And the doctors had settled about the case,
And cut, you know, I was sittin' beside
The bed, us alone, and I cried and I cried;
And I said:—"It was me! it was me! it was me!
Masther James!" I says; "of all the three
(Miss Rose don't count) it was me that done it—
It was me—yes it was—whosomever begun it—
I wish I was dead," I said, "I do!
Dead and in the grave with you—
Or dead by myself, no matter what!"
"Now Tom," says he, "what stuff have you got?
The three of us done it," he said, "I'll swear!"
And he out with a cuss:—"What a fool you are!"
Aw, the joy of my life! aw, as free as free!
Just a little cuss, you see,
To keep me in heart! aw, I thought I'd buss[3]—
"Thank God!" says I; "he can cuss! he can cuss!"
And then he swore me that I wouldn' tell
What had he got[4]—but I knew as well—
I can't say how—but chut! I knew it,
I did, afore ever he put the words to it.
That night aboard the boat when he woked
From the fit, and felt the way he was yoked
In Christmas' arms, and her breath on his face—
He didn' know the time nor the place,

[1] Grudged. [2] Stricken by. [3] Burst. [4] On his mind.

But only a sort of a dream, I expec';
And he kissed her knees, and he kissed her neck;
And all the words the poor fellow hed
Was:—"Christmas! I love you—I love you!" he said.
Aw, the poor lad! I loved him too—
Very good and gennal[1] and true.
He said that—he did—and "Oh," he said,
"She lifted my head! she lifted my head!
And whispered something in my ear;
But I was that weak I couldn' hear,
Nor spake again; but her breath was warm
And sweet on my face; and the strain of her arm,
And all—and she loves me! she does!" says he—
"And look at me! and look at me!"
He says—and he looks at himself like this—
"And will she ever—?" "Yes! yes! yes!"
I says: "Aw, Masther James, you knows
It's the rael thing is Christmas Rose:
And she'll be a good sisther to you no doubt:
And fixin' ye nice, and help ye about,
She's handy enough is Miss Rose, and she'll try—"
Aw, then the red come into his eye,
And he swore the big oath—"Aw," I says, "Masther James,
Cussin' is cussin', and names is names—
If it's doin' you good—aw, go ahead!
But about Miss Christmas Rose," I said,
"Aw, Masther James! be careful though!
Be careful for all! for how do you know
She loves ye?" I said: "Because you lay
In her arms, and she nursed ye into the bay?
Wouldn' any gel have done the lek?
And you that was dyin'! for goodness' sake,"
Says I, "be quiet, and let me wash ye!
The poor gel only didn' want to cross ye.
And besides I know—" but I jammed my helm
Hard a lee there; for I was goin' to tell him
About George and the look in the boat—so he says
(And all the blood come into his face),
"What do you know?" and he swore the big oath.
Uncommon big that I'd be loath

[1] Kindly.

To say it again—aw, 'deed I would—
But the boy was mad, and I done what I could—
And *it wasn' nothin'!* and bless me! the names!
And "Aw, Masther James! Masther James! Masther James!"
And "You'll be kilt altogether," I said, "you will;
You'll be kilt now, James, if you don't lie still."
Aw, a hard fight for it betwixt us—hard!
And *I was everything;* but I didn' regard:
For the worse of it was the waker he got
The angrier he was, and the cross and the hot;
And the flesh was wake, but the sperrit was strong,
And allis thinkin' you were doing wrong.
And fits, aye fits! and him I'd known
Such a hearty lad, and the strong and the grown!
Was it me? was it me? Well, the Lord He gave it,
And the Lord took away—so there let's lave it!

But he'd be havin' me with him whenever he could—
Not long at a time; for every flood
I was out at the lines: but the very fust
I was up to see him, it's go we must
The two of us alone to the church,
And sittin' there inside of the porch,
And the one thing, as you may suppose,
Nothing but Rose! and Rose! and Rose!
And the very first time they were alone together,
He tould me, he looked and looked to see whether
Or not—"and nothing," he said, "in her face
But pity just, and gentleness."
And "What'll I do?" he says; aw dear!
What would he do? and his eye that clear
And strong! and all that proud and keen,
And full of the life that should have been.
"Aw! drop it!" I says; "aw, Masther James,
Drop it! drop it! it's only drames.
Isn' she your sister?" I said, "since the day
God gave her to you from the sea?
Keep her what she is!" says I;
"And she'll be a blessin' to you by-and-by."
"A blessin'!" says he, "a blessin'! a blessin'!

Tom Baynes," he says, "you're a foolish pessin.
I'll spake," he says, "I will—and I'll know——"
Aisy, Billy!—you'd let them grow
A bit first, Billy? *Strange!* eh, what?
Young craythurs carryin' on like that—
Let them ate a bit more porridge fust,
Says you: aw, Billy! that's the wust
Of you, and it allis was, I'll swear—
You're coorse, man, coorse! aw yes ye are!
Aw, it's coorse it is. And *Childher*, says you?
Young fools, you says; go on now do!
Fools, you said; and *they should be stript*,
I think you said, *at*[1] *their mammies, and whipt—*
And *you'd warm them*—would ye? Well, listen to me!
I'm not a young fool, nor meanin' to be;
And I say them *young fools*—wasn' them your words?
Well—wait a minute, and I'll give you the Lord's—
Lovin' much is much forgiven;
And—*of such fools is the kingdom of heaven.*

Well he had it out the very next night,
Just at the dark, but fire light.
For the Pazon and the wife was away
At another Pazon's, and George in the bay
Agate of the lines—and rainin', for all,[2]
And blowin' hard, but we were bound to haul—
And him on the sofa, and her a clattrin'
With the cups and saucers, and chittrin'-chattrin'—
Aw, he tould me all! and bless me! he had it
Just like a picthur—you'd hardly credit,
Now would ye? and him that mad, you know,
And distracted lek—aw, he had it though,
He had it—and this and that and how
And where and when, and all the row,
And the backard and forrard and here and there,
And the light on the wall and the light on the chair,
And the light on her all dancin' lek,
And the tippin' her head and the tippin' her neck,
And the tippin' behind and the tippin' before:
And *Sarpints*, he said, *wasn' nothin' to her*,

[1] By. [2] However.

Nor Royal Bengal Tigers—the way
She turned, a shakin' the fire like spray
Out of all her clothes ; he beat me clane,
I didn' know half of it what did he mane.
The quality, ye see, is reared to that—
Noticin' lek, and which and what,
Like some of them painter chaps that's mixin'
A colour for everything, and fixin'
The way it is ; and him and her,
And the very place, and the near and the far—
Bless ye ! the like of us wouldn' be mindin'
Was there light at all—let alone was it shinin'
On her hips or her hocks, and *shaddhers fleein'*—
Lord bless my soul ! what things to be seein'
When your life is on the cast ! ho ! ho !
The quality's very curious though.

Well, he was intarmint [1] for to spake,
And out with it all, to mar or to make.
So he just said her name—as low as low—
But the way he said it ! the way, you know !
Aw, she come to her feet, and she looked at him straight—
The hard ! he said, the hard and the white,
And the keen, took sudden, ye see, that way,
And watchin' what was he goin' to say,
And houldin' herself like a hound on the spring,
And a tight'nin' her heart for anything.
And *proud*, he said, she looked, and despisin'
The leks of him—now isn' it supprisin' ?
To think of that now ! *proud*—let it go !
But *despisin'* ! her ! no ! no ! no ! no !
And she looked, and he looked, and then it came
Out of his soul like the livin' flame—
Love and hate and joy and sadness
All mixed together in a muck of madness.
And angels and divils, he said, was scourin'
The soul of him, and the cusses come pourin'
Out of him ; and talkin' love
All the time, and "dear !" and "dove !"
And cusses again—"till at last," says he,

[1] Determined.

"I said—never mind! she listened to me
Till then," he says, and never a breath
But the studdy look and the sthrong as death—.
But then she shivered all over, and then
"James!" she said, and she said it again—
Three times she said it—"and the eyes lookin' down,
And the voice—it might have been a sound
From Heaven," he said, "far off," he said,
"Like one that 'd be speakin' from the dead,"
He said—"far off"—and "James!" says she,
"I am your sister," she says; "there's three,"
She says, "of us, and we love one another";
She says, "O brother! brother! brother!"
She says, and—"yes! I will! oh yes!"
And she come, for he made his mouth for a kiss,
Beggin' lek, and she gave him one,
And he fell as dead as any stone.
That's all he remembered—but the sarvint was tellin'
How she came to her, and her eyes all swellin'
With the big of tears, and "quick! quick! quick!"
She says, "Masther James is very sick,"
She says to the sarvint—that's all she said,
And never a bonnet upon her head
Nor nothing—and "Take good care of him, Jane!"
And out in the rain—aye, out in the rain.
And "It's over," he said; "I know! I know!
It's time to go! it's time to go!"
"But," I said, "Masther James, she didn' say
But what *might* be, for all—" "*a year and a day*"!
Says he, "Oh yes! *and she'll think of it yet!*
Tom Baynes," he says, "you're a idiit!"

Well! George and me was comin' in
That night, and a terrible time we'd bin,
With the wind off-shore, and blowin' strong,
But him the hearty it didn' seem long:
And shovin' her nigh to the rocks, to cheat
The squalls; and says he all at once—"Did you see't?"
He says; "See what?" says I, "A ghost?"
"Look out!" says he, "and let's come close!"
So it's close we pulled—and behould her lyin'

On the breast of the rock—aw, we thought she was dyin'—
And her hands all clenched in the tangles [1] there,
And the water sip-soppin' up to her hair—
And *What had happened?* and *Bless my heart!*
And wondherin'; and "Come! let's start!"
Says he; and in with her into the boat,
And covered her up with an oilskin coat
That was at us there. But mind ye! before
I could get him to steady down to his oar,
He stooped, and he kissed her; "She's spakin'!" he said;
And list'nin', and houldin' down his head
To hear—and sure enough she was—
"Take me home!" she said—aw, an albathross
Or a gannet wasn' nothing to him then,
The way he pulled, like twenty men—
One, two, three, with a sweep and a swing!
And a four for the queen and a five for the king!
And into a gully that was lyin' back
Under the church itself; and a track
Windin' up through the goss; [2] for I knew,
If we went to the shore, what a hullabaloo
There'd be, and the talk—aw dear! if they'd seen us.
So up—and her goin' a carryin' between us;
Very weak and slack; but I saw
Masther George had to stow the jaw
Let alone the kissin'! aye!
He had though, I tell ye! "It's you being by,"
He whispers to me: but she straightened her head
That stiff on my shouldher—"Look out!" I said:
And "Look out!" it was; for, right or wrong,
He had to look out, he had, before long.

The Pazon wasn' at home when we got
To the house; so I stood out on the plat;
And George took her in—Aw, the gel could walk
That time; and then he come out for a talk
And a smook sittin' under the sycamore
That stretched from the garden to the door;
A fine tree too, for the country, and tall;
For they're runnin' rather stunty and small

[1] Long seaweeds. [2] Gorse.

Over there is trees—and the wind would come
And shiver it all, and make it hum
Like a brave big top, and tappin' the pane
Of the Pazon's study till he'd laugh again—
Aw, he liked it well! but—I don't know,
Trees is very curious though!
If there's ghos'es [1] takin' [2] anywhere
It's in trees it is! Aw, they've got their share
Has churchyards and that—but mind you me!
I've seen funny things in a sycamore tree!
Aye, aye! my lads! Aw, lower down—
All right of coorse! all right, I'll be bound—
You can grip them there, and feel the stuff
That's in them—aw, all right enough!
But—up in the branches! I say!—they're about;
But never mind! look out! look out!

Well, we talked and talked, and it was him begun;
And he gave a big sigh, and he says "It's done!"
He says "It's done!" and he hung his head;
And "I couldn' help it, Tom Baynes!" he said.
And then he tould me the hard to bear
It was, and the trouble, and the care,
And tryin' and tryin' to do his part,
And stampin' the heavy upon his heart,
Puttin' out the fire that kep' burnin' still—
Aw, he said, *it was terrible.*
Where does it come from? where? where? where?
Is it in the ground? is it in the air?
Is it sucked with your milk? is it mixed with your flesh?
Does it float about everywhere like a mesh
So fine you can't see't? is it blast? is it blight?
Is it fire? is it fever? is it wrong? is it right?
Where is it? what is it? The Lord above—
He only knows the strenth of love:
He only knows, and He only can,
The root of love that's in a man.
Aw, isn' it true? and Him as quite,[3]
Seein' all in the clear sweet light
That's runnin' through Him all day long,

[1] Ghosts. [2] Haunting. [3] Quiet.

And all the night—and the angels' song—
"Holy! holy! holy!" they're sayin'—
And us poor craythurs prayin'! prayin'!
And Him so quite[1]—and "Gentle Jesus!"—
And waitin'—waitin'—but ah! He sees us!

What was I sayin'? aw yes! *the fire;*
And what could he do? and he *wasn' wire,*
Nor nails, he said: and how he'd kep'
Out of her road; and the hold and the grip
There was at him reglar:[2] and allis out
After the lines, and knockin' about
With the gun, and tryin' to clear his head
And studdy hisself. "And James!" he said,
"James!" he said—"God help us then!
Poor James!" he said—(Amen! Amen!)
"I thought," he said, "I thought I was stronger—
But oh, Tom Baynes! I can't stand it no longer!
Yes! Yes!" he says, "he loves her true;
And what am I to do? what am I to do?
And I've tried and tried to give him fair play—
Haven't I, Tom? now haven't I—eh?"
"You have," I says; "but listen! listen!
Masther George!" I says: "Now it is or it isn';
But tell me for all what makes you suppose
That either o' ye is for the Christmas Rose?"
"*What makes me?*" he says, and gives a cuss;
"And who is for her, if it isn' us?
James or me?" he says. "Hullo!
I see!" he says, "I see! ho! ho!"
He says, and he jams his face chock up
Again' mine, and he says:—"Have you got a sup?
By Jove!" he says, "it's you ye manes!
You're for the Christmas Rose, Tom Baynes!
You then, you!" and he turned and he laughed—
Aw, the bitter! and fore and aft—
At least up and down—and about with a wheel,
And churnin' the gravel under his heel.
"You!" he said—"Well!" he said, "the cheek
Of some people! and what for don't ye speak?"

[1] Quiet. [2] He always maintained.

He says, quite quick, and stands as straight
As a boult before me: and "Will ye fight?"
He says, "or what will ye do? come! out!
Out with it! will ye? you're freckened, I doubt."
"Masther George!" I said—quite studdy, you know—
"Masther George! it isn' a minute ago
You were all in the dumps; and now it's fightin'
You're after; and maybe you might or you mightn'
Have the best of it: but there's one thing I thought
You couldn' mistake, let alone the *ought*—
One thing, Masther George, and knowin' what you knows—
Me! me, did yé say? for the Christmas Rose!
Is there a thought?—You'll strike me, will ye?
(He was goin'), or a wish I wouldn' tell ye?
Haven' I tould you every word,
To the very keel of my heart—good Lord!
What can I do more? that's it! that's it!
Pitch into me! I don't care a spit!
Knock my head off! but never a blow
From me to you! aw no! no! no!
Not this time, Masther George, if you plaze!
Not exactly! George!" I says.
And I laughed—and, be hanged! the two of us laughed—
Aw, people in love is ticklesome craft:
For it's laughin' and cryin' and foolin' and fightin',
And cussin' and kissin' and lovin' and bitin'
All in the one—crabs and crame![1]
And the very birds is just the same—
Let alone monkeys and dirts like that—
Aw, they've got their troubles, I'll tell ye what!

Well, the laugh cleared the fog away nicely though
That was hidin' us from one another, you know—
You know what I mean—all hot and huffed—
And we talked chance talk, and puffed and puffed
At the pipe. And I remember the jump
He gave when he heard the jerk of the pump,
Thinkin' the Pazon had come in
Unknownst at the back! And bless me! the din
There was at[2] that pump; and apt to run dry,

[1] Cream. [2] With.

And bad for the soak,[1] and never say die!
But work away!—aw, a reglar brute!
And a rusty boult that roored[2] like the hoot
Of a owl or a dunkey; and suckin' and sobbin',
And retchin' and cretchin', and slibbin' and slobbin'—
It's lek you know how a hoss is goin'
When his wind is broke, and ah-in' and oh-in'
That bad—they're ugly to hear in the night
Is them pumps, like a thing lek that wouldn' be right
Someway! And the ould people used to be sayin'—
But bless my heart! it was only Jane
The sarvint, gettin' water of coorse,
But mind ye! she done it with a foorce![3]
The arm she had—But it's idikkilis![4]
I'll never come to an end like this—
Pumps! my goodness! Well, we laughed, and a bat
Come wheelin' about, and he gave me a pat
In the face with his nasty ould webby wings—
Aw, the terrible I hate them things—
Away went the pipe, broke out o' my cheek—
The strenth of the divil! and the boostly[5] squeak!
Aw, dart[6] the father of him! I say—
I never liked them critters anyway.

Aw, then the laugh! But he come at me again,
And "Tom," he says, "I want you to 'splain.
You're in some sort of love with her, that's clear."
"Now I'll tell ye what!" says I, "look here!"
Aw, I got hot—"I'm not goin' to stand
This talk," I says, "from the lord of the land.
I've tould ye and tould ye, and what's the good?
The more the tellin' the less understood.
But mind my words, Masther George!" I says, "anyway—
The Christmas Rose isn' for the one o' ye!
No she isn'—not a bit," I said:
"She's far far far above your head.
Poor James!" I says; "poor James! well! well!
Of coorse—but you to come over the gel

[1] Water poured into the pump when the *sucker* is dry.
[2] Roared. [3] Force. [4] Ridiculous.
[5] Beastly. [6] Drat.

With your dainty curls, and your bit of a stachya,[1]
And the strong and the handsome; and '*Have me! bless ye!*'
Thinks you; 'most sartin, and only too glad!'
And *whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad!*
Them's your thoughts; but where's your fax?
Where? aye where indeed! I may ax
The where, bedad, and the when and the why."
Aw, it's then he made a leap and a cry
Like a tiger, and at me; but I gave a duck,
And the fist went over my shouldher, and struck
The tree like a hatchet—aw dear! the smash!
And his knuckles all jammy, and the blood splish-splash!
"You're not the man for me to be 'fraid of:
You're not made of the stuff that Christmas is made of!
No, George Gale," I said, "you're not."
Aw, the leap again, and flew at my throat,
But then I gripped him, and—yeo! heave ho!
And a lift and a twist—and over you go;
And let him down the softest I could
And it's only raison you allis should,
And give a man a chance—yes! yes,
And pick him up agin isn' amiss.
Well, he was middlin' giddy, ye see;
So I studdied him against the tree—
And he says:—"What's this for?" "For!" I said—
"For! ye come at me that vicious, ye did!"
And he hung the head middlin' sulky though.
"Come, Masther George!" I said; "take a blow
Of the pipe," and I took and charged it for him,
And got it to draw; and—jann myghin orrym![2]
If he didn' smoke it sweet enough!
Hard to light though—ye know the stuff.

Well then I talked very sirrious,[3]
Uncommon though; and I gave a cuss
And I said:—"It's hard for the leks o' me
To tell you how I love Betsy Lee,
And how I love the Christmas Rose:
But I love the two of them, God knows!
The two of them—but the why and the whether—"

[1] Moustache. [2] Mercy on us! [3] Seriously.

"How happy could I be with ether!"[1]
Says he, half laughin'—some dirty ould song
He had, you know—"Now get along!
Masther George!" I says; "and listen, man!
I've got it now—the very plan!
Look here! you're lovin' a nice young gel,
And she's lovin' you—very well! very well!
That's right! that's good! that's—aw, that's sweet!
And to meet and to part, and to part and to meet
Is all your thoughts—*and when will it be?*
Aw, when? aw, when? says you, says she.
And it comes at last, and the bells is ringin',
And the Pazon waiting, and the ould shoes a flingin'—
And home in the ev'rin', and settlin' down—
And as happy as happy, I'll be bound.
That's love; and thank my God it's in![2]
For without it we wouldn' be worth a pin.
But, George," I said, "isn' there no love
That's greater than that, that's risin' above
The lek o' that—why can't there be
No love without wivin' and all that spree?
Couldn' ye love, and never make to her
No love nor nothing, nor never spake to her?
Couldn' ye look to her like a star
Up in the heavens quite reggilar,
Shinin' down on all the same,
And maybe not even knowin' your name?
Couldn' ye love her up that high?
And kiss her with your soul through all the sky?
A sweetheart! aw, Betsy ma veg![3] ma veen![4]
Aye, aye! but a queen! a queen! a queen!
That's another thing, and I don't care who knows,
My queen, my queen is the Christmas Rose!"
"Your queen indeed!" he says; "hear! hear!
Your queen! aw dear! aw dear! aw dear!
You're gettin' quite rermantick," he said;
"Who put that nonsense into your head?
Why raelly," he says, "you're almost poetical!"
"Avast!" says I; "I'll have no reddikil.[5]

[1] Either. [2] It exists.
[3] My little (one). [4] My darling. [5] Ridicule.

She's my queen, I beg to state!"
My queen! now wasn' that first-rate?
Queen—d'ye see? aw, the fancies come quick
In my head them times, aye as thick—as thick
As the hairs outside; but now, hurroo!
The hairs is gone and the fancies too.

Aw, he laughed and he chaffed and he carried on;
But wasn' I right? eh Billy? eh John?
It's like lovin' God: for it's seemin' to me,
When you're lovin' the loveliest things you see,
It's lovin' God that made the things—
That made them—eh? and the birds they sings,
They does, and it's God that gives the notes,
Stretchin' the bags of their little throats:
And the sun is bright, and the sky is blue;
And a man is strong, and a horse is too,
And God's in all—But I'll tell ye the when
You can see His face, if you ever can—
It's when He lights sweet holy fire
In the eye of a woman; and lifts her higher
Than all your thoughts, a woman true
But not for you man, not for you.
Who for? No matter! if you've got any sense,
Of coorse you'll know the difference:
You'll know when you're wanted and when you ain't,
And never make no sort of complaint,
But touch your hat:—"My sarvice, Madam!"
And her not knowin' you from Adam.
Bless me! d'ye think she's nothing to me
Because mayhap she doesn' know me?
Har! har! I picks her out, and says I,
"You're my queen! keep up in the sky!"
I says; "keep up! shine on, my queen!
Who the divil am I? it's all serene!
It's all serene!" says I, with a bow—
Where's your huggin' and ruxin' now?
You've seen them picthers the Romans has got—
Merdonners they calls them—women, what?
Women, aye! with the blood in their veins,
And life and love, and the way they strains

Their eyes to a height that's far above them?
Who can look on them, and not love them?
Avast all Popery, says I,
And idols and every sort of guy!
And Irish divils anyway—
Protestant boys 'll carry the day!
But whoever made the likes o' them—
Their feet was in Jerusalem;
Whoever thought that a woman could look
Like that—he knew the Holy Book;
He knew the mind of God; he knew
What a woman could be, and he drew and he drew
Till he got the touch: and I'm a fool
That was almost walloped out o' the school,
I was that stupid, but I'll tell ye! I've got
A soul in my inside, whether or not,
And I know the way the chap was feelin'
When he made them picthers:— he must ha' been kneelin'
All the time, I think, and prayin'
To God for to help him; and it's likely sayin'
He was paintin' the Queen—they calls her the Queen
Of Heaven, but of coorse she couldn' ha' been—
But that's the sort—a woman lifted
To heaven, with a breast like snow that's sifted,
And a eye that's fixed on God hisself—
Now where's your wivin' and thrivin' and pelf?
And sweethearts, and widdies well stocked with the rhino?
Ah! that's the thing likest God that I know.

Well, up come the Pazon at last—no doubt
This time, and helpin' the Misthress out,
Very lovin'; and a givin' a scrape
Of her skinny ould leg agin the step—
And "Oh Misther Gale!" and "How awkard ye are!
And him a fussin' and—"Well I declare!"
And "I beg your pardin!" Bless me! the perlite!
And Jinny dodgin' about with a light;
And me with ould Smiler's nose in my hand,
The horse that was at them,[1] you'll understand,
And laughin' like fun; and George goin' nudgin'

[1] They had.

With his elber the way it was time to be trudgin'—
So I takes the hint, and away like a shot,
And down the gully and into the boat,
And pullin' her round to the moorin's all right,
And home, and mother sittin' up straight
In her chair, and a sulkin', and suckin' hard
At her ould black pipe, and never a word
But—"Here ye are! ye Lhiggey-my-traiee![1]
Go off to bed!" "I'm goin'," says I.

Well, poor James died—he did though—yes!
That was the first and the last kiss—
He'd never see her again—no! no!
Till the day he died—"Let me go! let me go!"
He'd say. It 'd be some time about harvest—
I was shearin' that year for ould Juan Jarvis—
But I was up at the buryin'; and, what's more,
That's the first white shirt that ever I wore.
Save us! the row the ould mawther made
About yandhar shirt, and the terr'ble 'fraid
It wouldn' be ready—aw, quite delighted!
And *me invited! me invited!*
She wouldn' ha' cared if it wasn' for that—
And a black clout pinnin' round my hat—
And the ould man's Sunday clothes took out
Of the chiss—and *mind what was I about!*
And none of my cryin' and booin'! she said;
I had other things to think of, I had—
"Buck up," says she, "and look like a man!"
And how to walk and how to stand—
Aw dear! I was tired—"And don't let me see
A speck on that coat, ye fenodyree![2]
When ye come back"—she says; "but in case
You must cry, hold the handkecher to your face!
That's dacent enough—but drabbin' still
On your clothes—it isn' respectable"—
She said—"let alone the cloth goin' a spilin'."[3]
God bless my soul! the woman was rilin'.

[1] Unpunctual.
[2] Properly the "lubber fiend" of Milton; here *awkward fellow.*
[3] Getting spoiled.

So I felt like a fool at the buryin',
For I couldn' be sorry nor anythin'
In them boostly [1] clothes, but takin' care
And mindin' my eye like a prig [2] at a fair.
She'd got a thing warped around my neck
Would ha' choked ould Harry himself I expec'.
Well, well! they're terr'ble—But even them clothes
Couldn' hinder me lookin' for the Christmas Rose.
And I saw her, I saw her sittin' all alone
In a window—just like a block of stone—
Sittin', and lookin' straight at the moul' [3]
That was heaped round the grave—upon my soul!
The way she sat—aw, a queen on her throne!
But a block of stone—a block of stone!
"Her heart was stone," says you—Well! well!
I suppose then, Billy, you knew the gel?
You didn'! no! I knew you didn'!
Well then, ould gandhar! stick to your midden!
Stick to what you're used of, Billy!
Christmas Rose, or Christmas Lily—
They're not much in *your* line, Illiam, [4] eh?
Hard-hearted—well now I've heard them say
She *was* hard-hearted: but if they'd said
Strong-hearted not *hard*, why then they'd had
Some raison—Look here now! is it the same—
Hard and *strong?* and a craythur that came
Like foam from the sea—But it isn' *strong*
Nor it isn' *hard:* you're wrong! you're wrong!
It's far off it is, and different,
A kind of a surt of a splenthar [5] sent
From another world—like moonstones just—
They haven't got the same subjecs [6] as us.
There's ones comes into the world like that,
Even among their own people—what?
Haven't ye seen them? lonely things—
They haven't got crowns and they haven't got wings—
They're not angels azackly [7] nor divils ether, [8]
And us and them will grow up together:
But their roots isn' twisted someway with ours;

[1] Beastly. [2] Pick-pocket. [3] Mould. [4] William.
[5] Splinter. [6] Substance. [7] Exactly. [8] Either.

And the flowers that's at them[1] is other flowers;
And they're waitin', I'm thinkin', to be transplanted
To the place where the lek o' them is wanted:
And our love isn' their love, and they cannot take it;
Nor our thirst their thirst, so we cannot slake it:
There's no food in us for them to feed on,
There's nothing in us that they got need on:[2]—
So there they are, with kith and kin,
Sittin' in the middle, and wondherin'.
And *love* and *heart*—why, how should it be?
There's no heart made in them yet, d'ye see?
Just wild-fire flashin' here and there,
Or if it's at them anywhere,
It's like a bud that sucks the air
Through its baby lips, but open? no!
Till the westlin' winds begin to blow,
And drew at[3] the sun with a strong sweet strain
It opens and never shuts again.

But, say what you like, and say what you will,
The Christmas Rose was a puzzle still.
It wasn' no baby buds in her,
But a big woman's heart, that wouldn' stir
To other hearts, but took its motion
From the winds and the clouds and the waves of the ocean.
It was bred in the storm;
It was fed in the storm—
She'd run to meet it, she'd see it comin',
She'd smell it, I believe; she'd hear it thrummin'
A hundred miles off—out she'd be!
But secretly! aw, secretly!
Crouchin' and crouchin' behind a wall—
I've seen her, but she didn' know at all—
And lookin' behind—Ah hah! my queen!
Was she seen? she was thinkin', *was she seen? was she seen?*
And flittin' like a bird, or a gel
That's stealin' away to the lad she loves well—
Ould eyes, she thinks, *aren't allis dim*—
"Hush! hush! that's him! that's him! that's him!"

[1] Which they have. [2] Have need of. [3] Drawn by.

And then to the rocks, and a loosin' her hair
To the wind, aye, aye, and her neck all bare ;
And her mouth all open, and a gaspin' to't,
And the shivers of joy running down her throat—
What had she ? what was at her,[1] my men ?
Was it her heart that was makin' then ?
But think of her father ! think of her mother
That's it ! so one thing with another,
And love for love, and tit for tat,
What would ye do with a gel like that ?

There was another thing I seen that day :—
A Pazon come from over the bay
For our Pazon lek, *to do the duty*—
That's their talk—well, he was a beauty !
Well, the purtiest little bit of a man
That ever I saw—and the little hand
And the little foot, and the little squeak
Of his little vice ; and the little cheek
So rosy and round ; and the legs—my gough !
And the little hem ! and the little cough !
Well he was a nice little divil though,
He was now ; and his mouth like a little red O—
My senses ! that little chap beat all—
A pippity-poppity—talk of a doll !
Why I'd just have liked to took and stowed him
In my trousis pocket, and had him and showed him
To the childher—only a penny a peep—
Well, he was the natest little sweep !
You might have put the little dandy
In your mouth, and sucked him for sugar-candy.
And he ups to the Pazon, and bless us ! the sollum !
And the head goin' like what-d'ye-call-'em !
And "A great affliction "—and—tiggle—taggle—
And *the Lord was great*—and—wiggle—waggle ;
And the Pazon never lookin' at him,
But out to the round of the blue sea-rim
(It was clear that day) ; but what he saw—
Never mind ! the little chap had the jaw.
Well, you see, I couldn' cry, triced[2] up

[1] The matter with her. [2] Fastened.

In the ould woman's rig, so I didn' stop,
But out on the gaery [1]—and what did I do
But off with the coat and the waistcoat too—
Aw, laugh! I did; and I hung the pair
On a lump of [2] a thorn that was growin' there;
And then I set to for a hearty bout,
And I had it out, I had it out.
But I was that disthressed and done, I tell ye,
That harvest, I couldn' go to the mheillea [3]—
Aw, it's a fac'! and Betsy there!
Aw, poor James! aw, Betsy dear!

Now, you see, after the buryin',
George couldn' help it but he must begin
To talk very comfortin' lek and nice
To Christmas Rose, and once or twice
He put his arm round her, and called her name,
Just comfortin' lek, and wantin' the same—
Aw, wantin' it bad, for he loved his brother—
And there they'd be, and the father and mother,
Terrible quiet, just sighin' and lookin'—
The Pazon, I mane, and sometimes he'd be smookin',
But the pipe 'd allis be goin' out,
And him never knowin', and used to be stout,
And gettin' thin, they were tellin' me;
And the wife with the Bible on her knee,
Reading away, but very quick
And sharp with the temper, and givin' a click
With her needles, and lookin' up though still—
George tould me it was dreadful uncomfible—
Terrible quiet—and the everin's [4] long,
And—what to do? and, right or wrong,
He couldn' help it, but layin' his head
On Christmas' shouldher, and "dodgin'," he said,
Aye! "dodgin'," he said, poor fellow! for fear
The ould people would see; aw dear! aw dear!
The way the Christmas 'd shake, and the shiftin'
Onaisy [5] lek, and the "Don't!" and liftin'
The big black eyes, and axin' lek

[1] Piece of waste land. [2] Good-sized. [3] Harvest-home.
[4] Evenings. [5] Uneasy.

He wouldn' do that ; and curling the neck—
And dhrivin' him mad ; and *why ?* and *how ?*
And "Mightn' she now ? aw, mightn' she now ?"
And everything that miser'ble—
And all the house like a broken mill—
And wasn' it her duty ?—aye !
Her duty, he said, *at least to try*
Could she love him, and not be that contrary ?
Aw, a fine brave lad, but simple very !
"And have ye spoke plain to her ?" I said ;
"Yes ! aw yes !" and 'deed he hed—
Plain enough—for the day before
He met her walkin' upon the shore,
And he axed her *what was it*, and *what did she mane ?*
That was middlin' plain, eh ? middlin' plain !
Well, she was a darlin', for when them two
Was alone together—aw, it's true ! it's true !
She met him as lovin', and she spoke
The way she ought—aw, it's fit to choke
I am[1] when I'm tellin' ye—yes—straight
And plain to me as the gospel light—
To *me*—God knows how is it to me,
For George couldn' twig it—ma chree[2]—ma chree !
The strange—and him that eddicated !
Aw, a power of schoolin' ! And he should ha' waited—
But still—what good ! aw, the true and the keen !
My queen ! my queen ! my queen ! my queen !
I know it ! I know it ! but him—well ! well !—
She said :—"My darlin'" (didn' he tell
Every word to me ?)—"my darlin'," she said,—
"My darlin' brother !" (aw, *the white and the red*—
He was tellin' me !)—"my darlin' brother !"
(Aw, he clasped her then !) "no other ! no other,"
She said, "can ever be to me
What you are"—she said (d'ye see ? d'ye see ?
Brother—eh ?) "But oh !" she said,
And she cried very bad, and she stooped her head
Agin[3] his breast, and he kissed her and kissed her—
(Aye, aye ! I know !) and "Darlin' sister !"
And that—but then—"George ! George !" she says ;

[1] I'm nearly choking. [2] My heart ! [3] Against.

And the tears! the tears! and she lifts her face;
"George! George! no more! no more than this"—
And she gives him a long long lovin' kiss;
And with that kiss:—"George! George! here! here!
I give you all—oh dearest dear!
Oh brother mine—oh look and see!
It cannot be! it cannot be!
This—this! Forgive me, George, forgive!
I don't know how I come to live—
I should have died that time!" Ah Rose!
And the strange! the strange! and the green grass grows—
"I'm so different—(she said it! she said it!)
And so unhappy—(aw, let it! let it!)
Would God that I had never been!"
She said—My queen! my queen! my queen!
"It's strange," says George. "Well, yes!" says I,
"Uncommon strange!" but I tould a lie;
For it wasn' strange!—the gel was right;
But a blind man never will see the light.

And George, ye see, got desperate,
And carin' for nothin', and stayin' out late;
And down at the public-house that was there,
In the village, and heavy upon the beer;
Aw, drinkin' hard, I tell ye, hard!
For a lad like him, and didn' regard
For nobody—but "Come! let's go
And have a pint!" and whether or no,
And in on the door—and the dirty ould trouss,[1]
One Callow's wife, that was keepin' the house,
Smilin' and winkin' and plenty to say,
And drawin' and drawin', and scorin' away—
Bad work! bad work! And cards, and tossin',
And glasses round, and winnin' and lossin'—
And me that was ouldher backin' the lad,
Aw, very bad! aw, very bad!
But what could I do? what could you expec'?
You see I was shockin' fond of him lek—
And proud uncommon—aye that was it—
Proud—bless ye! proud! for there we'd sit,

[1] Slut.

Him, d'ye see? in the elber chair,
Hardly noticin' was I there;
And me on the settle; and him in his glory,
Singin' a song, or tellin' a story:
And all the chaps delighted, you know;
And "Isn' he good?" and "I tould ye so!"
And—"Listen! listen!"—and me nearly cryin'
A thinkin' of all; and tryin' and tryin'
Not to let on;[1] and proud though still—
And as much as to say—"Very well! very well!"
But lookin' the way I'd say to the others—
"Him and me is just like brothers!"
And "Capital!" and "Go it! go it!"
Aw, I shouldn' ha' done it, and I know it.

What did ye say?—*if a chap's in the trim*
To have a spree, that's a matter for him!
And *why not have a spree when you can?*
No! you shouldn' with a gentleman—
No! no! my lads! it's a different case—
Honour bright! I know my place.
But still the proud! and blow the fellows!
Who were they? and middlin' jealous.
For some o' them chaps would make too free,
And then I'd be hintin' if it wasn' for me
He'd see the lot at Jerusalem
Afore he'd make sport for the likes o' them.
And "Isn' he first-rate, Tom?" and "Hip!
Hip! hooraa!" and me bitin' the lip
As contimptible as contimptible,
And lookin' to say "Of coorse! but still
What's that, bless ye! to the fun
When him and me is together alone?"

Well, drink is drink, and funny is funny,
And jink is jink, and money is money—
And a long score owin'—that's the raison
He went partners with me for the mackarel saison.
Aw, he was a partner—for I'll be dished
If a better fisherman ever fished—

[1] Betray what I thought.

Crafty uncommon, and never contented
With our ould dodges ; but took and invented
New streamers, new poundrhels,[1] new guts, new plyin',
New everything, and tryin' and tryin',
And changin' often and calkerlatin',
And terrible tasty about the baitin'.
Aw, if there was a fish in the sea
He'd have it out though anyway—
Studyin' lek. And that time o' the year
The nights is short, so we didn' care,
And maybe not in bed for a week,
But sittin' in Callow's till the day would keek,[2]
And out the very first skute[3] of light,
For that's the time the divils 'll bite—
Sittin'—and maybe three or four
Of the other chaps upon the floor ;
And all the fun and all the spree
Peaceful enough, and leavin' to me
Mostly to watch—aw, they knew who they had—
Very wakeful and clear, they said !
And the clock goin' tickin', and ould mawther Callow
A snartin' and snortin' in the parlour—
Disthressin' bad—'deed many a night
I've gone and pinched her to be quite.[4]
And George 'd mostly be down with the head
On the table, and his arms outspread
For a piller lek ; and the curly hair
Sthrooghin[5] among the rings of beer
And tobacco-dust and the lek ; and I'd take
And rise it up, and give it a shake,
And feel it a bit, for I loved him though,
And reddyin'[6] it, just with my fingers, you know ;
And tuck it nice, and give it a ply
Aback of his ears, and so—Oie Vie ![7]

But the first sign of day, we'd be down to the boat,
And him rather heavy and stupid to 't,
And blundherin' lek, and stumblin' about ;
But as soon as ever we'd get out

[1] Weights. [2] Peep. [3] Squirt. [4] Quiet.
[5] Trailing. [6] Combing. [7] Good-night.

A mile or that, he'd say :—"Here goes!"
And half-a-minute, and off with the clothes,
And over the side, and in like a shot,
And me lookin' sharp, and markin' the spot,
And measurin' lek—and, I'll be swore,
Maybe a cable's length or more—
And up with a jerk, and shakin' the water
Out of his hair, and calling me ater[1]—
And "Come in! Tom Baynes! come in! come in!"
And the teeth that white, and the round o' the chin,
And his cheeks all red with the risin' day
Like another sun comin' out o' the sea—
And the green water swirlin' around the ring
Of his shouldhers, and fit for anything.
And—"Try it, Tom! come! try, man, try!"
"Go ahead! go ahead! go ahead!" says I;
"I'm busy!" But, bless ye! heel or toe—
I never cared much for the water—no!
In the heat of the day it might do, ye see;
But they're very strange is the quality.
Well that's the style, and goin' and goin'—
And it's lek you'll ax was the Pazon knowin'
About Callow's?—well—I cannot say—
Lek enough—but he had a way
Houldin' on, you know, and hopin' still,
And patient, patient terrible—
And livin' in a sort of drame, I suppose,
And happy enough in the Christmas Rose—
And thinkin' no evil, and trustin' a dale—
Aw, the best of fathers was Pazon Gale.

But he got to know it at last for all;
For who should go and give him a call
But ould mawther herself—and *was he aware?*
And this and that, and *the cards and the beer!*
And *well enough for him to spree*
That could easy afford it, but how about me!
And *she'd better be takin' a bag at once,*
And about the country; and *them that had sons*

[1] After.

Should look after their hours—and no disrespec' !
And curtseyin' and curtseyin', and trimblin' lek.
And the Pazon, I'm tould, got terrible red,
And "I'll spake to him, Mrs. Baynes !" he said :
But he didn' say much—aw, the man was aisy !
Lazy though, mawther said, or *crazy !*
Aw, she wouldn' spare ! but bless her chatter'n' !
Good people isn' all the 'zac'[1] same pattern ;
For some is very strong and bould,
And some very tender, not willin' to scould.
But whatever he said, poor George ! he felt it,
Aw, aisy froze and aisy meltit !
And I'll be bound to say he didn' come
To the Bull for a week, and very glum
And silent lek ; and the fellows lookin',
And never a word, and smookin', smookin'.

But soon as bad as ever though,
And gettin' in at the window, you know—
Aw, I see the spot, and the very ould trammon[2]—
Faith ! I'm not goin' to deny it, I amn'[3]
Heisin'[4] him up there in the tree—
I couldn' help but back him, don't ye see ?
And *The Rose ? The Rose ? it's lek she knew ?*
Well—I think she did ; but what could she do ?
Was she to go and take him straight[5]
Because he was gettin' drunk every night ?
And I'm not goin' to say one thing or another ;
I know she loved him like a brother :
And there's many a sister that's got to let be,
And wait and see—and wait and see !
But that wasn' the way of coorse to come at her,
Though maybe it wasn' so very much matter ;
For the gel was moulded, ye see, and sent
Into the world to be different.
But still for all, if you want to catch
Young love asleep, you must lift the latch
Middlin' aisy, I tell ye, for sure,[6]
And not go kickin' at the door :

[1] Exactly. [2] Elder tree. [3] Am not. [4] Lifting.
[5] Immediately. [6] Indeed.

And if you want to take a bird, my son,
Alive for its beauty, no call for a gun ;
And snowdrops isn' op'nin' with puttin'
A candle to them, nor neither shuttin' ;
And the brightest brass is the better for ilin',
And never no egg wasn' hatched with bilin'.
Different—yes, different !
And never meant ! no, never meant !

But she couldn' help noticin', whether or not,
It's differenter the two of them got ;
And furder [1] and furder, and sick and sore,
And lovin' the Pazon more and more.
Aw, a bird of the storm, if you like, but glad
Of a bit of rest, and all that she had
He done it, for, if the storm was in her,
The calm was in him—so there they were.
And she'd sit at his feet with her arms on his knees,
And look up like a thing that was lookin' for peace,
And axin' lek—and all the big troubles
A strainin' in her eyes like bubbles
Of fire and wonder ; and *who was she ?*
And when and why ? and the kind he'd be,
With his blessed ould face all full of love
And comfort for her to be drinkin' of.
And she did drink too ; and off she'd go
To sleep the way with the babbies, you know.
Aw, he was a reglar ould nussin' mother
Was the Pazon, and 'deed she hadn' no other.
For the Misthress wasn' no use, but hard
And dry uncommon, and didn' regard
For young craythurs, nor couldn' fit
Her soul to theirs, aw, not a bit !

And the two of them allis together though,
And larnin' Spanish ; and George stuck to,
And larnin' with them, and larnin' grand ;
Aw, quick at the schoolin', you'll understand.
I've got the book he was larnin' from yet
In the chiss at me [2] here—I'll show ye it

[1] Further. [2] My chest.

Some night—of course it's lingo to me,
But George 'd be puttin' it out quite free
In the English talk; and of all the stuff!
Aw, terrible nonsense, sure enough!
Fightin' and women, and I don't know what—
And the name they had to it was Don Quixotte—
A sort of a Punch-and-Judy, or the way
The Whiteboys[1] is actin' a[2] Christmas day—
Imp'rint craythurs! and Rosinante,
A skinny ould hoss that he had; and a banty
Fat little beggar called Sancho that got
For a governor—aye! Don Quixotte!
And his shield and all the ould iron he wore—
Well the quality's—but I said that afore.
And the picthers raely is funny amazin'—
Bless me! the barber and the bason!
And him agate o' the windmills—aye!
But I'll be showin' ye bye and bye.

Well, the time went on, and George had to go
To Oxford College, the way you know,
He'd larn for a Pazon—the for[3] they're sent—
And the spree the night before he went—
At the Bull! and all the fellows there—
And him with a speech and "Hear! hear! hear!"
And shoutin' and tearin'; and kissin' ould Berry:[4]
But in the mornin' thoughtful very
At the Coach: and "Tom! do you know where I'm goin?"
He says—and old Cannel waein' and woin'—
"I'm goin' to the divil!" and he turned his head;
Aw, that's the very words he said!
And to the divil it was, for sure—
And spreein', and bills, and the Pazon poor—
Not rich at any rate, no, no! not he!
Just a little bit of proppity
On the Northside, a place they called the Height,
And mortgaged heavy to Tommy Tite.
The Misthress, it's true, was gettin' the name
Of a fortin somewhere; but how it came,

[1] Mummers. [2] On. [3] Reason why. [4] Betty.

Or where it was, I cannot say;
But the women is allis big that way.
And when he was home again—aw, the work!
And *what would become?* and that ould Turk
Of a Pazon's wife began to smell
A rat, and at him, and made him tell
About Christmas—and *he'd tried and tried,*
And he couldn' help it, if he died:
And heaven help him! and what was the use?
And he'd either get her or he'd go to the deuce!
And at first she called him a fool; and she said
She raelly believed he was wrong in the head.

But she soon found that would never do;
And then she came over to the Brew
To see ould Anthony's wife; and says she:—
"Oh Missis Lee! oh Missis Lee!"
And *would she advise her?* and—"Oh Missis Gale!
Sit down!" and—"You're lookin' very pale!"
And *whatever?* And at it the two of them went,
And *a little sup of peppermint*—
"It's good for the narves"—and "Lawk-a-day!"
And "you gave me a start!' And "you don't mean to say
Miss Christmas! mum—aw dear! aw dear!"
And out with it all—and "Did you ever hear!"
And *A terrible secret! and not to be tould*
On no account to a livin' soul.
D'ye see how foolish the woman was?
And it's often the way with people that's close
And keepin' back, and showin' nothin'—
They'll go to the very pesson they oughtn',
And demane theirselves to some ould churl
That's bound to blab it to all the world.
Aw dear! aw dear! they take a delight—
She tould it to Betsy that very night.
And what d'ye think the Pazon's wife
Had got to tell? God bless my life!
It wasn' only George and Rose,
But the Pazon! Well you'll hardly suppose—
But the Pazon, I tell ye! gettin' too fond
Of Christmas! and *the carryin' on*—

And—*never sundered*[1]—aw, as jealous
As the divil himself—and who blew the bellows
But Anthony's wife? And "O Missis Gale!"
And "Yes! Missis Gale!" and "No! Missis Gale!"
And *'deed and 'deed!*[2] *and scoffers would mock;*
And *what a example to the flock!*
"And the family! the family
You come of! Missis Gale," says she—
"Some of the very first that's goin'!
And to think! and to think! but there's never knowin'!"
That was a nice sort of talk, I'll swear,
For a wife, and a Pazon's wife, to hear—
Aw, takin' it in as sweet as puddin'—
And "Yes! my lady"; and *No! she wouldn'!*
And the fortin she'd brought him, and her a match
For the best in the counthry, and glad of the catch!
"Aye indeed! You'll 'scuse me, mam!
But it's only spakin' the truth I am!"—
And to think a woman that locked away
Her soul in a safe, and hid the key,
Would give an ould craythur like Misthress Lee
The chance to take such a liberty?
But jealous! jealous! or mad? which is it?
Aw, it's the divil's own claw in any one's gizzit![3]
And pride and dacency will go
When that ould cock begins to crow.
And Misthress Lee—d'ye think for a minute
The ould humbug believed there was anythin' in it?
Not her! that's just the talk I heard
From ould Peggy long after—aw, every word.
Of coorse! of coorse! But the very next day—
To Betsy—it was another say—
Poor Missis Gale now! dear! aw dear!
What was at her![4] *and—terrible queer!*
And—*the notions and the stuff she'd got!*
And *she ought to be ashamed, she ought!*
D'ye hear? of coorse! But true it ess[5]—
Rael good women is very skess![6]

[1] Separate. [2] Indeed and indeed.
[3] Gizzard. [4] The matter with her. [5] Is. [6] Scarce.

And the two of them made it up, I suppose,
To have it out with the Christmas Rose.
And ould Anthony's wife was tellin' how,
And what she said, and all the row.
And they got her in the parlour together,
And George not at home, nor the Pazon either:
And then she turned up the whole o' the midden,
And Lee's wife backed her, but she said she didn',
But I know she did, but never mind!
And first about George—*the good and the kind*
And the studdy he was used to be—
"Now wasn' he? wasn' he? Missis Lee!"
And "Yes"; and *What had come over him then!*
And allis down at that wretched den.
Meanin' the Bull—and *what was he doin'*
At Oxford College? nothin' but ruin!
And "Christmas!" she says, "what are we to do?
And—it's all—it's all—on account of you!"
And Christmas looked—but she sat quite still—
And looked; and her look was terrible—
Misthress Lee was sayin'—and with that look
The Misthress got quite 'cited and shook
And trembled all over, and went on quicker,
All flurried lek, like a woman in liquor—
And cryin' and cryin'! and *what had she done?*
And—"Oh my son! my son! my son!"

But when she cried in that distress,
The Christmas flew like a bird to her breast,
And clung and clung; and "Mother dear!
Oh let me! let me! let me be here!
Mother! mother! oh be my mother!"
And Missis Gale gave a kind of a shuddher—
"Oh, I long for your love! oh if—oh if—"
But Missis Gale got very stiff—
"If I could always be like this!
Your child! your own! oh one, *one* kiss!—"
And the mawther gave her a little pat
Betwix' the shoulders, just like that!—
Coaxin' though—"O mother! mother!"
Says Christmas, "George is a darling brother—

But more than that—" and she kind o' moan't[1]—
"O mother! mother! oh don't! oh don't!"
And—"Some other time," she says, "I'll try,"
Says the Christmas Rose, "to tell you why.
But now!" she says, and she cuddled to her—
"I never was like this before!
Love me, mother!"—Aw, the Misthress's face,
Was a thing to see—and "Listen!" she says—
"Will you have George? oh, I'm goin' mad!
O Christmas! have him! for the love of God!"

Then Christmas lifted her face, and sent
All the love and the wonderment
And the pain and the longin' and the sighs
Straight into that ould woman's eyes.
And—"Be merciful!" she said, and bent
Her head again; but the woman meant
No mercy—no! "Stand off!" she cried,
And all the rage and all the pride
And all the jealousy come tearin'
In one blast through her soul, like the way you're hearin'
A storm in the woods on a winter's day,
When the trees has no sap, and cranches away.
"Stand off! you viper!" she said; and *oh*,
If she'd only known this long ago,
"I'd have smothered her, I'd have smothered her
In her cradle!" she said—Missis Lee didn' stir,
But snivelin' lek—"I would!" she said:
"*Mother!* and *Mercy!*" and she spread
Her arms all wild—"Oh, I know your art;
And you've robbed me of my husband's heart!"
And then she went on, and ravin' and ravin',
That Misthress Lee thought it was time to be lavin'.
But—"No! Missis Lee!" and "The wretch! and the schamer!"[2]
And—"Look on her, Missis Lee! and shame her!"
And *what of Rose?* aye! what of Rose?
All the blood that was in her froze,
And she stood like an image made of stone,
A dreadful thing to look upon,

[1] Moaned. [2] Schemer.

Ould Lee's wife said ; and neither fear,
Nor anger, nor anything was there ;
But just the beautiful and the strong—
And she cowed that ould woman with the bitter tongue
Till she hadn' another word to say,
But down in a chair and snivelled away,
And the two of them lek houldin' in,
And sniffin' and snuffin' and slobberin'—
And never a word all the time from Rose,
But keepin' her eye on them ; and she goes,
And out on the door, and—"The fiend ! the fiend !"
Says the Misthress then—My queen—my queen !

And was thè Pazon's wife raelly jealous !
Yes ! and a woman should allis tell us
If so be we're not lovin' enough—
In our ways, I mean ; for we're apt to be rough,
Bein' men, you know, and not thinkin' about it—
But the women, you see, can't do without it.
They like to be loved, and the love to be showed
Middlin' plain—aye that's the road !
And there's odds [1] of women and odds of men ;
And this Misthress Gale she wouldn' pretend
She cared, and dying all her life
Because she wasn' a happy wife—
And the Pazon not knowin', the aisy he was,
The fire that was undher all that frost.
For she never made no sort of complaint,
And goin',[2] and seemin' well content :
So that's the way she got mad, ye see ;
At least—well, a sort of mad it 'd be—
And plenty of love to have for the asin' [3]—
Aw, the poor Pazon ! aw, the poor Pazon !
I never knew was he tould or what,
But it's lek she'd be at him after that—
I don't know, and I don't want to know—
Poor ould man ! But, whether or no,
He'd enough to put up with, I'll be bail,
Aw, plenty ! plenty ! had Pazon Gale.

[1] Different kinds.
[2] Going about her ordinary pursuits. [3] Asking.

And George to Oxford again, and wuss
Than ever, and kickin' a terrible dust,
And makin' the money fly like blazes,
As if the chap was as rich as Crayzus.
But not for long—for one fine mornin'
Without ever the smallest taste of warnin',
What did he do but ax a lot
Of chaps to his breakfast (a way they've got—
The quality—chut![1] what a fool I am!);
And there was the eggs, and there was the ham,
Aw, a terrible spread—but George, behould yer!
Was off long ago, with a gun on his shouldher
And a dog in a chain. The chap that was tellin'
Was at College with George; and his eyes was swellin'
With tears when he tould—and a nice sort of lad,
And tould the Pazon all he had,
Bein' come a-purpose, you know, and tryin'
To tell it the best he could, and eyein'
The Rose—yes! yes! for George had tould
The sore he was, and the sick in his sowl
About her; and her eye met yandhar young man's,
And then she hid her face in her hands:
And then the ould woman began with her talk,
And the Pazon gets up to go out for a walk;
And says he to the lad:—"Will you come with me?"
And over the fields and out to the sea,
The young man said: but he didn' tell
Much about that, and maybe as well.
But they walked till it was gettin' night,
And the Pazon, he said, was very quite;
And at last he sat down, like for him to be goin',
And he says:—"I'd wish to be alone!"
But kind—and the young man bowed and went—
Aw, a very civil surt of a gent—
Not so free; but stayin' at the Bull,
And sittin' there, and the kitchen full,
And lookin'—you know the way they'll stare,
And no pipe at him, but just a cigar—
And all of them knowin' of coorse what for he
Was come, and very silent and sorry.

[1] Tut!

Aw, the quality doesn' think, d'ye see,
Such fellows has feelin's—but let that be!

Well, the next we heard of this poor chap,
He was seen somewhere a drivin' a trap
To a station, and never a dog or a gun,
And carryin' on though with jokes and fun;
And then a spreein' away at a fair
Somewhere about in Lancasheer—
And took up with a hurdy-gurdy gel—
And trampin' the country—aw well, well, well!
And grindin' the urgan;[1] and her on the green
A poundin' away with the tambourine—
Aw, mad though, and goin' ahead like a fool;
And down at last to Liverpool;
And aboard a brig that was just a startin'
For Austrilia—the *Orpheus*, Captain Martin—
I knew the man—and up to the diggins,
And married there to a gel called Higgins,
I'm tould a dacent woman enough;
And him stickin' to her, but fond of the stuff—
And all to that;[2] and twins, bedad!
The very first year! aw, bless the lad!
And losin' the wife, and losin' heart,
And losin' all; and makin' a start,
And beggin' about among the farms,
With them two childher in his arms.
That's the last I heard—aw, every bit!
And I'm sore whenever I think of it.

Wait then! wait! and I'll try to tell
About the gel—about the gel—
About *her*—yes! yes! I know! I know—
You'll not take rest[3]—just so! just so!
Still—half-a-minute—and then—and then
(I'm feelin' very strange, my men!)—
Half-a-minute (very queer)—
Half-a-minute—(aw dear! aw dear!)
Half-a—half-a——Well, here goes!
This is what happened to the Christmas Rose.

[1] Organ. [2] So forth. [3] Be satisfied.

It was harvest-time, and terrible warm,
And me a-shearin' on the Lheargy farm;
And rather late givin' over though,
And home, and a good piece of road to go,
And takin' the shortest cut I could,
And crossin' a stream and a bit of a wood,
And out on the headlands over the bay,
And I saw a cloud very far away,
But comin', comin', bound to come,
And the deep low growl of the thunder-drum;
And steady, steady, sollum, slow,
As if it knew where it had to go;
Comin', comin', like it would be
Comin' a purpose for somebody—
(Was it *them* that had the power
Gave to them in that dreadful hour?)
And low, rather low; then higher, higher,
Till it kissed the cairn with a kiss of fire—
Once—like the twinklin' of an eye—
Once—and the long back-suck and the sigh
Of the silence—and terrible far away
Flash flashed to flash behind the sea;
And back and back till you couldn' see fuddher,[1]
Like passin' something to one another.
And—was it a sheep, or was it a flag
That white spot on the Belfry crag
I couldn' tell, and wondhering,
And up through the goss, and up through the ling
As quick—it was her! it was her! Yes! yes!
Dead though, dead, and gript in her fist
A bunch of blue bells that was growin' there,
And sea-pinks twisted through her hair:
And never a spot and never a speck
But just a black mark under the neck;
And her breast all open—my God! that breast!
The beautifullest and the loveliest!
But I covered it up—aw, I did, and I ran
Down to the Pazon's like a crazy man,
And I shouted . . . well! well! that'll do! that'll do!
They took her—aye, them two! them two!

[1] Further.

They took her, it's lek to be with them
In the Heavenly Jerusalem,
Or wherever it is. And you'll aisy belave
Her grave is next to the darkey's grave—
And the Pazon is often sittin' theer,
Partikler in the Spring of the year—
And to this day there's no man knows
Who or what was the Christmas Rose.

III

CAPTAIN TOM AND CAPTAIN HUGH

YOU'RE wantin' to hear about them two,
Captain Tom and Captain Hugh,
Very well! Very well!
But it isn' much of a story to tell;
But—however—it's lek you know who you've got—
Middlin' willin' whether or not.

Now these two Captains they were all allowin'
Was the best that was sailin' out of Castletown;
And the two of them went to school together,
And never no relations either—
But up the Claddagh [1] agate o' buck-kyones,[2]
And ticklin' troutses under the stones,
Or down at the Race, or out at the Mull,
Or over plaguin' Lukish's bull,
Or any fun that was goin', ye see,
Where the one was, the other would be;
And stickin' mortal close, and backin'
One another up, whatever was actin' [3]—
Backin' one another still,
And reared though very respectable,
Lek accordin' to their station;
And goin' a teachin' navigation,

[1] Marsh. [2] A kind of fish. [3] Going on.

At[1] Masthar Cowin that was general known
For the grandest masther that was goin',
A one-armed man—aw, I'll be bound
You had to look slippy[2] if you went to Cowin;
That's the man that could trim a scholar;
Only wink, and the hook in your collar,
And wouldn' listen to no excuse,
And workin' the kiddhag[3] like the deuce.

So these two lads got on though, aye!
Got on, I tell ye, and passin' by
Ouldher men, and very much lek'd,[4]
And studdier till[5] you'd expect.
So from one thing to another they came
To be skippers of smacks, the two of them—
Masther Corteen's—you'll have heard of him—
No? Well, raely! but that's the way,
And every dog must have his day.

So when they got married, they wouldn' be beat,
But it was two sisthers they were schamin' to get,
And got them, by the name of Sayle,
And a nice bit of money to their tail;
And right enough, and not felt on the farm—
Aw, a little money 'll do no harm,
Not it, but only just to take care
You'll have it on the land, d'ye hear?
Aye, that's your sort—aw, very nice,
And the bigger the loaf, the bigger the slice;
But still there's some 'll take the huff,
And grab will never have enough:
But what with the lean, and what with the fat,
Maybe a hundherd pound or that;
And a little inthress[6] in the will,
Aye—bless ye! very comfible.
Good wives they were, let alone the tin,
And chrizzenin'[7] for chrizzenin',
And as handsome a breed as ever you'd see,
And very nice and orderly.

[1] By. [2] Sharp. [3] Left hand. [4] Liked.
[5] Steadier than. [6] Interest. [7] Christening.

For the sisthers was livin' next door to each other,
And civil to all, but cautious rather;
And wouldn' have their childher tearin'
Out on the sthreet, and cussin', and swearin',
And raggin' their clothes. And Ned Ballachrink,
The uncle, that was mostly in dhrink,
Wasn' never suffered to come nigh them,
As if his very look would desthroy them.
And still they might have been his own,
He was that fond of them; and you'll never be knowin'
What the lek is feelin'; but either woman—
No matter—let her see the uncle comin'
And it was up the stair with the childher straight;
And longin' shockin', but not a sight
To be seen of the one of them: and maybe he'd catch
A sound like little birds under the thatch,
Or the way they stir themselves in bushes
Of a moonlight night—you'll hear these thrushes—
And the Ballachrink, he'd look and he'd listen,
And them knowin' parfec'[1] what was he missin',
But he darn' say a word, or if he did,
It was—*some chickens they'd got on the laff*,[2] they said;
And no lie for all, just a way to spake—
Aw, exlen'[3] women, and no mistake.

Now it wasn' often the husbands would chance
To be at home together, maybe once
On the summer, ye know; and you'd see the whole crew o' them
Out in the garden that was doin' for the two o' them.
They were looking fuss-rate was yandhar chaps,
And the women wearin' their Sunday caps,
And all the little things as nate, ye know—
'Deed it was worth your while to go
Of an everin' there, and look over the wall,
And as nice and as happy though, for all;[4]
And every one with his little bason
Under the trammon,[5] aw, putty amazin'![6]

[1] Perfectly. [2] Loft. [3] Excellent.
[4] However. [5] Elder tree. [6] Amazingly pretty.

And even the poor Ballachrink 'd be gettin'
Admission them times, and the way he'd be sittin'.
And eyein' the childher, and axin' to taste,
Half tight, you know, but the love in his face—
The sowl—and well, it's a pity too
Of the lek, and puzzlin' what to do—
A good-nathured craythur, and would allis be hevvin'[1]
His pockets stuffed with knobs to be gevvin'[2]
To the youngsters; and watchin', you know, and 'd try
To pop them in their porridge on the sly.
But big at the talk, aw, very big;
And disputin' there about the rig
Of a vessel, and reefin', and lee shores,
And this and that, and to work their course—
Aw, it's him that 'd larn them—and "Look!" he'd say,
"D'ye see the thing?"—and—"Here's the bay";
And—*such a wind*, and how he'd contrive her—
"Up peak, my lads, down jib, and jive[3] her!"
Chut! of all the foolishness!
And Captain Tom with the chin on the bress,[4]
And smookin' studdy all the while,
And maybe just a little smile.

But that's the when[5] you'd see, mind you!
The difference of Captain Hugh,
That 'd turn very sharp, and walk a bit,
And rux[6] the shouldhers, and blow the spit,
Lek contemptible lek, and growl
Like a savage dog, and couldn' hould[7]
To hear such stuff—aw, that was the man—
Impatient mostly, you'll understand—
Hot, very hot, in general—
That was Captain Hugh, for all.

So the years went by, and the childher grew,
And the ouldest boy of Captain Hugh
Fell in love with the ouldest gel
Of Captain Tom—aw, terrible!
"Love again?" now steady! steady!

[1] Having. [2] Giving. [3] Jibe. [4] Breast.
[5] Time. [6] Shrug. [7] Bear.

Fell in love though did this laddie.
And the nither of them knew a bit
How they ever come to think of it—
Bein' reared like a sisther with a brother,
And used, you know, of one another.

Well, this Hughie though was a reg'lar bould chap—
They were callin' him Hughie after the ould chap—
Hughie, not Hugh, for a differ[1] lek—
Aw, a plucky lad and no mistake;
A splendid hand aboord of a boat—
Aw, he'd stick to anything that 'd float—
Would Hughie—aye—and none of your sauce
Nor brag; and the proud the father was
To see him when he was only a little mossel
With his two reefs tied, and his jib and fo'sail—
Stole[2] of coorse; and the sea tha 'd[3] be there!
And the owner shoutin' on the pier—
And my lad with the taffystick[4] in his fist,
And strainin' his back against the list[5]—
Aw, into the rail! into the rail!
And as sollum as if he was carryin' the mail—
And all the sheets trained aft to his hand—
And to see him lie to was raelly grand,
Waitin' his chance to come over the bar,
And the father would call, and the owner would swear;
And the little rascal would keek[6] like a gull
Under his boom, and wait for a lull,
And humoured the boat, and pacified her,
Feelin' everything like a spider,
Till he saw the nick,[7] and afore you'd be knowin',
His helm was up, his jib was drawin',
And a lift and a leap and a jerk and a joult,
And he sent her in like a thunderboult.

Then of coorse he'd have to make the best of it,
Jawin' and lickin' and all the rest of it,
And done him no harm, the little midge,

[1] Distinction. [2] Stolen. [3] That would.
[4] Tiller, lit. stick of toffy. [5] Leaning over of the boat.
[6] Peep. [7] Of time.

And the Captain sthooin'[1] him over the bridge—
But aisy to see, whatever he done,
It's proud enough he was of the son.

He was rather silent lek was the Captain,
And not the sort of a man to be rapt in
A son or a gun—but he said one day
To the ould High-Bailiff down on the quay
That Hughie 'd take a boat through the Sound
With any man in Castletown.
So the High-Bailiff gave a little laugh,
And "What!" he says, "through the Sound of the Calf!
I doubt it, Captain!" he says, "I doubt it":
And the people was tellin' they had words about it.
But that may be—but still, dear heart!
There's no doubt at all the lad was smart.
I've seen him myself coming under our quarter,
And the skiff at[2] him there nearly full of water;
And he'd lay alongside for a bit to bail her,
And then he'd cast off, and take and sail her,
And just a little latteen with a hook at[3] it,
And he'd make the harbour when we couldn' look at it.

Smart he was, but silent very,
Like the father, you know, and never merry
Nor frisky lek, but thoughtful still—
For the skipper could talk when he had the will;
Aw, it's himself that had the bitter tongue,
Partikler when he was a little sprung,
And terrible standin' on his right;
But as for the boy he was allis quite.[4]
And if the father loved the lad,
He wasn' showin' it much, bedad—
Short and sharp and hard to plaze—
Aw, he wasn' a lovin' man in his ways
At all—no! no! But the lad was lovin';
Even when he was a little thing he'd be shovin'
Hisself betwixt the father's legs,
The way a little puppy begs;
And the Captain's hand on the little mop[5]

[1] Driving. [2] With. [3] To. [4] Quiet. [5] Of hair.

Just absent-lek, and wouldn' stop
Whatever he was doin', or maybe
Doin' nothin' at all; and the little baby
Rubbin' and rubbin' and feelin' him,
And the Captain sittin' very grim—
And never a kiss for the little sowl,
Nor nothin', the craythur! so I'm tould.
But there's pessons like that though, isn' there, John?
Starin' out at the horizon!
Some people's allis up the mast
Cockin' their eye to a spyin'-glass.
It's well to look a little nearer,
And—bits of infants—what's more dearer?

But the son was lovin' the father greatly—
Aw, took up in him complately;
And grew to be the very prent[1]
Of the skipper—he did—lek took and bent
To the shape of him—and the face and the walk,
And the turn and the look, and the nose like a hawk,
And the chin like an egg, and the throat like a bell—
Grew lek, grew; and of coorse you will;
Not thinkin', you know, but lookin'—aye!
Lookin', lookin', and takin' joy—
There's childher that doesn', and childher that does—
A surt of comedher,[2] I wouldn' thrus';[3]
But still a father you know—that way—
And the fond and all, but it's hard to say—
There's men that's charmin' other men,
And hardly knowin' the lek is in[4]—
Hard men too, and gove[5] to be close—
Some power that's at them, I suppose,
Like rubbed with somethin'—what's it's name?
Loadstun—aye; and women the same.
Hapes—that you wouldn' be givin' two screws for,
And gettin' more love till they've got any use for,
And others aequal goin' without,
And still a dale of it about.

[1] Print.
[2] Fascination.
[3] I would not trust, I rather think.
[4] That they exist.
[5] Given.

Now this lad was a very gentle sort,
And hadn' none of the fiery spir't
That was in the father—it's faithful he was,
Faithful, and houldin' terrible fast
To them he liked, and perseverin'
Uncommon—Look at the either steerin',
And you'd know the odds ;[1] for Hughie was all
For humourin', but the skipper would haul
On a wind no matter how it was blow'n',
Just like a dog would be peelin' a bone,
Greedy, you know, like a hungry dog,
Greedy, suckin' his luff like grog.
That's the way, and Hughie would look
On the sea like a man would read in a book,
Spellin' big spells, and gettin' them right,
But the Captain would stand like sniffin' a fight
Far off—he would—like challengin',
Suspicious lek, like sayin'—"Now then!
You're at it! are ye? Who'll strike first?
Come on, ould stockin'! do your worst!"
Like the sea and himself was swore in their teeth
To fight it out to the bitter death—
Half in anger, half in scorn,
Defyin' it, as if he was born
A purpose to triumph and have the rule of it,
Or draw its cork,[2] and make a fool of it.

Chut! there's no luck with yandhar kind,
But never mind! never mind!
Lookin' so proud—but the lek will get lave![3]
Rather like lookin' for a grave—
Seemin' to me—but—very well!
And—maybe a notion—but time will tell.
And just the same ashore as afloat,
Allis restless, and facin' to 't,
Like doubtin' if he turned his back
The sea 'd be takin' advantage lek.

Do you see the men?—well—does or doesn',
Annie they were callin' the cousin—

[1] Difference. [2] Get the better of it.
[3] Such people will get leave = may do what they like . . . yet, etc.

A shockin' nice gel, but slandhar though,
Slandhar, and very soople, you know;
And the hair she had, aw, bless my sowl,
Cables and cables, and 'd take and rowl
And rowl them there, and stick a pin,
And the nice and the smooth astonishin'.
She was a terr'ble modest gel was that,
And clane uncommon, and the little brat,[1]
And the little strings, and altogether—
Not azackly handsome either—
No, she wasn'; but to see her smile—
Aw 'deed![2] I'd have walked a hunderd mile—
I would—the sudden it come to be sure,
The sudden and the sweet and pure,
And spreadin' out like some lovely rose,
And fadin' away like the sunset goes,
When you'd think it wasn' willin' to die,
And it's fit to make a body cry.

So they fell in love like birds in the spring,
And the mothers began to see the thing—
And lookin' and signin', and hummin' and hemmin',
And terrible plased—the way with women.
Aw, then the colloguin'[3] that was done,
And her with the daughter, and her with the son,
And took a opportunity,
And had it out as nice as could be—
Hughie's mother that was spakin'—
And—*whatever capers*[4] *were they takin'!*
And—"Why don't you laugh, and why don't you talk?
And why don't you hev a little walk?"
And—"Come, man! give your cousin a kiss!"
And—"Bless my heart! what foolishness!"
Aw, if Hughie didn' make for the door
Like a shot, and Annie on the floor;
But made her tell, and aised her shockin'
The way her heart was goin' a knockin'—
Aw, yis!—and people should be kind
To the lek, and get them to clear their mind.
So she tould them though, and then they went

[1] Apron. [2] Indeed. [3] Consulting. [4] Absurd ideas.

And looked for Hughie, and found him lent[1]
Against the trammon;[2] and "Why, man, why?"
And—"Nonsense, Hughie!" and "Try, man, try!"
And got him in, you'll understand,
And put them sittin' hand in hand,
Aw, beautiful, and left them there,
And the dark, you know, he could hardly see her.

Then the two women took a sthroull
Along the shore, and the nither[3] ould;
But still it's lek there 'd be a little sigh,
And I wouldn' trust but a little cry,
Lek happy, you know, but middlin' plain
Their time would never come again.
And I was tould there was some that seen them too,
And they were sayin' that Annie's mother threw
Her arms very lovin' around the sister,
And hung to her a dale, and kissed her—
And so they went together linkin',[4]
And very peaceful lek, and thinkin'.
And tears is tears, no matter the from;[5]
But he was a fuss-rate husband was Captain Tom.

Fuss-rate he was—and gennaler[6]
There couldn' be, nor heartier.
Aw, happy was the people that bred him,
And happy was the woman that had him.
But 'deed the happiest of the lot
Was the man himself the way he got
To make other people happy; his face
Was reglar bustin' with happiness—
My sakes! the laugh! you never heard!
It was allis snugglin' in his beard
Somewhere, you know, bein' curly very;
But when he gave way, a blast in a quarry
Was just a fool to it—Nebuchadnessar!
Rattlin' the very plates on the dresser.
And the same man was terrible wise,
And givin' people good advice—

[1] Leaned. [2] Elder tree. [3] Neither of them.
[4] Arm-in-arm. [5] Source. [6] Kindlier.

About business lek—there's some will remember—
But of coorse—dear heart! the judge of timber,
And gardens and that—aw, every craft!
But he'd have his laugh, he'd have his laugh!

But the first these women had to do
Was to tell their story to Captain Hugh—
Mad—did ye say? God bless ye! *mad!*
No, not him—the mad or the glad,
Nor the yes or the no, nor the good or the bad,
Nor the nothin' arrim;[1] just a spit,
And a puff o' the pipe to see was he lit,
And his head on his chin and his eye on the say;
So the women had to go away.
"Well!" says Annie's mother, "he's tould!"
"Yes!" says the sisther, but cryin', the sowl!
And it's allis the same—aw, very nice,
And raisonable to rejoice
When two young things is comin' together—
But there's sure to be a bit of bother
About it someway—aw, by George!
There's lumps in every body's porr'dge;
Like ould Jemmy the Red that drove to the packet,
One hoss would go forrit,[2] and the other backit[3]—
"Dear me!" the people said;
"There's nothin' puffeck,"[4] says Jemmy the Red.

Now Captain Tom was in Ireland over;
But the very minute they saw the *Rover*
(The smack he was skipper of) makin' the Mull,
Aw, then the women took heart to the full—
'Deed if they were smellin' Captain Tom in the offin'
The whole of Castletown would be laughin'
Mostly—the liked,[5] you'll understand—
Aw, a terrible man, a terrible man!

So somebody tould him, and he slapped the thigh,
And come ashore in a blaze of joy—
In a blaze—and "Where is she? where is she, then?
The little rascal!" and—*how*, and *when?*

[1] At him, on his part. [2] Forwards. [3] Backwards.
[4] Perfect. [5] Because he was so much liked.

And—*bless his sowl!* and—*to think the deep!*
And "Come here! come here! you little sweep!"
And—"Hughie! Hughie! Tyre and Sidon!"
And—"Annie! Annie!" but Annie was hidin'.
But caught at[1] the mother somewhere in the yard,
"Ha! ha!" he says, "ha! ha! my bird!
What!" he says, "you don't know me, maybe!"
And took her off her feet like a baby;
And clasped her to his besom[2] there,
And kissed her eyes, and kissed her hair,
And kissed and kissed her everywhere—
Shockin' for kissin'! noted for it
Was Captain Tom. There's people horrit
That way with their slimin' and slobberin',
But Captain Tom was differin'—
But still—Well, in come Hughie, though,
And he dropt the gel, and he gave a crow
Out of him like a cock, very clear—
Like a cock that way—very pleasant to hear,
Hearty—eh? and gript him straight,[3]
And stood him off against the light;
And—"the sakes!"[4] and—"'Deed on[5] Hughie, for all![6]
Capital! Capital!"
And his face like the sun. And—"Hould up!" says he,
"Hould up for all! I want to see—
(And Hughie lookin' rather simple)
The polished corners of the temple—
What's this ould David is sayin' in the Psalm?
Bless my heart! the stupid I am!
The corners, it's sayin', *the polished corners*,
And—*splendid sheep*, it's sayin', and the *garners*
Full of store.—I like you, my lad!
I like you! you'll do! you'll do!" he said.
And—"Where's your father?" he said to him then;
"Dear me! he isn' half a man!"
And a passil of women outside gave a shout—
"You've got it!" they said; and he turned about—
"Hulloah!" says he, and a sort of a roar;

[1] By. [2] Bosom. [3] Immediately.
[4] For all the sakes! an interjection. [5] Only to think of.
[6] After all.

"You're right!" says the women at the door.
"He's against the match!" says the women, "he is!"
"Come now! I tell ye! be off out of this!"
Says Captain Tom's wife—*Well, dear heart!*
And—*it was only the truth they were tellin'.* "Start!"
Says Captain Tom's wife; so the women cut,
And tossin' the head, and—*A saucy slut!*
And, "Says is says, and thinks is thinks!"
And—*They were allis high, them Ballachrinks!*

And the talk was soon all over the town
That the one Captain knocked the other down,
And—*a desperate fight!* but of coorse they hadn',
And—*the evil eye that was on the weddin'*
At[1] Captain Hugh, and—*Careless! chat!*[2]
No use o' talkin'—He was a black man that!
But—*Captain Tom!* and—"Did ye see him there?"
And—*that was the man! aw dear! aw dear!*
Aw, splendid!—the hearty and the kind!
Somethin' like a father! aw, no fault to find,
But only them women!—a pair of slinks,
They hadn' no patience with them Ballachrinks!

And it's lek there'd be words; but—bless their stuff!
Captain Hugh was willin' enough!
It wasn' that. There's pessins that bright,
The whole of their body is full of light;
Lek it's sayin in the Bible—"Take care!" it's sayin',
"If the light that is in thee turn dark again
(Lek some devil's runnet[3] thick'nin' it),
Bless me!" it's sayin', "the dark you'll get!"

But it wasn' that. And still no doubt
There's people that turns theirselves inside out,
And others that turns theirselves outside in—
Was that the sort? you'll be wonderin'.
No! I don't think it—or was he haunted
At[4] some dirt of a sperrit? or was it wanted
Elsewhere he was? or a crick in his heart

[1] On the part of. [2] Tut. [3] Rennet. [4] By.

That he had to look another airt?[1]
Or——well, ye see, what you're knowin', you're knowin';
But I'll tell ye what, I'll lave it alone.

Well—this Masther Corteen I was tellin' you of
Wouldn' take no rest,[2] but it's a schooner he must have—
Aw, smacks wouldn' do for him at all—
Schooners! schooners! that's the call.
Foolish—you're sayin'? Uplifted just—
Aw, uplifted scandalous!
For what is a schooner, if you come to that?
A slink of a thing with a side like a latt,[3]
And bearin's—eh? and stowage? my gough!
A bilge like a plane, and a hould like a trough—
That's your schooners—idikkilis![4]
Give me the little gel that'll kiss
Ould Bags[5] in his teeth, and spin on her heel
Like a top, like your sweetheart dancin' a reel
In the harvest moon—aw, a smack for ever!
Chut! you can twis' her tail like a heifer!
But—of course!—and them Douglas chaps 'd be talkin'
And quiverin'[6] there—aw, big though, shockin'[7]—
Collister's ones, and Skillicorn,
And Moores, that was sailin' a vessel for'n,[8]
And the lek of that—aw, brigs and barks!
And galliotts, and Noah's arks!
Aw, you couldn' touch the Douglas fellows—
No! and feelin' middlin' jealous—
And "I'll have a schooner, up or down!"
And—*all for the honour of the town.*
And built at Boyds', and no mistake,
And goin' a launchin' up the Lake,
Or the Claddagh—is it? aye! and the scholars
Let out of the school, and terrible colours;
And a cannon there, and would have a try,
And fired, and bust the bellman's eye—
Juan Jem—a squinty man he was,
And bust in bits—and—*not much of a loss*
At all—I've heard the women say;

[1] Way. [2] Be satisfied. [3] Lath. [4] Ridiculous.
[5] The wind. [6] Bragging. [7] Very. [8] To foreign parts.

But useful is useful any day.
And a beautiful launch, you may depend,
And off the ways as smooth as a swan ;
And Jacks, and Blue Peters, and stars-and-stripes,
And the name they gave her was the *Clyps* [1]—
Or the *Clops*, or the *Clups*—what is it—eh ?
Well, it's the *Clyps* they were callin' her anyway.

So then the talk was how would he man her,
And who'd be goin' for a captain on her ;
Aw, terrible talk—but of coorse they knew
It was either Captain Tom or Captain Hugh.
And a pazil [2] of fellows down at the Crow
Was shoutin' for Captain Hugh to go ;
But the company over at the Crown,
That was general countin' [3] the best in town,
Ould Mollachreest, and Corkish the baker,
Was all for Captain Tom to take her.
So you see the people was mortal divided,
And a bit of a row, and reglar enjoyed it ;
And—*Wait then ! wait !*—and *All serene !*
He wasn' no fool, wasn' ould Corteen—
No ! And who was the head man, d'ye think ?
Who of coorse but the Ballachrink ?
Down at the Crow there every night,
And glasses round, and as tight as tight ;
And—*Healths apiece !* and—*What ll ye take ?*
Bless me, the mischief them dunkies 'll make !

He got a notion that time, you see,
A notion arrim [4] how would it be
If he could just sundher the captains a lill [5]
That they wouldn' be lek that agreeable
Lek they were used to be, on the one hand lek,
That the poor chap hadn' the smallest speck
Of a chance, you see, to get his foot in
The either house ; for he didn' care a button
About the sisthers, but just he was cravin'
For the childher—aye ! aw, reglar ravin' !

[1] *Cyclops.* [2] Parcel. [3] Accounted.
[4] At him, in his head. [5] Little.

But how would it be now how would it be!
"They'll have to give me more libbity!"
He says; and then he begun to think,
And he seen there wasn' the smallest chink
Betwix' Tom and the wife; and—"The smoother the wall
The harder to climb," says Ned, for all[1]—
Aw, Ned was sharp enough in his way—
He could tell was there shuggar in his tay,
Could Ned; he knew where to hammer a tack in,
So it's Captain Hugh that he was backin'.

Backin' uncommon; and terrible truck[2]
Betwix' them two, like an aigle took[3]
To be friends with a pay-cock—that was about it—
And he puffed and he blowed, and he roored and he shoutit,
And he quivered the fist; and "What!" he said,
"Captain Tom to walk over the head
Of Captain Hugh; What sense!" he was sayin';
And—*God bless his sowl! and wasn' it plain?*
Captain Tom! of coorse! of coorse!
But—Captain Hugh, they were on diff'rin floors
Altogether—Was it blind they were?
Did they know who they had? Was there any compare?
And—"The two of them," he says, "is relations
Of mine," he says; "but, look here! my patience!"
And snaps the fingers, and taps the stick,
And gives a nod, and around as quick,
And faces up against one of the men
Behind him there; and at it again—
And over the Craves,[4] and all down New Street,
And up Kirk Arbory and Kirk Malew Street,
And the Green, and Cowles, and the Flukin' pool,
Everywhere you'd hear this fool—
But special at the Crow—Aw, there
He was all in his glory, and took the chair,
And wondherful, consider'n' the gin—
You'd have thought it was the High-Bailiff himself that was in—
Proposed and seconded—and—*Them*

[1] However. [2] Communication, intimacy. [3] Who had taken.
[4] A street in Castletown.

That's in favour—you know—aw, bless ye! it came
As natheral—amazin' though
The way the lek can work the jaw—
And he stuck to Captain Hugh like a leech,
And grips the arm, and over the beach,
And past the quay, and down the pier,
Showin' him off lek walkin' there,
And the nose on the cock, like snuffin' a smell,
Lek—*Clear the road!* lek something to sell.

But howsomedever—Peter or Paul,
Captain Tom was the captain for all—
Aye, he was—Of a Saturday night
The orders were out, and a reglar fight
At the Countin'-house door—and—"Who then? who?
Is it Captain Tom? Is it Captain Hugh?"
And—"Hip hoorah!" and over the town,
And away to the Crow, and away to the Crown—
And the Ballachrink though, sittin' as grand,
And the pipe in his mouth, and the glass in his hand—
Aw, a terrible big man at the Crow,
A sort of a gentleman, you know—
The way with these farmers—and his Sunday hat,
And a frill on his shirt, and all to that.[1]
And—"Well!" he says, "There's no mistake
Who's goin' for Captain; it's all correct,"
He says, "it's settled," he says, "my hearties";
And—*Of coorse!* and—*The influential parties*
That was at Corteen, and not once nor twice;
But the man knew where to go for advice;
Aye! aye! and got it; and what for wouldn' he?
A brother-in-law! and what for shouldn' he?
But wait! but still—aw, dear! to think!
"*I'll lave it to you then, Ballachrink.*"
In the parlour—aye! "But mind ye! my men,
You'll never be mentionin' this again!"
Aw, all in his glory—and the chaps goin' nudgin'
And winkin' there, the way you'd be judgin'
He'd see they were laughin'; and did and didn';
Lek you'll see a cock upon a midden,

[1] So forth.

Scratchin'—lek he was sayin' to the hens—
"Look out!" he says, "my gough! there's grains!
There's grains!" he says; and the dirt goin' flyin';
And he'll scratch and scratch, and the hens 'll be eyein'
One another, and smilin' lek,
And may be bitendin'[1] to give a little peck,
For manners, you know, lek knowin' his way,
But just the same lek meanin' to say—
For all he thinks hisself that clever—
"The ould chap's gettin' wuss till ever!"

Well, there he was, so in comes a lad,
And—"It's Captain Tom that's got her," he said—
Aw, the poor Ballachrink! "You sniffikin falla!"[2]
(You could ha' heard him up at Ballasalla)
"You blockit!" he says; "how dar' ye!" he says;
"Ger urro that!"[3] and quivers the fist—
Aw, the chap made tracks—And—"I must, I must!"
Says the Ballachrink, "or else I'll bust."
And he laughed and he laughed—and "Keep her so!"
And—"Certainly! but knowin', you know!"
And the laugh—But it wasn' long before
The whole mob-beg[4] was outside of the door,
And no mistake, and "Hip Hooraa!
It's Captain Tom—where's ould Dadaa?"[5]
Meanin' the Ballachrink—the fond
He was of the childher; and —"*Where was he gone?*"
And—"Hurroose!" Aw, bless ye! no respeck
At[6] these lumps of boys, aw, that's a fack!

But the Ballachrink begun to look queer,
And he gave a start, and he gave a stare;
And Corteen's head clerk come in through the row,
And no mistake about it now—
And the Ballachrink gave a leap and a cry,
Aw, dear! but he made the pint-joughs[7] fly,
And his hair all on end, and his mouth all frothin'—
"Hugh!" he said; but Hugh said nothin'—
"I'll go myself," he says, "this minute;

[1] Pretending. [2] Insignificant fellow. [3] Get out of that.
[4] Little mob; mob of boys. [5] Dad.
[6] On the part of. [7] Ale mugs.

I'll know what raison is there in it;
What right, what dacency, what sense!
Clear the road! I'll go at once!"
"Aw, stay where you are!" says the clerk; "when a bone
Is picked, it's better to lave it alone";
He says, says the clerk—Aw, then the fury—
You never—Herod, King of Jewry,
With all his tantrims, couldn' touch him!
"*Ruch!*[1] is he? the dirty ould fool! I'll *ruch* him!"
And out in the lobby, but he didn' get no furdher—
"Here's ould Dadaa comin'! murdher! murdher!"
The people began; and he strooghed[2] his clothes
And studdied hisself agin the post,
And gave them a speech—aw, didn' he though?
And this and that—and—*He'd have them to know;*
And—*who was he?* and—*a black disgrace,*
And a shame and a scandal to the place;
And—"Justice!" he says; and—"We'll have it bynby!"[3]
And—Captain Tom! he wouldn' deny—
But him to be captain of a schooner!
Did they think he ever worked a lunar
In his life, or heard of the lek? not him!
And Captain Hugh that knew the trim
Of every craft that ever floated
And could work his distance; and noted, noted!
Noted! he said, *for the navigation—*
"God bless me! let every man keep to his station!"
"Hooraa!" says the people, "that's the stick!
Give it to them! give it to them, Dick!"
And a hiss in his ear—"That'll do! that'll do!"
And turns—and there was Captain Hugh—
Like the thunder itself—and—"Draw these men
Some liquor!" he said to the woman; and then—
"Come!" he says, and just like a stone—
The poor Ballachrink! and liquor goin'!
But it wasn' no use—like a stone! like a flint!
"Stand back the lot!" and away they went.

And—"The childher! aw, the childher though!
Aw, Hugh, good soul!" and—*whither*[4] *or no*

[1] Rich. [2] Stroked, straightened. [3] By and by. [4] Whether.

And—*it wasn' his fault—now was it? was it?*
"Aw, the childher! aw, the little closet!
Aw, Hugh!" and—"You promised! yes! you did!
Aw, let me see the craythurs in bed!"
And cryin'—bless ye! Wasn' Billy Fauldher
Sheltrin' behind a yawl there?
And didn' he hear? and fit to split—
But I'd be thinkin' it was rather a bit
Sorrowful lek—but all depandin'[1]—
And he wouldn' go on; and he kept him standin'
Agin the boat—and—"Do la![2] do!"
"You're far too drunk to-night," says Hugh.
"No! no!" he says; "just look at me then!
The sober I am is astonishin'!"
And coaxed and coaxed, and—*the careful he'd be!*
Till at last the Captain said he'd see.
"In bed! in bed! aw, honour bright!"
Says the Ballachrink; "All right! all right,"
Says Captain Hugh; "And you'll get them to say
Their little prayers though anyway—
Yes! yes! aw, Hughie! the little prayers!
Aw, whose is God list'nin' to, if it isn' theirs?
Bless father and mother (the little birds!)
And Uncle Edward! isn' them the words?
Eh? Hughie, eh? aw, the lovely things!
Like angels, lek tuckin' their little wings
Under their shirts, and the hands it's lekly[3]
Goin' claspin'[4] there! Aw, let's start directly!
Come, Hughie!" "The dhrunk ye are to be sure!"
Says Hugh; and so they come to the door.
And they axed for a light, and it's up they'd go;
But the mistress didn' half like it, ye know,
'Deed she didn'—and *What sort of a state*
Was that to be comin', and couldn' they wait
Till the mornin'—and the childher fast—
And it was reglar out of all order it was—
Yes! And she did objeck, she did,
And they'd better take and be off to bed
Theirselves. And—"As for that sot," says she;

[1] Depending (on circumstances). [2] Interjection.
[3] Likely. [4] Clasping.

"Aye, woman? Is it erluding to me
You are?" says the Ballachrink, "now is it?
Because, if a gentleman pays a visit
To his brother-in-law," he says, "he's expectin'
Quite a differin' way of actin'—
Now look here!" he says, "I'll tell you what!
It's just the dirty temper you've got—
That's it! the dirty temper—aye!
Aw, ye needn' begin to cry—
You're the talk o' the town," he says, "with your tongue!
Capers!"[1] he says; "and you're not so young
But you might have some sense," he says, "with it too!"
"Hould your jaw!" says Captain Hugh—
"The light!" he says; "I mean to have it!
The light! the light!" and the woman gave it;
And the brat[2] to her face, and followed them there,
And sobbin' lek, and up the stair—
And freckened[3] of fire, and stood outside
The door—the soul! and cried, and cried.

So these two divils in to the childher—
And a little boy, and a little gel there—
Aw, beautiful! as white as snow—
The very best of calico!
Bless ye! there wasn' no houldin'[4] them chaps!
And the little frills around their caps
And all—aw, they'd have it! aw, 'deed they would!
They'd have it, and they'd have it good.
And three bedrooms there, and all with ceilin's!
Money! bless ye! like priddha[5] peelin's!
Aw, square was square, and round was round,
And Castletown was Castletown
Them times—aw, it's there the money was made—
Hapes! man; hapes! my word! the trade!

So the Ballachrink made a run and a dart,
And the little things wakened with a start—
And the big man there! and his face as red!
And the hair goin' flyin' about his head!

[1] Nonsense. [2] Apron. [3] Afraid.
[4] They couldn't be held, or restrained. [5] Potato.

And slobberin', you know—but seein' the father—
Aw, he was for atin' them altogether,
Clane devourin'—"Aw, dear! the soft!
The lovely!" he says—"Hands off! hands off!"
Says Captain Hugh—"Aw, just a touch!
Aw, one little foot! aw, it isn' much!"
"No! no!" says Hugh; "Keep against that wall!"
The women, ye see, was tellin' all—
Knowin'! God bless ye! Peggy Shimmin!
What *ar'n'* they knowin'? catch the women!

So the Ballachrink got quite,[1] they were sayin',
Humble lek, and didn' complain,
Nor nothin'—but "The little prayer," he says,
"And the little hymn, and the little vess[2]—
Blessed Jesus! strong to save!"
Aye! but he promised he'd behave.
So then these little things was riss,[3]
And put on their knees agin the chiss;[4]
And "Our Father" they said though, very nice,
But rather trimblin' with their little vice;
And then they rose the hymn—aw, dear!
Like little robin-redbreasts there—
Aw, the Ballachrink was done complate,
And he cried and cried most desperate,
Puttin' them out, you'll understand;
And then these little mossels began,
And cried treminjus; and the mother couldn' hould
Any longer, and she come in, poor soul!
And there was Ned, and the tears goin' splatch,
Like the rain is drippin' off the thatch:
But Hugh was turned away, and he stood,
And his face was fixed on the risin' flood;
And a scran[5] of a moon hung dead in the south,
But never a word from either man's mouth,
But—"Jean myghin orrin, peccee hrie"[6]—
The Ballachrink was groanin'—aye!
Lek you'd be know'n', if you could understand him,

[1] Quiet. [2] Verse. [3] Raised.
[4] Chest. [5] Scrap (properly of a cheese).
[6] Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners.—*Litany.*

For the Lord to have mercy lek upon him—
Just so—And "It's not much *myghin*[1] you'll get,
Says the sisther, and hushed the childher a bit—
"*Myghin* indeed!" But then she thought
He was her brother, and the ould spot,
And the times, you see, when they were young;
And she checked the anger on her tongue,
And she went and put her hand on his shouldher,
And she saw the man the way he looked ouldher
And broken lek, and "Look up!" she said,
"Look up man, Edward! be comforted!
And come down stairs with me, man, come!
And warm, and then you'll be goin' home!"
"Aw, no!" he says, "I like this place—
There's a dale of pace,[2] a dale of pace
Here," he says; but she coaxed him though,
And coaxed, and got him persuaded to go,
And sat a bit, but didn' spake;
And then the woman got him to take
A basin of milk to steady him,
And took and led him across the strame,
And into the town and very quite,
And got the hoss, and home with him straight.

So you'll be thinkin'? not a bit of it!
Bad blood! bad blood! and they couldn' get quit of it.
For whatever you might do or say,
You know what was Hugh, so that's the way.
Bad blood! I tell you. And you'll aisy suppose
Whenever the *Clyps* was showin' her nose—
Why, bless ye! the very first trip that was arrer[3]
Captain Hugh was waitin' for her
Aback o' Langlish;[4] and the two of them,
The smack and the schooner in ballast trim;
Aw, he gave her a dustin'—and raison he would,[5]
Just a dead beat at them all the road—
Aw, she could have given the schooner 'crase,[6]
Mortal slippy in her stays
Was yandhar smack—the *Mona's Pride*

[1] Mercy. [2] Peace. [3] At her, she had.
[4] Langness. [5] Good reason he should. [6] Increase, start.

They were callin' her, and built at Boyd
The same as the *Clyps*, but a dale more spring,
With the worked,[1] you know, and everything
Like shuttles runnin'; but new or ould,
A smack with a schooner! bless my soul!

So it was allis racin' after that,
Racin', racin', for he wouldn' be beat:
Blow high, blow low; come fire, come thunder,
Everything she could shiver under—
Sky-rakers, moon-scrapers—
And talk about them in the papers.
And he'd be hidin' there with his topsail low'rt[2]
In Dreshwick somewhere, or under the Fort;
And Captain Tom 'd be lyin' to,
To see would he go ahead, you know;
But the fo'sil 'd be over like a shot,
And he'd wait; and it's wuss and wuss he got,
Stickin' to Captain Tom like a leech,
And they never come to no manner of speech
About it at all—Captain Tom would have lekt,[3]
But Hugh—well, now, you could hardly expect.

Then the Ballachrink got a notion, you see,
It was his duty to look after the family
When Hugh was away—aw, terrible big!
And he'd come and he'd sit outside in the gig,
And call to the sisther; and—for her *to look smart*—
And—this and that—and—"Bless my heart!"
And—"Look here!" and—*did she understand?*
And—*mind she wasn' extravagan'!*
And—"hould this hoss!" and *he'd have a look;*
And—*was she puttin' everythin' in a book?*
And in with him there; and piffin' and puffin',
And op'nin' the cupboard, and sniffin' and snuffin';
And—"Very well!" he'd say, "but you see
Of coorse your husband is lookin' to me!"
And up the stair, and eyein' about him.
It's a wonder to me she didn' clout him;

[1] On account of having been worked so much.
[2] Lowered. [3] Liked.

But no! she didn', but held the hoss—
A patient craythur if ever there was.

One day he come, and spades and picks,
And the man-servant with him, and—*They were goin' to fix*
The garden, he said; and—what did they do
But took and divided the garden in two
With a lump of[1] a hedge? so the women said—
"Whatever!" "I'll tell ye *whatever*," says Ned:
"The *whatever*—it's a sundherin',"
He said, "a separationin'!
Come now! that's the whatever!" says he.
Says the women—"Where's your 'torrity?"[2]
"'Torrity!" says Ned, "aw, dear!
Is it 'torrity?" he says, "look here!
Whose writin' is that—eh? Chapter and vess!
I think you'd better go in," he says.
And sure enough he had the letter
From Captain Hugh: so says he, "You'd better
Go in," says the Ballachrink, "and mind
Your business," he says; and the women cryin',
But went; and the hedge was finished grand—
Separationin'! bless the man!

So that's what Captain Hugh wanted,
And a fuss-rate job, and quicksets planted
By the time he come home—and the Ballachrink
To show him all; and—"See that sink!"
He says, "and the barrel there agen[3] it!
See the splendid brass tap that's in it
This side!" he says, "to share the water!
Aw, dear!" he says, "look at yandhar daughter
Of Captain Tom's," he says, "she's smilin'!
Imprince!" he says; but Hugh was silen'.
But the Ballachrink was cock of the walk,
And swellin' the breast, and workin' the talk—
And wheelin' the pipe, and pintin' to this,
And pintin' to that—and—"It isn' amiss!"
And—"Take that handle! turn that tap!
Sherwood's best! I wouldn' give a rap

[1] Good-sized. [2] Authority. [3] Against.

For your rubbidge," he says; "just feel that movemen'!"
He says, "chut! a terrible improvemen'
Altogether, you know! aw, dear!"
And in to get a drop of beer.

And sure enough it was Annie they seen,
That was standin' there with Bella Corteen,
A grand-daughter of the owner's—aye!
Aw, a reglar lady! but noways high—
Very gennal,[1] aw, reglar frens![2]
She's married to a pazon since—
Yes—and indeed it's smilin' she was
Was Annie; and she had a cause;
For she loved her uncle—the sort of a man
That women 'd love, and not understand
What for were they lovin'—the deep, I suppose,
And the dark, and the strong—but, goodness knows!
An uncle anyway—and the poor little woman!
Smilin'—eh? and Hughie comin'!
And 'deed he was ent'rin' on the door
That very minute, and happy thallure;[3]
And out in the garden; and gave a run,
And over the hedge like the shot of a gun,
Hardly mindin' the lek was in[4]—
But the Ballachrink was noticin',
Watchin' there, cocked up in the windher;
And he turns, and "Hulloah!" and "Did ye see yandher?"
He says to Hugh—"You'll jump it, will ye?
Jumpin'! jumpin', is it, my gillya?[5]
But for all the jumpin', if I was you,
I'd teach him——" "Drop it! drop it!" says Hugh;
And he turned, and he looked at a picture though
Of the wife afore they were married, you know.
And he looked very long, and then he went
And kissed her there; and then he leant
The head of him against the chimbley;
And then the wife come, very thrimbly,
Very lovin' and gentle lek;
And she put her arm around his neck;

[1] Kindly. [2] Friends.
[3] Enough. [4] Noticing its existence. [5] Lad.

And you could see by the way his shouldhers was hove
The terrible the strong man strove—
And never a word! never a word!
But the woman was prayin' to the Lord
In her heart, poor soul! fit enough to break—
Aw, bless them! bless them! bless the lek!
And the Ballachrink could only stare,
And got up, and took and left them there.

And the hedge—aw well, it was left to stand;
But what d'ye think these sweethearts planned?
Hughie that schamed it—They took and sowed
A passil of plants that as soon as they growed
'd creep over the hedge, and mix the flowers—
And Hughie was settin' convolvolars,
And Annie was setting these—what's their name?
Painted ladies! aye, the same—
Like butterflies mostly—lovely things,
With their little curly catchy strings!
"So you see," says Hughie, "whatever there 'll be,
These flowers 'll be standin' for you and me;
And they 'll be twisted together," he says,
"And beathin' in one another's face.
And when I'm far away, little gel!
There they'll be whisp'rin' and snugglin' still,
Coortin' there till the mornin' light—
Aw, the hard it is to say good-night!
Aw, Annie——" But bless me! what am I at?
Well—of coorse their talk would be somethin' like that—
Just fancyin' lek—aw, I wouldn' say knowin';
But I'll be bail there was kisses goin'.

So when these flowers begun to grow,
They said you never seen the show!
Astonishin' the strenth! like clover!
And the hedge goin' cov'rin'[1] over and over!
And little Annie 'd come and listen,
And settin' two of them a-kissin'—
And a notion at her[2] she heard them ringin',
Like a sort of a cling-a-ling-a-lingin',
Like a weddin', you know—and she'd take and kiss them

[1] Getting covered. [2] In her mind.

Herself, the little bogh![1] and she'd bless them;
And she'd coo upon them like a little dove,
And all in a wonderment of love—
Longin', you know—the little honey!
Aw, dear, the sweet they are and the funny
With their little ways—aw, they're very nice,
Aw, yes they are. But she heard a vice,
And who was there but poor ould Ned—
And—"This place is goin' to ruin," he said;
"It's altogether goin' to ruin—
What's these painted ladies[2] doin'?
I see!" he says—"from the other side!
I'll larn ye," he says, "I'll tame your pride!
I'll make you know your place, ye trash!"
And out with the knife, and he gave a slash—
And—"Uncle! uncle!"—poor little Annie!
"Aw, don't then! don't then!" "*Don't!*' your grannie!
Says the Ballachrink—"I've a very great mind"—
"Aw, uncle, be kind! aw, uncle, be kind!
Lave them, uncle! lave them; will ye?"—
"Very like a trespass, I can tell ye"—
Says the Ballachrink—"indeed it is!"
But, however, he'd consider the case;
But didn' do nothin'—just puffin' and blowin'—
And so the flowers was left alone.

It was maybe a twelvemonth after that
Captain Hugh come in with a flat
That he took in tow—I forget her name—
And everybody praisin' him.
But the people said he was terrible queer,
Heavier and silenter
Till[3] ever, they said; and takin' no joy
Of anythin'; and the light in his eye
Like a turf, like smouldhrin' in a pit;
And there's plenty said he wasn' fit
To be in charge of a vessel at all;
But howsomedever they hadn' no call,
And it wasn' no business of theirs—but still
Somebody ought to be 'sponsible.

[1] Poor (little thing). [2] Sweet peas. [3] Than.

So the very next tide he was settin' sail
For Liverpool; and Billy Quayle,
That was used to work for him, took to his bed;
He didn' like his looks, he said—
Just 'scusin'; and, behould ye, though,
The Ballachrink took a notion to go—
Knowin' about a vessel? not a cent!
But took a notion, and off he went.
And the son, young Hughie, was servin' mate,
Just the three: and, of coorse, the consate
Of the Ballachrink—and criticisin'
Terr'ble, you know, and the big advisin',
And all to that—but you know the man,
Cacklin' there like an ould hen
All the way—and a beautiful scamper
Before the wind; and the best o' temper
Comin' up the river; and the way he was drast,[1]
And the style altogether—there was people ast[2]
"Who's your passenger?" 'deed they done,[3]
And the 'spectable—astonishin'!
That's what they were sayin' comin' up the river—
Aw, a credit to any vessel whatever!
Just like a Pazon—aw, the coat as black,
And his hands in the tails behind his back
As tight—and the sate of his trousis showin'
The tasty, every step he was goin'—
For the thieves you know, bein' warned that way—
Aw, bless ye, whatever ye may say,
The biggest man on the Prince's pier
And Maddharell's and everywhere—
Aw, the Ballachrink was the man that could—
Aw! bless ye! it was in the blood!

I was over there myself that time,
Just a running job with a cargo of lime
For Jefferson's; and the *Clyps* was moored
Alongside of us; so I jumps aboard,
And axed them were they wantin' a man,
And glad enough of an extra hand,
So ships like a shot, and out of the basin

[1] Dressed. [2] Asked. [3] Did.

That tide—and the schooner, the trim for racin'
She was in! but never a notion arr[1] us
That Captain Hugh was waitin' for us
Just outside the Bell bwee;[2]
But, however, there he was, you see;
And every stitch, and more prepar'd,
And riggin' out a stunsil yard
Like a fishin'-rod goin' slingin' across;
But, bless me, the deep in the water she was!
"She'll never carry that canvas," says I:
Didn' I see her high and dry
In the harbour only a week afore,
And noticin' the strained and the wore
She was in the bottom—and natheral—
Nothin' done to the boat at all
For years—*and whatever was he at!*
Draggin', draggin' her like that!

So he got the wind of us, you know;
"Let's give him a hate!"[3] says Billy Crow,
That was at the helm—"let's give him pepper!"
"Aisy! aisy!" says the skipper;
"Aisy," says Captain Tom, "my lad!
Just keep an eye on him," he said.
Then says Billy—"He started sooner"—
"Silence! silence aboard this schooner!"
Says Captain Tom; and a look at the clouds,
And twists his arm in the weather shrouds;
And keeps his glass on the *Mona's Pride*—
"Silence!" terrible dignified!
Aw, he could be that, for all
The hearty he was in general.

So on we went, but keepin' a view of them,
And maybe a mile betwix' the two of them:
How was the wind? A leadin' wind,
And very little of it to begin—
Hardly a list to it,[4] bless your sowl—
But about mid-channel a long dead rowl

[1] At us, in our minds. [2] Buoy. [3] Heat, race.
[4] Hardly enough to make her lie over.

Come up from the South ; and far away
A white mist creepin' over the say,
Creepin', creepin', the dirty thief,
Creepin'—"All hands stand by to reef!"
Says Captain Tom ; and reef we did—
"Get out your storm-jib! quick!" he said—
All right! and then by gough it come
With a rip and a roar, and a hiss and a hum—
Bizzz—and the schooner lept her lenth,
And if there 'd been another brenth [1]
Of canvas out, it isn' here
I'd ha' been to tell ye, never fear!
Rip-rip-rip—you know the scranch [2] of it,
And into the hatches, every inch of it!
But come to her bearin's beautiful,
And shakes herself, and away like a gull.

And what was the *Mona's Pride* about?
Anythin' off her? not a clout!
Every stitch—and the green-seas flyin'
Over her cross-trees, and never a sign
To shorten sail ; but—*on you go!*
Slash her through it! keep her so!
And us that was sailin' as light as light,
And humourin', and only right ;
And Captain Hugh with his broadside to 't,
Reglar buryin' the boat.
"Well, that's no sailin'!" says Dicky Homm,
That was mate o' the *Clyps ;* but Captain Tom
Kep' his eye upon her strick,[3]
For the free she was sailed she was bearin' quick
Upon us, you know, as if she meant
To overhaul us, and make a slant
Across our bows ; and every man
On the schooner with a coil in his hand,
For any minute they were knowin'
The smack might foundher like a stone.

And Hughie was tellin' us, you know,
That the Captain tould him to go below.

[1] Breadth. [2] Onomatopoetic. [3] Strictly.

"Father! father!" says the son,
"Take somethin' off her, or we'll be done!
For God's sake, father!"—and he made a spring
To the weather halyards—"Touch a thing,"
Says Captain Hugh, "and I'll strike you dead!
You coward! say your prayers," he said.
"Look here! look here!" says the Ballachrink;
"If you'll go on like that, she's bound to sink!
You're mad!" he said, and outs with his knife—
"Villyan! villyan!! for your life,"
Says the Captain—"Villyan!" and struck him full,
And down on the combin's[1] like a bull—
And a lurch and a rowl, and a shake and a shiver,
And the Ballachrink was gone for ever.
"Father! father! you've murdered him!"
And he looked, but the Captain's eye was dim,
Like wakin' from sleep, and he gave a yawn,
And—"Hulloah!" he says, "hulloah! that's one!"
Then Hughie drew a long long breath,
And gripped him there for life or death—
The despard[2] grip; and the tiller dropt,
And the smack flew up, and the fo'sail flopt,
And took aback immadient,
And all sheets fast, and down she went.

"Stand by!" says Captain Tom, "stand by!
Listen if you'll hear a cry!
Look out!" he says; and it wasn' long
Afore we saw Hughie swimmin' strong,
And heaves him a line, and hauls him in
Like a shot, and—"Where's your father, then?"
Says the Captain, but Hughie couldn' spake;
And the whole of us strainin' our eyes on the wake.
But Billy Crow that seen him fuss,[3]
Driftin' right under our stern he was,
Driftin' lyin' on his back—
"About! about on the other tack!"
Says Captain Tom, and heaves a rope—
But he didn' look at it—"More scope! more scope!"[4]
Says the chaps, "Hould on! my gough! you'll lose him

[1] Covering of the hatch. [2] Desperate. [3] First. [4] Line.

Noose him! Captain, noose him! noose him!"
And the noose went flyin' over his head—
"Studdy! studdy!" the Captain said.
But he turned on his face, and he slipped his neck—
"For God's sake, Hugh! for Esther's sake!"
"Father, father!" says Hughie, "try!"
Then the two clenched fists went up to the sky—
"Never!" he says; and a big sea tore
Right over him with a race and a roar
Like a thousand guns, and just a minute
We saw the black head wrigglin' in it—
And round and round—aw, it's thrue! it's thrue!
And that was the last of Captain Hugh.

Aw, it's an ugly job to be comin'
Home with news like that to a woman—
And the way she'll look, and the way she'll sob—
Aw, bless my heart! it's an ugly job—
And the childher wondrin', and no help in for it,
And questions axin'—aw, it's horrit!
And poor Annie, you know, and the fond she was
Of uncle Hugh; but lost is lost,
And that's a fact, and, do what you will,
The world must go on, and it's good and it's ill—
So married the chap, and what 'd prevent her?
Married him that very winter—
Aye—and a nice little lump of jink—
Wasn' she heiress to the Ballachrink?
Aw, a beautiful proppity,
And no mistake, and so you see—
But of coorse—and love it was! aw, yes!
But still whatever was hers was his—
Aw, married—and the very weddin' day
Yandhar hedge was took away—
And the place where it stood they put a row
Of lilies, crocusars, you know,
Polyanthers—and every thing
That's comin' up early in the spring—
Makin' a garden very bright—
And so I think I'll say good-night.

IV

TOMMY BIG-EYES

I NEVER knew a man in my life
That had such a darling little wife
As a chap they were callin' Tommy Gellin';
So how he got her is worth the tellin'.

Now Tommy was as shy as a bird:
"Yes" or "No" was the only word
You'd get from Tommy. So every monkey
Thought poor Tommy was a donkey.
But—bless your sowl!—lave Tommy alone!
He'd got a stunnin' head of his own;
And his copies just like copper-plate,
And he'd set to work and cover a slate
Before the rest had done a sum:
But you'd really have thought the fellow was dumb—
He was that silent and bashful, you know;
Not a fool—not him—but lookin' so.
Ugly he was, most desperate,
For all the world like a suckin' skate.
But the eyes! the eyes! Why—blow the fella!
He could spread them out like a rumberella—
You'd have wondered where on earth he got them
Deep dubs of blue light with the black at the bottom—
Basins of light. But it was very seldom
You could see them like that, for he always held them
Straight on his book or whatever he had,
As if he was ashamed, poor lad!
And really they were a most awful size;
And so we were callin' him "Tommy Big-eyes."

The way that chap was knocked about
Was just a scandal. You hit him a clout

Whenever you saw him—that was the style:
Hit him once, and you'd get him to smile:
Hit him twice, and he'd drop the head;
Hommer away till you'd think he was dead.
And he'd stand like a drum, as if his skin
Was a sheep's, and made for hommerin'.
Then his hair was so thick it was nice to grab it,
And pull it back like skinnin' a rabbit,
Till he'd have to look up, as you may suppose;
And then you could welt him under the nose.
I do believe the cruellest fien's
In the world is a parcel of boys in their teens,
One of them stirrin' up the other.
But still, for all,[1] the divil's mother
Should have looked a little more to the way
The chap was rigged; for it isn't fair play
To dress a lad that's goin' to school
As if he was born to be a fool.
Fancy a frill around his neck!
What in the world could the woman expec'?
And his trousers buttonin' outside
Of his jacket, like these fellows that ride
At the races. Surely, it might occur——
Well, she'd a deal to answer for.

And that's the for this Tommy had
Such girlish ways—oh, very bad!
Just give him a needle and a bit
Of calico, and there he'd sit
In a corner, as happy as a prince,
And the gels goin' on with their imperince,
And—"Are you wantin' a sweetheart, Tommy?"
Poor thing! as innocent as a lammie!
They said, if you'd give him a doll he'd frock it,
But he owned to a pin-cushion in his pocket.
"*Where did he come from?*" did ye say?
Somewhere over Lough Molla' way;
And a road runnin' in on the opposite side,
A long sort of road that went to Kirk Bride,
And joinin' together, and leadin' down,

[1] After all.

And over the bridge, and into the town;
And about a mile, I think it will be,
On the Kirk Bride road there's a path you'll see
Betwix' the brews[1] that the sheep have wore,
And a cart-track leadin' to the shore;
And a pleasant little place they're callin'—
What's this it is now?—aye, "The Vollin"—
And a little house, and a garden to 't,
And a little croft, and a mackarel boat,
And some trees they've planted, but they haven't thriven,
And that's where Nelly Quine was livin'.

So you see these two would be meetin' there
Every mornin', rain or fair.
For, mind ye, if this Tommy was late—
And he tried to be—little Nelly would wait.
Wait she would, and pretend a nest,
In the briars, you know; or had to rest;
Or a pin or somethin' she was losin';
Or sittin' down to put her shoes on.
Then Tommy would come, and he'd give a peep
Round the corner, and then he'd creep
Close in to the hedge, and wouldn' allow
He saw her a bit, and on like a plough.
And there they'd go—you'd have split to seen them—
One on each side, and the road between them—
And little Nelly lookin', lookin';
And this poor bashful divil hookin'
The best he could. And every turn
In the road, no matter the bend, he'd burn
With the shame; and he'd crib himself into a O,
Like feelin' her bearin' on him, you know.
And sometimes Nelly 'd give a race,
And get before him, and look in his face,
And he'd stop as dead—and she'd give a little snigger
Of a laugh in her nose, like the click of a trigger,
And lookin' under to see could she prize
His big head up with a lift of her eyes—
Botherin' this chap. But when they'd be near
The school, she wasn' willin' they'd see her

[1] Hills.

Comin' with Tommy; and she'd tuck up her clothes,
And she'd shake her hair, and away she goes;
And the little feet twinkling—ha! ha! my men!
He'd look rather sharp, would Tommy, then.

And Dick, and Nick, and all the rest of them—
Miss Nelly could plague him with the best of them—
Indeed she could; and boo and hiss,
And put out her mouth like wantin' a kiss,
And dance round him, and ask him to carry her—
"Do, Tommy!" and—*when was he goin' to marry her?*
"When, Tommy! when la'?"[1] just bewild'rin'—
That's when she was with the other children.
"*Fiends*" I called them, did I? Well,
I shouldn' then. It's hard to tell;
And it's likely God has got a plan
To put a spirit in a man
That's more than you can stow away
In the heart of a child. But he'll see the day
When he'll not have a bit too much for the work
He's got to do. And the little Turk
Is good for nothin' but shoutin' and fightin'
And carryin' on; and God delightin'
To make him strong and bold and free,
And thinkin' the man he's goin' to be—
More beef than butter, more lean than lard;
Hard, if you like; but the world is hard.
You'll see a river how it dances
From rock to rock, wherever it chances—
In and out, and here and there:
A regular young divil-may-care!
But, caught in the sluice, it's another case,
And it steadies down, and it flushes the race
Very deep and strong, but still
It's not too much to work the mill.
The same with hosses—kick and bite
And winch[2] away—all right, all right!
Wait a bit, and give him his ground,
And he'll win his rider a thousand pound.
Aw dear! aw dear! I've had my day,

[1] Interjection. [2] Wince.

And it's a merry month is the month of May—
Little Peggies, little Annies,
Little Nellies, little Fannies—
And you with Kitty, and me with Sal,
And coortin' like the deuce and all;
And playin' weddin's, and pretendin' to go
To the Vicar for a licence, you know—
And a book, and sayin' the very words—
Bless ye! as innocent as the birds!

So what did a lot of us do but join
And persuade this Tommy that Nelly Quine
Was desperate in love with him there—
And, "Spake to her, Tommy! spake to her!
Spake to her, for all!"[1] we said:
"Yes, dyin' in love!" And he hung the head
Like a clout, poor chap! But we stuck to him still—
And "If you'll not spake, there's others that will,"
Says one of the imps. And how she'd be blushin'
When they'd tell her the bad that Tommy was wushin'[2]
To be her sweetheart, but afraid to make free.
"And listen, Tommy! the plased she'll be!"
Says the imp. Then Tommy looked up, but slow,
And the big blue eyes began to blow
Like——"Bladders" was it I was sayin'?
"Rumberellas?" Try again.
"Bubbles," was it? What d'ye call—
"Blow'n'," I said. Just aisy all!
"Blow'n'," of coorse; and the bigger the lies
The wider Tommy was spreadin' the eyes.
"She said you were handsome; she said you were smart;
She said she was almost breakin' her heart";
"She called you a duck"; "She called you a dove";
"She called you her darlin' darlin' love";
And the tasty dressed, she said she never;
And the splendid trousis he had however;
And the way they were stitched, and the beautiful gimp,
"She didn'!" says I. "She did!" says the imp:
And "Buck up,[3] Tommy, and bring her a present."
These imps is terrible onpleasant.

[1] However. [2] Wishing. [3] Take heart of grace!

So one day Tommy took the road
The very earliest he could ;
And into the school as quite [1] as a worm,
And claps his basket under the furm [2]—
His dinner, you'd think—and waited there
Till school began ; but just in the prayer
A fellow gave a shove—worse luck !
At Tommy's basket ; and "Tuck-tuck-tuck !"
And the master stopped, and we all of us stopped ;
And "Tuck-tuck-tuck !" and out she popped—
A beautiful little hen—and she flew
This way and that way—and "*Shish !*" and "*Shoo !*"
And over the desks ; and we all gave chase,
And she flapped her wings in the master's face—
And the dignified he turned to look !
And "*Shoo !*" he says ; and "Tuck-tuck-tuck"—
And away to the window, and scratched and tore ;
And the feathers flyin'. "Open that door !"
Says the master then ; and, glad to be shot of us,
So out goes the hen, and out goes the lot of us—
Helter-skelter, boys and gels—
Sticks and stones, or anything else :
"Catch her !" "Watch her !"
"Stop her !" "Drop her !"
"Here she is !" "There she is !"
"Tommy's I'll swear she is !"
"Tommy's ! Tommy's ! Hop-chu-naa ! [3]
Three cheers for Tommy !—Hip-hip-hooraa !"
And a stone come flyin', and a flip and a flutter—
And down went the poor little hen in the gutter,
And her leg was broken ; and "Take her up !"
And "The poor little thing !" and "Stop, then ; stop !
Here's Tommy himself !" And Tommy came,
And he stood like dumb. "It's a dirty shame !"
Says one of the gels, and begun a cryin'.
Says an imp, "He brought her for Nelly Quine !"
And, "Nelly ! for Nelly !" and took and caught her !
And, "Nelly's his sweetheart ! It's for Nelly he brought her !"
So when Tommy heard that, he stooped down low,
Like to take the hen, and the tears to flow

[1] Quiet. [2] Form. [3] Burden of a Manx song.

Most pitiful, and shivered all over—
And, "Look at him, Nelly! look at your lover!"
But Nelly sprung like a flash of light,
And her eye was set, and her face was white;
And she put her hand upon his head,
And, "Was it for me then, Tommy?" she said—
"Was it for me?" And he snuffs and he snivels;
And, "Yes," says Tommy. "Hooraa!" says the divils.

Then Nelly faced round like a tiger-cat—
"You brutes!" she said, "gerr[1] out of that!
Gerr out, you cowards!" and her face all burned
With the fury of her; and she turned,
And she took this hen that Tommy confessed,
And she coaxed it, and put it in her breast,
And kissed and kissed it over again.
"My own little hen! my own little hen!"
Says Nelly; and then she got Tommy to rise,
And took her brat[2] to wipe his eyes.
But away goes Tommy over the street
Like the very wind, and Nelly gave sheet[3]
As far as the bridge; but it wasn' no use,
For Tommy could run like the very deuce—
And the hen in her arms and all, you see—
So she stood and laughed; and didn't we?
Laughed and laughed—the little midge!—
And leaned against the wall of the bridge,
And laughed again; but I'll be sworn
There was many a day after that you darn'
Say much before Nelly about Tommy—no!
She wouldn't have it! Touch and go,
Was Nelly. Three words, and by jabers you'd gerrit![4]
Aw, the gel, ye see, had a splendid sperrit!
Just the least little *chuck!* was enough, and then
You couldn't coax her back again.
"And why did she laugh herself"—did ye say?
"The time poor Tommy was runnin' away?"
Well, everythin' of coorse in raison!
And the fool he looked, you know, was amazin'.
But, even then, when she heard us behind her,

[1] Get. [2] Apron. [3] Ran. [4] Get it.

Singin' out "Tally-high-ho-the-grinder!"[1]
(The *grinder!* if you know what that is!)
She turned and looked like thunder at us—
And, upon my word, there's a lot of thunder
'll go in a little noddle like yonder.
So she rolled the little hen in her brat,
And its little heart all pit-a-pat—
And as dignified as dignified—
And starts, and away with her home to Kirk Bride.
And no school for her that day nor the next—
Oh, Miss Nelly was desperate vexed!

But Tommy came the very next day—
And if he didn' catch it—eh!
By gum! *He'd make an impression,*
The master said; and he gave him a threshin'
In the good old style, with your thwickumy-thwackumy!
Slishin'-slashin'! bick-o'-me-back-o'-me!
And, "Fowls!" he said. "What next?" he said—
"Ducks and geese!"—and, "Hould up your head!"—
Pigs and geese, as like as not!
Bulls of Bashan! You couldn' tell what!
The whole of the farm! "But, look ye here!"
He said—and he caught him a clip on the ear—
"You insolent vagabone!" he says,
"Who's goin' to see the end of this?"
Was it fowls!! Well, well! had it really come
To fowls!! Why, it abslit[2] *struck him dumb,*
He said. *Of coorse,* he said, *marbles he knew,*
And even, now and then, an apple or two:
And liked his scholars to be cheerful;
But—fowls!!! he said—*it was simply fearful!*
No, he couldn', he couldn' pretend,
He really couldn', to say where would it end.
Abominable, he said, *the habits*
Of childher now-a-days!—the rabbits
And rubbish! he said; and "Fowls!" he said—"Fowls!!"
And he lifts his voice, and reglar howls.
And the lot of us poor little blokes
Takin' care to laugh at all his jokes.

[1] Chorus of an old song. [2] Absolutely.

Oh! he said, *it wasn' no use!*
And down came the cane like the very deuce
By Jove! he laid into him like greens,
Till poor Tommy was all in smithereens—
Poor little chap! the way he was tanned!
But stood it grand! stood it grand!

So when Nelly come back, the whole of the row
Was over, you know; but, anyhow,
The master didn' say a word
To her at all; but of coorse she heard—
"Took and pounded him into jammy!"
We said. And the way she looked at Tommy!
But Tommy didn' look to her.
Tommy kept his eyes on the floor.
But I never saw anythin' beautifuller
Than Nelly's little face, and the colour
Comin' and goin' in her cheek;
And her eyes, that, if they didn't speak—
Well that was all. And weren't they pretty!
Yes; but now they were wells of pity—
Wells of pity, full to the brim;
And longin' to coax and comfort him.
Aw, she couldn' take them off him, I'll swear!
But whether this Tommy was aware
I cannot tell; for he wouldn' look,
But the head of him down on the slate or the book
Like nailed; but still a way with his back,
Or his body altogether lek,
And a sort of a snugglin' with his head
That showed he was a little bit comforted.

So that evening she wouldn' let Tommy go home
By himself at all; but collared to 'm,
And wouldn' leave him; but, step for step,
The quick or the slow, till they came to the Clip,
Where the roads divide. Then Nelly spoke—
And Tommy fit enough to choke—
And, "I'll give you a kiss," she says, "Tommy, for that"—
And she wiped her little mouth with her brat.
"Here now, Tommy!" and made a lip to 'm;

But Tommy ran ; but Nelly gript him ;
And Tommy turned this way, and Tommy turned that way ;—
And poor little Nelly couldn' tell what way—
And first cockin' one ear, and then the other,
Till at last says Nelly, " Dear heart ! the bother
There's with you, too ! " And, " Turn, for all !
Turn, ye donkey ! " But he stood like a wall ;
And whatever she did, and whatever she said,
She was forced to kiss him on the back of his head.
And then if Tommy didn' cut !
But Nelly stamped the little foot—
And, " Well, I never ! "—and, " Fiddlededee ! "—
And, " After all, he's a fool ! " says she.

' *She was right*," you're sayin' ? Poor Tommy though !
" *Right enough ?* " Well, I don't know——
If a chap won't take a kiss when it's gave him,
You suppose the only way is to lave him ?
Yes, I suppose so. Aw, Nelly was furious !
But still, for all, it's very curious,
The little foot was slack enough
Before she got home, and all the huff
Washed away in bitter tears—
And as white as a sheet : and so it appears
The mother noticed. And, *What was the matter ?*
And, " Dear me ! " and clitter-clatter.

But if Nelly was sorrowful, then trust me
It was Tommy that was happy. " She kissed me !
She did ! she did ! she did ! " And over
The hedge, and into a field of clover,
That was very fine ; and he threw himself down
In the thick of it ; and never a soun'
But the corn-crakes crowin' very clear—
You know they're about that time of the year—
Just to be happy, you know, and think—
The little chap ! And the last sweet blink
Of the day, and the big cloud sailin' across—
And *oh !* he thought, *the happy he was !*
Bless ye ! he's tould me many a time.
Why, this Tommy could put it in rhyme !

He was a bit of a poet, was Tommy—aye!
Aw, never say die! never say die!
A poet, I tell ye, reggilar!
And—— *The Star!* that was splendid about the star!
Of coorse, he didn' make it then:
It'd ha'[1] puzzled him to do that, my men!
No, the long years after this
(But even at school he wasn' amiss
With his little songs). I wouldn' trust
But I've got it here—I think I must—
Wrote at Tommy. Aisy all!
That's not it. Rather small
Is Tommy's writin'. Wait a bit!
"Star of Hope"—that's it! that's it!
Will you read it, Jemmy? Give him a light?
Jemmy's a scholar. All right! all right!

Jemmy reads:

Star of hope, star of love,
Did you see it from heaven above?
Love was sleeping, hope was fled—
Did you see what Nelly did?
I know it was only the back of my head—
But did you, did you, did you, did you,
Did you see what Nelly did?
You're my witness, star of joy!
Was it a girl that kissed a boy?
Was it a boy that kissed a girl?
Oh, happy worl'!
I don't know!
Let it go!
I thought I'd have died, and nobody missed me,
But Nelly has kissed me! Nelly has kissed me!

Come down! come down!
Put on your brightest crown!
Slip in with me among the clover.
Now tell me all about it—I'm her lover!
Did you see it? Are you sure?
Is she lovely? Is she pure?
Smell these buds! Is that her breath?
Will I love her unto death?

[1] It would have.

Ah, little star ! I see you smiling there
Upon heaven's lowest stair !
I know, I know
It's time to go :
But I'm only waitin' till you have blessed me,
For Nelly has kissed me ! Nelly has kissed me.

First-rate, Jemmy ! that'll do !
Capital readin' ! Aw, it's aisy for you.

Well, however, this Tommy fell asleep,
With the light of the stars on his face, poor sweep,
And when he awoke the night was half over,
And the star was really down in the clover.
So Tommy felt rather shiverin',
And home like the mischief, and creepin' in—
Poor craythur ! and never a bite or a sup for him,
But only the father sittin' up for him—
And took a stick, and gave it him hot ;
And *for-shamed* him, and sent him to bed like a shot.

But, of coorse, this was rather too much for the lad ;
So Tommy was taken very bad.
It was weeks, I believe, afore he was out,
And even then only creepin' about—
And, I really can't azackly [1] explain,
But he never come to school again—
At least to ours—I don't know did they get
To hear the way the lad was beat.
But, however, he was sent to another school—
Somewhere down by the Ballagoole ;
And that would be close to his father's house,
That owned a croft and a couple of cows,
And a pig or two—aw, a dacent ould blade.
The man was a blacksmith to his trade,
And worked at it, too : at least, if he didn'
There was the smithy aback of his midden.
He was a hard man, though—very hard—
And a man that didn' much regard
For the people that was over him :
Pazons, churchwardens, sumners,[2] and them.

[1] Exactly. [2] Officers of the Ecclesiastical Court.

There's no doubt he was rather fond of a fight ;
But any way he'd have his right—
The commons, the quarterlands, the cess,
Intacks, easements, and all the rest.
That's the man that could rattle them off—
And only ownin' this bit of a crof'.
I believe the joy of his life was to go
To a vestry meetin', and have a jaw
With the Archdeacon, that was capital
For keepin' the temper ; and the louder he'd bawl,
"The bark," he'd say, "is worse than the bite of him" ;
And bore with the chap, but hated the sight of him.
That was Gellin'—quarrelsome rather ;
And, anyway, he was Tommy's father.

But "Nelly ! Nelly !"—certainly !
Always after the gels, I see !
Well, I really don't think she cared a toss
About poor Tommy, how he was.
I can't say, of coorse—they're very queer—
But still for all it didn' appear
She took up with any of these other chaps—
So that's the way, you know—so p'rhaps—
But dear me ! a fellow that couldn' take a kiss
Just in a way of friendliness—
Well, of coorse, a chap that 'd act that funky—
She must have thought him rather a donkey—
Must, you know—a soft sort of craythur—
Aw, there's no mistake—it's only nathur—
And none of us didn' say nothin' to her,
And she didn' stay over a quarter more,
Bein' wanted at home for a baby they had,
And fish was scarce, and times was bad.

Well, after a time this Tommy was sent
To work on a farm that was called Renshent—
Jurby way, runnin' out on the shore,
Somewhere aback of the Ballamoore ;
And a sandy sort of a place ; but still
The farm was runnin' up to a hill
Slopin' south : and, just when you come

On the top, the brews went down like a plumb
To the shilley[1] behind; no rocks at all,
Just clayey stuff, but as steep as a wall,
And the jackdaws workin' their holes in it clever,
The divils, bein' soft, you'll observe; but, however,
You know the sort of place I mean—
Snug, I can tell ye—Archie Cain
They were callin' the farmer—but come with the wife;
But what's the odds! dear bless my life!
Fairish plough-land—couldn' be beat,
I've heard, for turmits—a little wet
In the bottom, no doubt, a sort of a gaery,[2]
But splendid for geese; not much of a dairy—
Well, you wouldn' expeck—just enough that would do
For themselves—a nice little meadow or two—
But it paid them well—that gaery piece—
As round as bollans![3] tremenjis geese!

Oh, I knew Renshent—and a beautiful garden—
Bless me! wasn' Cain a warden?
And a round of trees, if it's trees you'd call them,
For, the way the salt of the wind 'll scald them
Over there, they're rather like bushes—
But still, for all, these lumps of[4] thrushes
Of a summer's everin', and the way they'd be shoutin'
After the sun, as if they were doubtin'
Would he ever come back to them again—
And, "Be sure! be sure!" you'd think they were sayin'—
Rum things is birds though—yes, indeed—
Astonishin' the places they'll breed—
Very curious that way—
Fanciful I call them—eh?
Fanciful—Dear me! the dub
That was there for the ducks, and a sort of scrub
Of jenny-nettles[5] and that, where the hens
Was layin' on the sly, in the lee of the fence
That ran by the gable; and a splendid old trammon[6]
For the fairies. But, bless my soul! what gammon!

[1] Shingle. [2] Waste.
[3] A round-shaped sea-fish. [4] Fine big. [5] Nettles.
[6] Elder tree, planted at the gable of a Manx house as a protection against fairies.

As if it was any odds to you—
But, ye see, I like them places, I do.
However, this Cain had a very nice spot of it—
About a hundred acres 'd be the lot of it.

So Tommy was put to Renshent all right,
And ould Gellin' had a desp'rate fight
About the wages, and all the rest of it;
And I don't know which of the two had the best of it—
But of coorse *he'd have a understandin'*,
And a row, if it was only to keep his hand in.
But Cain was his match; so, with a deal of bother,
They settled it betwix' them some way or another.
And Tommy made a fuss-rate servant—
"Diligent in business, fervent
In spirit"—it's sayin' in the Bible—eh?
There's no doubt that Tommy earned his pay—
Aye did he—earned it to the full:
For, ye see, the chap was as strong as a bull,
And handier till men that was twice his size,
And uncommon watchful, and willin', and wise.

Well, now, this Tommy, after a bit,
Got to be a terr'ble favourite
With the misthress there, that was one of the sweetest
Women you ever, about the completest
Every way a woman *should* be—
I don't think a better woman *could* be—
For patience, for gentleness, and that—
She was one of the Shimmins of Ballarat—
They were all of them nice—aw, a capital strain!
But the nicest of all was Missis Cain.
And she took to Tommy very much,
For, you know, there wasn' the smallest touch
Of divilment in Tommy—no!
But all the other road, and so
The woman was feelin' quite at her aise with him,
She said *he had such studdy ways with him.*
For there's some of these country lads is rough,
And cheeky, and impudent enough;
And carryin' on with the gels, and slinkin'

Off to the public-house, and drinkin',
And stayin' out without any leave,
And not the smallest notion how to behave.

But Misses Cain was a woman that 'd be
Always for order and decency.
She wasn' strict, so much to speak,
But pitiful, and lovin', and meek:
And when that woman was in a place
You'd think there couldn' be nothin' but peace—
It seemed to breathe from her very skin—
The pure and white astonishin'!
She wasn' a stirrin' woman at all,
Nor given to scouldin', and hadn' no call;
For the woman had only just to sit
In any room, and you'd see it lit
With a soft sweet light, that was just the holy
She looked, and the pure; and all sin and folly
And dirt, and evil talk, was driven
From her; and her smile was like an angel in heaven.
Do you believe, if a picture of Christ was hung
Somewhere, that a fellow could do what was wrong
Before it at all? I don't think he would.
But we're told these Romans——but what's the good?
God knows the heart; and I don't like to be sayin'
Too much, you know; but Missis Cain—
Dear me! it's no use! wasn' she a Shimmin
Of Ballarat?—most splendid women!

And Tommy had nice ways with him, too;
Indeed, for his station, there 'd be very few
That would have such sense and manners, both;
The very way he was suppin' his broth,
Missis Cain remarked (and she was right, bedad!),
Was showin' the proper feelin's he had.
No puffin' and blowin', no stuffin' and chewin',
And scroogin' and nudgin', and the elbers goin'
Like a shoemaker; but Tommy would dip
His spoon very delicate-like, and the lip
As tight as a puss; and no slushin' and sloppin'—
And, besides, the fellow knew when to be stoppin'.

So that'll do—all right! all right!
Now, Missis 'Cain she took a delight
In Tommy—reg'lar delight it was,
The decent woman! ye see, because
She was thinkin' the nice example he'd be
To all the rest of the family.
And it wasn' only eating either,
But just his conduct altogether—
Modest—and when the work was done
Of an everin', and every one
Was gettin' sleepy, Tommy would take
His book, and keep them all awake—
Beautiful readin'—and a lovely voice,
And the gels would say it was very nice,
And listen, grand; but the boys would be laughin',
And tryin' to carry on with their chaffin':
But the gels would shame them, and then they'd be quiet;
And then some of *them* would take and try it;
And then the gels would laugh till they were shakin'—
The idikkilis[1] mistakes they were makin'—
And then they'd give in; and all the while
The misthress 'd be havin' a little smile—
And Tommy as happy, and explainin' there—
A good-natured craythur, never fear!
And simple; and then he'd take the book,
And a gel would look, and a boy would look,
And back into a corner, and start
A little bit of courtin'—dear heart!
What harm?—And you'd hear a kiss go *pop!*
And the misthress would be lookin' up,
But noways cross, just a sort of surprise;
But Tommy 'd never lift his eyes.
What was he readin'? All sorts of things—
Lives of pessons—Queens and Kings—
Travels—history, you know—
Pilgrim's Progress—Robin Crusoe.

And Tommy had a fiddle too,
And I don't know what was there he couldn' do
With yandhar[2] fiddle, the way it 'd[3] mock

[1] Ridiculous. [2] Yonder, that. [3] It would.

Everything—it 'd crow like a cock,
It 'd hoot like a donkey, it 'd moo like a cow;
It 'd cry like a baby, it 'd grunt like a sow,
Or a thrush, or a pigeon, or a lark, or a linnet—
You'd really thought they were livin' in it.
But the tunes he was playin'—that was the thing
Like squeezin' honey from the string;
Like milkin' a fiddle—no jerks, no squeaks—
And the tears upon the misthress' cheeks.
And sometimes he'd play a dance—and what harm!
But she wouldn' have it upon the farm,
The misthress wouldn'—dancin', I mean —
It didn' matter so much for the play'n':
But she'd often stop him, and ask would he change
To a nice slow tune, and Tommy would range
Up and down the strings, and sliddher[1]
Into the key; and then he'd feather
The bow very fine, and a sort of a hum,
Like a bee round a flower, and out it 'd come—
"Ould Robin Gray," or the "Lover's Ghost"—
That's the two she liked the most:
And the gels, that only a minute afore
Were ready to jump and clear the floor,
Sat still on the form, but onaisy though,
And terr'ble disappointed, you know.
And sometimes they'd be coaxin' Tommy to take
The fiddle out in the orchard, and shake
His funny-bone over a jig or a reel—
Something to tickle a body's heel,
Says one of the gels—and "I'll give you a kiss!
Faith, I will then, Tommy!" she says:
And Tommy that blushed to the roots of his hair;
But still, he said, *no matter where*,
If the misthress wasn' willing,
He wouldn'—and, "Tommy, we'll give you a shillin'!"
And coaxin' away: but he didn' regard them.
And anyway, you know, she'd have heard them.

But Cain himself? the master, you mean—
Oh, a very nice man was Cain,

[1] Slide.

Very, very—couldn' be beat.
But you'll hear something more about him yet.
Cain was a "Local," you'll understand—
Yes! aw, the very head of the plan.
They said to preach he was only fair,
But you couldn' touch him for a prayer—
Soundin' out like a trumpet-blast;
And shockin' powerful with a class.
I don't know much about their rigs,
These Methodists that has their gigs,
And travels about; but Cain preferred
To stay at home, and preach the Word
To his neighbours there. So he got to be
A sort of Apostle among them, you see,
A prince and a ruler among his people,
A tower of the truth, a reg'lar steeple
Was Cain; and had his mortgages,
And money out at interest,
With all the *members*—isn' that the name?—
And even the chapel itself the same.
I've heard him there—a tremenjis voice—
"Rejoice!" he'd say, "my friends, rejoice!"
And up the high you couldn' think,
And up, and up—but afore you could wink,
Down like a gannet, like he wanted to pin
The divil in soundin's![1] and then he'd begin,
And he'd wrestle and groan, and he'd thump and he'd thwack—
A black-haired man, and his eyes was black.

So he says one day to Tommy at last—
"You seem to have gifts with that fiddle," he says,
And he flattens his hand like a dab of mortar
On the little chap's shoulder, and a kind of a sorter[2]
Lookin' far off—"Now, gifts, my friend,
Is from the Lord, that knows where to send
His gifts," he says; "and so you see,
They must be used accordantly,"
And a little pat, and the lift of the eye,
Like talkin' to somebody twelve foot high.

[1] Shallow water. [2] Sort of.

I was there myself, and listenin' to 'm ;
For almost every time I come home
I'd be out, bein' allis in a friendly way with them,
And takin' joy,[1] and havin' my tay with them—
Well, of course, there was gels there too—
But look here ! confound it ! what's that to you ?
"Now," he says, "this fiddle here
Is very pleasant to the carnal ear,
To the ear of sense, that's aisy plaised,
But them that's got their affections raised,
How is it with them ?" and his voice quite holler,
And took a hitch in Tommy's collar,
That was restless rather, and studdied him
Like a little sack—"How is it with them ?"
And a twist with his knuckle, and "the aisy yoke,"
He says, and Tommy fit to choke,
Till at last the misthress said, rather fearful,
She thought the fiddle was very cheerful
And nice, and makin' people happy.
Oh, he turned upon her as snappy as snappy—
"Who asked your opinion ? It's unbecomin',"
He says, "It's clane again[2] Paul for a woman
To talk in the church." "But at home," she said,
"In the house, I don't see," aw, his face got as red
As the fire, aw, you never seen the complexion.
"Silence !" he said, "Subjection ! subjection !"
And then he got as peaceful lek,
"And," he says, "I've a propogicion to make,"
And Tommy stoops and Tommy shifts,
"Thomas Gelling," he says, "your gifts
Is only a snare to you, after all,
A snare," he says ; "but hear the call—
Take," he says, "and dedicate
These gifts to His service ; there's a handy seat
Under the pulpit," he says, "in the middle
Of the aisle," he says. "What ! play the fiddle
In the chapel !" says Missis Cain ; but he gave
A sweep with the hand, and "By your lave,"
He says, very dignified, "I was comin'

[1] *To take joy*, said of persons meeting after a long separation, or unexpectedly. [2] Against.

To that," he said, "but, of course, a woman!
But never mind (a tongue on a wire!)
This fiddle may go on the back of the fire,
Or the midden, or any other place;
You'll be cultivatin' the viol-bass,
Of course, the proper instrument,"
He says, "and begin immadient.
We'll get it from Ramsey," he says, "you'll see;
And it'll be the chapel's property,
And paid in instalments out of the fund—
It isn' very expensive they run,
These viol-basses; and you'll have permission
To use it, but only on condition
You'll lead the singing. So there you have it:
And now your talent 'll be His who gave it,
And you'll be sitting in the front pew,
And God 'll be glorified in you."
And he sniffed, and Tommy said nothin' whatever.
"I've no doubt," says Cain, "you'll do your endeavour;
But we're all of us wake," he says, "and you know
Where we're privileged to go,
Thomas," he says, and——on and on,
Till I thought he never would be done.
So at last I left him there in the thick of it,
For, I tell ye what, I was fairly sick of it—
A thund'rin' rascal, anyhow;
But, however, you'll hear, you'll hear just now.

So, you see, this bass viol
Was sent for from Ramsey at first on trial,
Apprerbation, or whatever they call it,
And Tommy there to overhaul it,
And see was it right, and couldn' take to it
At first at all, *not able to spake to it*,
He said, *like the fiddle;* aw, longin' shockin'
For the fiddle, for all,[1] that was used to go cockin'
On his shouldher so handy, you know, or sittin'
Upon his breast like a little kitten,
Nustlin'[2] there agen[3] his cheek,
And coaxin' the lovely little squeak

[1] However. [2] Nestling. [3] Against.

Out of its innards, somewhere or another, .
Just like a baby with the mother—
And the misthress loved to hear him like that,
It went to her soul, she couldn' tell what
She was feelin', no, she couldn', she said,
But, *comforted*, aye, *comforted*—
And she had her troubles with yandhar man,
Poor thing! and it wasn' with him they began—
No—and this Tommy delighted to plaze her.
But when he got this roarin' baser,
He was put out most pitiful;
For, however he'd screw, and however he'd pull,
And see-sawin'
And Margery-Dawin',
He'd get nothin', with all his scrapes and his scrowls,
But a sort of booin' you'll hear at these owls.

So Tommy was bothered, and you see the raison,
For he thought it couldn' do nothin' but bas'in',
And hadn' no notion the awkard brute
Could play as soft as any flute.
And deeper and deeper still he was goin',
And sawin' the bass to the very bone,
And no music at all; till at last the fact is
The misthress axed him to have his practice
Somewhere else. So away to the barn
Goes Tommy with this big consarn,
Determined, I tell ye, to have it out with it;
For he hadn' the smallest bit of a doubt with it
But the tune was in it somewhere, you know.
So there he was; and he tried the slow,
And he tried the quick; till at last, by jing!
He come upon the tannor[1] string,
That he'd come upon many a time afore:
And ript and rapt, and tagged and tore,
And nothin'—but now it was different,
Astonishin' the way it went,
Whatever the touch, or whatever the turn,
Like butter comin' on the churn,
When you're nearly beat—*like butter*, he was sayin',

[1] Tenor.

Like butter, the soft, you'll obsarve, he was playin'—
Like butter—Aw, he worked it grand!
Like a livin' thing, he said, *under his hand;*
Like rivers of water in a thirsty land.
So Tommy ran up the string like a paper
Will run up to a kite; aw, he made her caper,
Rejisin', you know, the high he got
After yandhar basser's, aw, workin' it hot,
And rispin' and raspin', and thrimmin' and thrummin'
Till the very thrashin' boord was hummin'.
So all the people was wondherin'
Outside; for Tommy had locked himself in.
And the boys to the door, and begun to push,
And shout, and kick: but the gels said—*hush!*
Hush! they said, and stood like cravin',
For the sweet it was—they said it was *heaven*
Heaven! they said; and *to hould their noise:*
Gels is musicaller till boys—
Just so—takin' a interest—
Much more easier empressed.

So the next night Tommy began in the kitchen,
And the misthress couldn' help droppin' her stitchin'
And starin' at Tommy, the look he had,
Just like a body goin' mad—
With his head thrown back, and his eyes like moons,
And his hair all ruxed,[1] and tunes and tunes.
And the lads very quiet, sittin' back-o'-behind,
And the women that 'cited they couldn' mind
Their wheels, lek afraid if a sound 'd be missin',
And smoothin' the brat[2] a purpose to listen;
And the tannor string as clear as a bell,
And Cain from home, and just as well.

Then Tommy was at the misthress to get her
To think that the viol-bass was better
Till the fiddle itself, *bein' full of power*,
Says Tommy, *and the fiddle apt to be sour*,
And thin in the top; but the viol, he said,
Was studdy, and sure, and keepin' its head

[1] Disordered. [2] Apron.

On the small edge of nothing ; no baby, not him !
"But a fine big lusty cherubim,
That takes the half of Jacob's ladder
At a leap," he says, or—"maybe, rather,
Like a beautiful man, that loves you," he says,
"And turns your sorrows to happiness."
'Deed the misthress looked to see what he meant ;
But—innocent, bless ye ! innocent—
Hadn' a notion, not him, the sowl !
Aw, as innocent as a biddhag [1] bowl !

But, after that, the life they led with him,
I'm tould, was shockin'—must have it in bed with him,
This viol, and reachin' to his nose,
And the stick of it tanglin' in the clothes,
And strugglin', and gettin' out on the floor,
And at it still—aw, well to be sure !
At it, I tell ye, from night to mornin' ;
And the chaps that was sleepin' with him gave them warnin' ;
And Tommy had to go over the stable ;
But, if he'd been put on the top of the tower of Babel,
Tommy wouldn' have been offended,
Just the thing for him, got on most splendid—
But terrible partikkilar ;
No ! he said, *he wouldn' dar'*
He couldn' ; they really must excuse him ;
No ! nothin' in the world 'd induce him,
He said, to go in the chapel yet :
And Cain couldn' understand him a bit ;
And very impatient ; and no wonder either—
They were runnin' away with him altogether,
Them gifts, and *remindin' him of Paul,*
That didn' think much of them at all,
But rather bothered him, yes indeed !
Aw, there's no mistake, a troublesome breed ;
"And, for all the carryin' on [2] there's about them
The Church could do very well without them."

But Tommy was firm : he said he was wantin'
To see the Vicar—"What gallivantin' ! "

[1] Cream ready for churning. [2] Fuss.

Says Cain—"The Vicar! the Vicar! eh?"
"Yes," says Tommy, "he asked me to play
A piece with him, just for a trial
How the piano would work with the viol."
"It's—a very unsatisfactory sperrit";
Says Cain, "but, however, lerrit![1] lerrit!
Lerrit!" he said. So Tommy went
To see the Vicar, that was well acquent
With Tommy, a wonderful aisy man
Was Pazon Croft—he was an Englishman
But despard[2] shy, for wherever he came,
He was just like walkin' in a drame—
Very white in the face. I've heard it stated
That Pazon Croft was eddikated
In one of them big churches they've got
Over in England—*Cathedrals*—what?
Cathedrals—aye: and, the lovely he sung,
He was put to the urgans[3] very young—
Not much like this music that's driven in
Hapes of people, but what he was livin' in.
For, the finest music that ever was done
He'd hardly be knowin' when it begun,
Or when it left off—just so, just so—
Havin' it all inside him, you know.
And if the trees, or the stacks in the yard,
Had struck up, he'd been perfectly prepared.
Bless me! if yandhar men had met
A quire of angels that was just let
On Snaefell[4] to practise their hosanners,
He'd ha' axed to look over a book with the tannors—
That's all. So, the first he heard
This Tommy and the fiddle, never a word,
Never a wink, as a body might say;
But, still for all, the next day
There he was, and the next, and the next,
Till Cain was gettin' rather vexed—
And, *Couldn' they bake on their own griddles?*[5]
And, *Well to be lookin' higher than fiddles.*

[1] Let it (be). [2] Desperately.
[3] Organs. [4] Highest mountain in the island.
[5] Griddle, or girdle, for baking.

So this was the Vicar. So Tommy come;
And, *If he wouldn' be throublesome—*
And this and that; and, "Come in! come in!"
And down to the piano, and at it like sin;
And jingin' and jangin', and bahin' and bowin',
Till at last they heard the bellows blowin',
For breakfast, you know. So then they left off—
He was a single man was Pazon Croft.

So Tommy come home, and a book at him there
As big as the parish register—
Somewhere about the weight of a sack
Of potatoes, and every bit of it Back[1]—
Back! yes, Back—you don't know what I mean?
Of coorse, of coorse! Well, you see, I'll explain—
Tommy that was tellin' me,
And showin' the way, and how would it be.
Well, it's a difficult sort of music, look'ee!
Slantindicular, that is, crooky,
Up and down, in and out—
Bless me! what am I talkin' about!
Complercated—heads and tails—
Scientific, that is, scales—
I don't know whether you've ever heard—
Fidgets, fuges! that's the word—
Fuges, fuges, that's what I meant—
Excellent, though, excellent!
Fidgets—good! but avast them nudges!
I'm goin' to tell you what a fudge is—
Fuge—dear heart!
What a start!
Well, obsarve! away goes a scrap,
Just a piece of a tune, like a little chap
That runs from his mammy; but mind the row
There'll be about that chap just now!
Off he goes! but whether or not,
The mother is after him like a shot—
Run, you rascal, the fast you're able!
But she nearly nabs him at the gable;
But missin' him after all: and then

[1] Bach.

He'll give her the imperince of sin :
And he'll duck and he'll dive, and he'll dodge and he'll dip,
And he'll make a run, and he'll give her the slip,
And back again, and turnin' and mockin',
And imitatin' her most shockin',
Every way she's movin', you know :
That's just the way this tune 'll go ;
Imitatin', changin', hidin',
Doublin' upon itself, dividin' :
And other tunes comin' wantin' to dance with it,
But haven't the very smallest chance with it—
It's that slippy and swivel—up, up, up !
Down, down, down ! the little pup—
Friskin', whiskin' ; and then as solemn,
Like marchin' in a double column,
Like a funeral : or, rather,
If you'll think of this imp, it's like the father
Comin' out to give it him, and his heavy feet
Soundin' like thunder on the street.
And he's caught at last, and they all sing out
Like the very mischief, and dance and shout,
And caper away there most surprisin',
And ends in a terrible rejisin'.
That's Backs, that's fuges—aw, that's fine—
But never mind ! never mind !

Of coorse ! of coorse ! But, however, the day
Come at last for Tommy to play
In the chapel : and they said it was raelly splendid,
But, as soon as the second hymn was ended,
Tommy went on, and it wasn' no use,
On he went like the very deuce.
Fuges ! aye ! just so—for a part
Of the tune they'd been singin' was just like a start
For one of these fudgets. So it got in his head.
And he couldn' stop—and his face as red,
And his eyes like tar-barrels—only blue,
And—tuttee, tuttee, tuttee, tooh !
I lave it to your imagernation
The feelin's of that congregation—
Feelin's, is it ? Well, I'm blest !

Tremenjers! couldn' be expressed!
And first a look at one another,
And then, you know, a kind of a smother
Of a groan; and then—*hush! hush! hush! hush!*
And then a roar, and then a rush;
And Cain on his feet, and—"Hould him! I say;
Hould him! hould him! anyway;
Take the viol from him! fall him!
Lick him! kick him! smash him! maul him!"

Poor Tommy! poor Tommy! aw, Tommy was ragged,
And Tommy was shook, and Tommy was dragged,
And cast into outer darkness; there
Shall be weepin' and gnashin' of teeth; and I'll swear
If the preacher didn' get up, and thumbed
The Bible there; and hemmed and hummed,
And them very words, or very lek them—
And—*this is the way the Lord'd correck them,*
He said—*this unfortnit young pessin,*
No doubt, he said, *it was very disthressin';*
But here he was! a figger-head—
Figger, I mean—what's this he said?
A lively figger, he said, *of them*
That's called—but—chosen? No! He came,
Like many others, bid to the weddin';
But hed he the garment? No, he hedn'?
And put to the door, and black in the face,
And very nearly losin' his place.
But Cain thought better of it, for all he grumbled;
And he said he thought *the lad was humbled—*
And that would do. But, whether or not,
A servant like Tommy couldn' be got
Every day, so he stayed; but he wasn'
Suffered to rub a bit of rosin
On that viol again. And indeed it was bruk[1]
That night in the row, and had to be tuk[2]
Down to Ramsey for repairs,
And if it ever came back who knows and who cares?
Anyway Tommy got over it clever,
And worked the fiddle the same as ever.

[1] Broken. [2] Taken.

But he'd never go to chapel again,
No, not even for Missis Cain.
Sunday morning, the very first thing,
When his porridge was supped, he'd be off on the wing
For the Curraghs [1] down—and away for hours—
Butterflies, insecks, beetles, flowers—
G'ology, botany, and such,
And a book to tell him which was which;
And a bit of a glass that wasn' as long
As your thumb. But, goodness me! the strong!——
Microscope. Hulloah! look out!
Aye, man! aye! and what do *you* know about
Microscopes? You're took on the sudden.
Well, you know, I wish you wouldn'.
But—however. So he liked the Curraghs well,
Did Tommy; and they've got a beautiful smell,
Upon my word, them Curraghs; yes!
Even in the spring they're not amiss,
When the soft little sally [2] buds is busted,
And all the sthrames about is dusted
With the yellow meal: but—in summer! I'm blowed!
Just before the grass is mowed—
Kirk Andreas way, St. Jude's, Lezayre—
Just lie down, no matter where,
And you'll think you're in heaven: and the steam and the heat
Fit to smother you, the sweet—
Splendid too, when a chap is home
From a voyage; very wholesome to 'm,
Clearin' the blood—astonishin'
The way it exthracks the salt from the skin.

So this is where Tommy allis was hauntin'—
Every mortal thing he was wantin'
He could find in them meadows—wonderful land
For harbs! and him that could understand
The sorts, you know, and the virtue they had,
And were they good, or were they bad—
And them that was p'ison—aw, first rate;
Bless ye! the p'isons was just like mate

[1] Marshy meadows. [2] Willow.

To Tommy, that liked to feel the strong
They were, and rowlin' them on his tongue.
Well, he was curious, I tell ye—
"Look here!" he'd say, "I could take and kill ye
With a drop of this stuff!" For he'd boil it, and strain it,
And still[1] it and steam it, and draw it and drain it,
Till he'd nothin' left but the very last squeeze
Of the Divil's own clout—aw, as nice as you please—
What's this he called it—"concockit?" "decockit,"
Aye, stowed away in his waistcoot pocket,
Many a time I've tould the chap
To take care for fear he'd get into a scrape
With this dirt, that nobody never can't trust—
Abominable dangerous!

So, flowers springin'
Linnets singin',
Church bells ding-a-ling-a-lingin'—
There was Tommy in his glory.
So, one day, I tell ye, afore he
Knew where he was—now, what d'ye think?
Nelly! Nelly! And the start and the blink
Of her bonny blue eye—like some *haythen goddess*,
Tommy was tellin'; and curtseys as modest:
But dear me! the mischief and the sauce
There'll be under all that! and the quick little toss
Of the head; and then—"I suppose," says she,
"You don't know me, Tommy?" "Know you!" says he,
And his face all burnin' like the very fire—
"Know you!" and daren't look any higher
Than her knees. "It's lek I've grew," she said—
"Grew?" says Tommy, and as red as red—
"Grew?" "Would ye think," she said, "I'm the same
Little gel that used to answer her name
At Creer's—the same you were such a friend to—
The little gel you brought the hen to?"
"Think?" says Tommy, "think!" and it all
Come over him like the burst of a squall
When the mornin' lifts—"Dear me!" she says,
"Look up!" and he did, and he saw the dressed,

[1] Distil.

And the grew and all, and he looked around,
And—*who was he?* and he made a bound,
And cleared the hedge, and away like a deer—
Did Nelly laugh? Well, I didn' see her—
But—I rather think not, but—take the hint!
She was goin' to church, so of coorse she went.

But mind ye! that was the road the gel
Had to go. So, very well!
Where was Tommy now would ye be thinkin'
The very next Sunday? and sneakin' and slinkin'
Behind the very same hedge? Dear me!
What else? and hid that a crow couldn' see
Where he was hidin'; and as still as a block,
Still,—but felt the whiff of her frock,
And shivered, and waited till she'd pass,
And kissed the print of her foot in the grass,
And kissed, and kissed: so, of coorse, you know,
He loved her again—poor Tommy though!
Again he loved her! it hadn' died
In his heart—this love; just stupefied
Like a fire that's slacked, like a spark in the tinder;
Like you'll wake with the light, and jump to the winder—
Jump to the winder—she's comin'! she's comin'!
I'll tell ye what! this love is a rum 'un!

But at last poor Tommy, with all his blushes,
Got pluck, and 'd twiss[1] hisself out o' the bushes
Like a little hedgehog before her there—
A hedgehog makin' up to a hare,
Rowlin'—his legs were rather crookit—
And maybe flowers for her to look at,
Or tarroodeals,[2] or ladybirds—
That's coleopthars—terrible words!
Aye, but Tommy took heart of grace;
And, the second Sunday, he looked in her face;
And the third, she didn' come alone,
And Tommy gave a sort of a groan,
And cut; and the fourth, they had a talk;
And the fifth, I believe they had a walk—

[1] Would twist. [2] Devil's bulls (a kind of beetle).

Two fields or so—and left in the lurch with her
At[1] those other gels, but wouldn' go to church with her—
Catch him ! so she tould him how it was,
And she was come for a sarvint to the Ballaglass,
The principal house in the parish—aye—
Captain Moore—aw, terrible high—
Splendid family them Moores—
Deemsthars,[2] Clerk-of-the-Roulses,[3] brewers—
All sorts of swells, you know, that's goin',
Was belongin' to the Moores—no knowin'
The ould, that family ; blood, man, blood !
Aw, the rael thing—from the time of the flood—
Officials, Staff-of-Government,
And all to that. So this here gent
Was countin' among the first of the land,
Not rich, exactly, you'll understand :
But breedin', bless ye ! There's plenty 'll cock
Their chin, but still you know the stock.

So this is where Nelly Quine was livin'
For a housemaid with them. I don't know were they
giv'in'
High wages or not ; but it was a sort of a place
That was very grand, for Manx at *laste*—
The people was lookin' up to it uncommon—
And the misthress, you know, an Englishwoman—
And a hape of sarvints, and a sort of a style
With them altogether : and the best part of a mile
Of plantin' and that ; and a gardener (Scotch)
And a butler with a gool watch—
And bulls, and hosses, and a little laddy
With buttons runnin' all over his body—
Style, you know—his name was Kelly.
So all that summer Tommy and Nelly
Was meetin' in the meadows there ;
But still, for all, he didn' dare
To ax her would she love him a bit,
Only they'd linger a little, and sit
Till the bell 'd be out. And once she stayed
So long, you know, that she felt afraid

[1] By. [2] Judges. [3] Clerk of the Rolls, a Manx official.

To go in at all; and cried and cried;
Aye, and wouldn' be pacified,
And wouldn' spake to him. And Tommy said
He was very sorry—but she turned and fled
Like a pigeon (you know she could run rather fast)
And away with her to the Ballaglass.

But when the winter weather come,
Mrs. Moore was keepin' the sarvints at home,
And a surt of a praychin', just to shuit
Their hours, and I'm tould it's well she could do 't—
For the Captain and the son, ye see,
Were at church as strick [1] as the pazon would be
So what was Tommy to do? Every man of ye?
What would *you* have done? Now, one of ye!
Spake now!—Billy!—all right! You'd *ha' gone*
After dark, and had some fun
At the Ballaglass? Well, there's a quid
For your guess! That's just what Tommy did.
But the *fun?* is it fun? aw no, no, no!
Poor Tommy! Bless ye! if he could only go
To the house at all, it was just as much
As ever he could—aw, bless ye! to touch
A thing she'd touched, a can, a besom—
It was wonderful the trifle 'd please him—
Pleasin' isn' the word! He'd get it
Away with him somewhere, and coax it, and pet it,
And listen (he tould me, and I wouldn' doubt it)
If there was any sound of her about it,
And put it back. *Did he ever see her?*
Never to spake to her—*aw dear!*
Says you—why, bless ye! you don't know the fellow—
He'd ha' been turnin' blue and green and yellow,
And red, and primin', and black and white,
If anybody 'd seen him and brought a light!
Fancy Tommy in the sarvints' hall
At the Ballaglass, and ould Missis Ball
That was housekeeper, and all the rest—
And Tommy lookin' east by west!

[1] Strictly, regularly.

No, no! but still there'd be gels about,
Bless ye! often slippin' out
On the sly, and there they'd wait and they'd watch
For the signs of the boys, and lift the latch
The way no finger on earth will guide it
But a gel's, when her lad is waiting outside it.
So that was Tommy's trouble, the sowl!
The poor little mortal! out in the cowld,
And no gel in his arms, nor him in hers,
That's better than mittens and comforters,
Out in the cowld—and cowld is bad,
But what was driving this Tommy mad
Was thinkin' if Nelly was one of the crew,
And, if she was, then *who, then? who?*
Who was the chap? And he'd be creepin' and creepin'
All around, and peepin' and peepin',
And seein' her shaddher on the blind,
And very nearly out of his mind;
And hearin' a click, and 'd have to jump,
And hidin' himself behind the pump,
And gettin' in the way of others that was lookin'
After their *own* sweethearts, and hookin'
Over into the garden, and stumblin'
Against some others, and all of them grumblin'—
And often chased, but never caught;
Till at last they got freckened, for of course they thought
It was ghosts; and—*the night was very injurious*,
Mrs. Ball was sayin'; but the boys was furious,
And had a reg'lar hunt, but no use,
For Tommy would dodge them, and off with his shoes,
And away like the wind. So the chaps was fo'ced,
As you might say, to give up the ghost.
But a terrible disappointment, it's lek,
For the Captain's gels was the very pick
Of the sarvints about—aw, splendid lasses—
Shuperior, you know, was the Ballaglasses.
So the chaps was comin' from far and wide,
Sulby way, Ballaugh, Kirk Bride—
Chaps, you know, that had any consate
Of themselves, and likin' to be nate
And dacent—dacent—none of your scum—

Why, light-keepers was used to come—
Light-Keepers! yes, and eireys[1] too—
Eireys—'deed I could tell ye the who—
But still, for all, it's hardly worth—
Just the tip-top coortin' on the North.[2]

And was Nelly one of them? No; *and why?*
Well, I'll tell ye the raison by and by.
But, of course, you can fancy the disthress
Of this poor little Tommy. I remember a vess[3]
Of a little song he made—let's see—
How's this it is?—"I think of thee"?
No, that's not it—"So it's home——" —just so—
I've got it now—when he was leaving, you know—

"So it's home to Renshent
My weary way I wind;
For I must be content
With her shadow on the blind."

On the blind, ye see. *Renshent*, that's Cain's—
All right! all right! I know what you manes,
Yes, yes! of course, that's the tune you're hummin' to—
The misthress and Tommy—that's just what I'm comin' to.

Well, I tould ye the way he was punishin'
These beetles and things—it was raelly astonishin'—
And stores and stores; and so, if ye plaze,
He took and made a sort of a case—
And every inseck with a little hook through
And a pane in the lid for a body to look through—
For you mustn' open—all hatches battened
On Tommy's decks; and the flowers he flattened
(And still there wasn' room for half)
In a big ould Bible he found on the laft.[4]
And often of an everin'
The misthress would ax him to bring them in,
And Tommy would sit, and Tommy would 'splain—
And who so happy as Missis Cain?

[1] Heirs to farms. [2] Northern division of the Island.
[3] Verse. [4] Loft.

Aw, 'deed she was happy though, for all—
"Yes," the misthress would say, "he's small
Is Tommy," she says, "but his heart—his heart
Is big enough." *And he gave her a start*
Many a time, she said, *to see*
The perfect happy he could be
With nothin', *and the full of it too—*
Yes—and she liked his eyes to be blue,
She said, *it was making them so clear—*
Such room, she said, *he had in them there—*
Such an arch, such a spread, like the round of the sky—
No cloud, no shadow of a lie.
Some eyes, ye see, is nothin' but fog,
And some is just like weak grog;
And some is like leeches, and some is like slugs,
And some is like bullets, and some is like bugs—
Muddy, some is, and some is sharp,
And some like a cod, and some like a carp—
Differin' sorts. But Tommy's was loops
Of light in light, just hoops in hoops
Of soft blue fire, and feathered about
With a kind of gray fluff, and openin' out,
And out, and out—the eye of this chap—
Hoops, you know—like ye'll see a map
That's showin' all the planets and things,
And the sun in the middle, and rings and rings—
No doubt you've seen the lek in a book.
So the misthress would sit, and look and look,
And give a little nod, I'm tould,
And bless this Tommy in her sowl.

Well, troubles came upon him for all—
Troubles! troubles! where's the wall
That'll keep them out? As the Scripture saith—
Dig the foundation as deep as death:
Plumb it, and plaster it, every chop of it;
Build it to heaven and put glass on the top of it—
No go, my lads! you'll pay your fine—
And a chap that's in love should spake his mind:—
That's the thing. But this Tommy? What?
Shy? dear bless ye! But, whether or not,

He was over one night at Captain Moore's,
And watchin' the windows, and watchin' the doors,
And as silent as a little trout,
And a dale o' coortin' all about,
And chased at[1] these divils, and couldn' see her,
And into the garden, and hid himself there,
Behind the summer-house—Holy Moses!
The smotherin' it was with roses,
Yandhar place; but only Spring
The time I'm tellin': but thatched with ling.
So there was Tommy aback of a bush,
When—aisy! aisy! hush, hush, hush!
Two people comin' on the walk,
And the nearer they come he could hear them talk—
Aw—Tommy, Tommy, Tommy mine!
The young Captain, and Nelly Quine!
Aw, 'deed it was! aw, 'deed for sure![2]
Nelly, and young Captain Moore—
The son—and into this arbour place,
And sat, and his arm around her waist,
And—the ould ould music, sweet and low—
Music! music! aye just so—
Whoever was the first to set it—
Music, music, wherever you'll get it.

And Nelly's tears was just like rain;
And Tommy could hear what the Captain was sayin'—
"Do love me, Nelly! do then! do!
Aw Nelly, the same as I love you!
Nelly! Nelly! I am in earnest—"
If that wasn' a burnin' fiery furnace
For Tommy—my gracious! he said the bite
He took of his tongue to try and keep quite,[3]
And his head goin' round and round and round,
Till he thought he'd fall; but he held his ground
And they looked so lovely! he said—good Lord!
That's where, he said, *it come very hard*
On the leks of him—and he didn' know
Whether to stay, or whether to go,
Or what to do—but, rain or fair,

[1] By. [2] Yes indeed. [3] Quiet.

Of coorse he wasn' wanted there—
But—Nelly cryin'—and—*Would he take her part?*
But how? and the cables of his heart
Goin' crackin'. And then he thought, was it right
For him to be sneakin' there in the night
Like a spy upon her? for he wasn' apt
To be thinkin' evil, wasn' this chap—
No, he wasn', and he didn' now;
But he waited till, he couldn' tell how,
Nelly's head gave two little slips,
And—aw, poor Tommy! lips to lips,
Yes, yes! aw Tommy, my son,
You're beat! you're beat! the game is won!
Was and wasn'—and meant is meant—
But he picked up the bits of his heart, and went—
Bits! aye, bits! and a swish and a swirl
Of all his life, like the wheel of the world
Had gone over him with its lumbering load,
And left him dyin' on the road—
Tommy! Tommy! But, afore he got home,
He begun to think what good could come
Of work like that—and—"She's lost! she's lost!"
And he staggered, and his head was frost
And fire in a minute, and he turned to go back,
And—"I'll save her! I'll save her!" and he looked to the
black
Black sky, and he shouted—"Nelly!" he said,
"Nelly! Nelly!" and fell like dead.

Aw dear! the little sowl!
And some chaps that was knockin' about on the sthrowl[1]
Found him there, and picked him up,
And of coorse they thought he'd had a sup,
And home with him, and laughin' and jeerin',
And up to the door, and Cain appearin'
With a light, and terrible aggravated,
And—"Here's your Tommy, 'tossicated!"[2]
And cuts. "Indeed!" says Cain, "indeed!
The pump, I suppose," and wouldn' heed
For Tommy, whatever he could say—

[1] Strolling, loafing. [2] Intoxicated.

"Drunk," says Cain, and drags him away—
"Drunk," says Cain, "indeed!" he says,
And Tommy that wake he couldn' resist—
And under the very pump; but then
The misthress came, and—"Cain! aw Cain!
Cain!" she said, "aw, listen, listen!
He isn' drunk, he isn', he isn'!
It's trouble," she says; and—"Lave him to me!"
So Cain dropped him, and—"Come," says she,
"Come in now, Tommy!" Then Tommy to ax
Could he spake to her alone? "The fac's
Is dead agen[1] ye" says Cain; "but still—
Trouble—eh? well—pozzible—
Pozzible"—and shakin' the head,
And takes the candle, and off to bed.

So then it was that Tommy tould
All the secrets of his soul—
And Nelly—and how it began at Creer's,
When they were little things, and all the years
He'd loved her since; so she gave a smile,
Did the misthress, you know, and—"Dear me! child,"
She says—"that's not such a terrible case";
And she took his hand, and she looked in his face.
"But now," says Tommy, and *where he had been*
That very night! and what he had seen!
And the way the Captain was spakin' to her,—
"Captain! what Captain?" "Young Captain Moore."
"Captain! Captain!" Aw, she dropped his hand,
And the two of her own was clasped in the one,
And pressed to her heart, like a man when he's shot,
And her face like paper, and just a blot
Of blood on her cheek, and drawin' her breath
All tight and shivery through her teeth,
Tommy said—*like shot,* he said—
And, if it hadn' been for Cain that was overhead,
There's no doubt, he said, she'd have sent a cry
Right up through the roof, right up through the sky—
Poor thing! to God Himself in Heaven,
But Cain was betwixt—and past eleven.

[1] Against.

Now, what had Tommy done? You'll get lave![1]
He'd stumbled into an old grave—
Had Tommy, sent his foot through the lid
Of a coffin—that's what Tommy did—
Of a coffin, where her heart's true core
Was nailed down, stamped down for evermore.
That's what the misthress thought, it's lekly,
But I'll tell you all about it direckly.

Well, whatever it was, it was see-saw,
For a while at[2] the misthress: would she hould her jaw
Altogether, or just to spake out
To Tommy at once, like a doubt in a doubt—
For to spake at all wasn' aisy to her—
And to spake to Tommy—that was more.
For ould sorrows comes over you sometimes
Like ould tunes, like ould rimes,
That's runnin' in your head, and makin' ye
A sort of happy, and sometimes they're takin' ye
Like the frost takes the whalers in the fall of the year,
And gunpowder cannot blast you clear.
And still, for all, she had to say something,
For of course this Tommy would think it a rum thing
For her to be carryin' on like yandhar:
And besides—she loved him——Alexandher!
I'll throuble you to look sirrious!
Loved him—that's the way it was—
Bless ye! and isn' it Natur tells us
To pour our souls into somebody else's?
And that's what she'd longed for, but hard to find;
So never couldn' make up her mind,
Part wondherin' if Tommy would shuit,
But stopped at the pint, and didn' do't.
But now—what was it she wouldn' dar'?[3]
So she tould her saycret, so there you are!
Only just think now! Pazons and preachers,
Pastors and masters, class-leaders and teachers,
Shuperintendan's and conferences,
Archdeacons and bishops, and all their expenses
Paid. Think of that! the whole machine

[1] All right! [2] In her mind. [3] Dare.

That was workin' around her, or else should have been—
Priests and Levites, that was used to go
Every day to Jericho,
And back very likely—and never eyein'
The craythur that lay by the roadside dyin'—
And this little chap, that just kep' in his place,
Like a dog might keep, and look up in her face,
But looks like axin' her to tell—
Aye, that's it! aw well, well, well!

Now, listen! this is the way it was—
This Captain Moore, of Ballaglass,
The father, you know, when Misthress Cain
And him was young, lek the people is sayin'
Young and foolish—eh? but still—
Fell in love with her terrible,
And her with him. All right! all right!
True and honest as the light
Was Captain Moore. But what was the good?
Think of the fam'ly! think of the blood!
First-class—you know! the very first
In the Island—the very! and that's the worst—
What for won't people be content
With their equals? And—*The heiress of Renshent?*
I know she was, and a Ballarat—
But, bless my soul and body! what's that
When you're spakin' of Moores? It couldn' be,
Moores! it couldn'! don't ye see?
And they might ha' knowed it. And of coorse the fuss
His people was makin' was scandalous!
Dreadful! And its only raison too
His love wouldn' be that through-and-through
And deep and strong like the misthresses,
So that's, you see, the way it is.
And they had him away to England there—
(He'd ha' married her like a shot, never fear!
And half the parish at the weddin',
But he wasn' allowed, and so he didn').
And years afore he was back—behould ye!
He married the English lady I tould ye,
So that's, you see, the way it was done,

And settled down, and had this son,
Their only child, and spoilt him rather,
And went for a Captain like his father.

So Misthress Cain—that's Shimmin, you know,
That was then—was taken uncommon low,
And wouldn' ate and wouldn' spake,
And gettin' very thin and wake.
And it wasn' no matter what they were tryin'—
Aw, 'deed I believe she was out of her mind,
For a while, at least. And Parson Craine,
A rum ould chap that was vicar then,
Was axed would he come and pay her a visit.
So they tould him the way. "A dumb divil, is it,
She's got?" and they looked! "Aw, well, I guess
You'd better lave her alone!" he says—
Like maenin', *It's well to be rid of their talk*,
The *women*, you know. Aw, a hearty old cock
Was Craine, I've heard, a rael ould Turk.
So then the Methodists went to work,
And the lot of them hummin' about her like midges;
And got her to be a sort of religious;
Lek stupid lek, and very meek,
And had her converted in a week—
In a week she got *pace*;[1] and rather blamin' her
The slow she was, like a sort of shamin' her.
Pace! Aw, 'deed, I'd aisy belave
She *had* pace; but was it the pace of the grave?
Well, well, there's many worse places.
Pace! it's a word I'm fond of, pace is.
Pace, pace from all her woes!
Pace, pace! God only knows—
Perfect pace—the people was say'n';
Perfect pace——and then—comes Cain!

Yes, he come—he come from the South,[2]
And butter wouldn' melt in his mouth—
Yandhar man! And the holy, you never!
And getting the name, you know, of the clever!
At[3] the Methodists—bless ye! brought him over
A-purpose to see would he do for a lover—

[1] Peace. [2] Southern division of the Island. [3] Among.

Renshent's heiress! aw dear! they knew
Which side their bread was butterin' too.
So nither way no *love* was meant;
She got *religion* (!), and he got Renshent.
She hadn' a notion, I expeck,
To have him for a husband lek
Lek husbands is, you know, but just
A guardian lek, that was put in trust
With her sowl, like a guide the Lord had given
To lead her studdy on to Heaven—
A Christian brother and a Christian sisther,
And if this Cain had ha' took and kissed her,
He'd ha' spoilt it all. But—cautious! cautious!
Bless ye! that's the stuff that washes!
And her to tell him the whole of her story,
And hand-in-hand with him on to glory—
That's what she thought—*her foot couldn' slip*
In such holy communion and fellowship.
The big Tom-cat! the smooth and the sleek
And the soft, and the whisker on his cheek
Just like blackin' on a boot,
And his nice white hands, and——ough! the brute!
And—"Oh," he says, "the unselfish love!"
Renshent, you know, he was thinkin' of!

Aye, Cain—so the uncle come to die—
Him she was gettin' the proppity by—
And rather an awkward way he was givin' it—
And so they got married, and come to live in it.
And so you'd think they'd be goin' jog-jog—
Aw, bless ye! they turned a new leaf in the log
That day, they did; a leaf that was scored
With blood and misery, every word—
Death sealed it up at last, and tuk[1] it
To owners, that has never bruk[2] it,
And never will till God will sit
Upon His judgment throne—that's it.

Well, this Cain was not content—
He'd got the woman, he'd got Renshent;

[1] Took. [2] Broken.

But there was one thing he hadn' got,
The woman's love—he hadn' got that—
The bargain ! the bargain ! she didn' pretend—
A pious friend ! a pious friend
Here below, and Heaven above—
And she shivered at the name of love.
Obey him ? serve him ? so she was doin' ;
But—*love* him ? That's another tune.
She couldn', it wasn' in her power :
Her love was as dead as a dead flower—
Stick it in the ground ! will it grow ?
Mould it ! water it ! just so—
Will it blossom like the rod for Aaron ?
Will it bloom and blow like a rose of Sharon ?
Its stalk is bruk, its leaves is shed—
Dead ! she *tould* him it was dead.

But the pride of the man ! the pride of the man !
To think he couldn' get her love like land—
Rent it, or buy it, so much an acre—
That, if she wouldn' love him, he couldn' make her.
Make ? make ? make ! No, you won't, my boy !
Let's have that joy ! for it is a joy !
You can't ! you can't ! Oh, isn' it glorious ?
Love victorious ! love victorious !
Victorious—eh ! ah dear ! the strength of it !
And the height and the depth and the breadth and the length of it.
Make it—will ye ? Make a woman's heart !
Scoop it, and scrape it in every part !
Send blood through its chinks, let it beat, let it burn,
Make what you like ! make a tub, make a churn !
He was welcome to love her. But was it fair ?
That's it ! that's it ! I have you there—
When she couldn' love him, and when he knew,
Was it fair for him—I'll lave it to you—
First to sulk, and then to complain,
Then ragin' fury, then sulks again,
Till he settled down in the dead sea
Of bitter hatred and cruelty ?
Where was the saint that she thought would direct her

On the road to Heaven, that she thought would protect her
Against herself, against the love
That was still in the deep of her heart, and strove
With the love of God? Where was he to lift her
Above everything on earth that could drift her
From the anchor of her sowl
Sure and steadfast, like we're tould
In Hebrews?—do ye remember the hymn?—
Jesus, lover—Say't for them, Sim!
Can he? you're foolish! is it *can he*, ye said?
Now, then, Simon, go ahead!

Simmy repeats:—

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the threatening billows roll
While the tempest still is nigh.

One verse, that's enough, that's all we're wantin',
Just to show the way it's slantin'.[1]
He could say every word. Well, you'll easy see,
He wasn' the man he was seemin' to be
When the misthress married him:—it was just like wakin'
Out of a dream; like a cloud 'd be breakin',
Like scales goin' peelin' off her eyes,
When she saw what he was. There's some of them dies
Directly almost, and some drags on—
But she knew the man! she knew the man!
So that's the story she had to tell
To Tommy there—aw well, well, well!
Yes, she tould him—he didn' try to stop her—
But very nice, you know, and proper—
Like shuitable for him to hear—
Aw, that was the woman! never fear!
And—"Tommy, Tommy," says Missis Cain,
"The curse is come upon them again—
The curse! the curse!" And—*she'd send a letter*
The very next day to Nelly, to get her
To come—and most particular.
And Tommy of course, you know, not to be there.

[1] It goes.

And so she did: so Nelly come,
And this Cain, for all, was away from home.
So ups with Nelly, and took and tould her
All about it. She didn' scould her—
No, no! not her—but just the way
It was; and the people had got it to say—
"What people?" says Nelly, and the stiff she stood!
"What people? if you'll be so good?"
"A friend of yours," says Mrs. Cain,
"A lovin' friend"—"That's the *people* you mean,"
Says Nelly, as sharp! So she didn' deny,
Didn' the misthress, but fit to cry;
For she thought this Nelly was rather hard,
For a young thing like that, and wasn' prepared.
And bless ye! maybe *a bit of a brazen*,
Thinks the misthress: but everything in its saison—
I never wasn' for imprince—no!
I don't like it. But, even so—
Dear me! there's things—why, bless your noddy!
Musn' a body stand up to a body,
When there's one body botherin' at him,
And another body at the bottom—
And you don't know, but still you've a guess?
Ah! I'll tell yé what it is—
That's hard, if you like! your life, your love,
Your heart of hearts—and they'll take and shove
Their fist in there! aw, I know it well!
And no mistake about this gel,
No mistake! and the pride and the pluck,
And the *touch-me-not!* look out, my buck!
Will she? won't she? what's the use?
Aye, and see ye at the deuce!
As quite as a lamb, and as bold as a ferret—
Some women's got a terr'ble sperrit.

"He loves you dearly." "Who loves me?" says Nelly,
"Who loves me?" and up with the head like a filly,
Like sniffin' the wind—they're splendid craythurs
Is them, lek accordin' to their nathurs,
Splendid—like sniffin'—"Who loves me? who?"

So the misthress tould her. "Aw, that'll do!"
Says Nelly—and a little laugh—and she says,
"I think I'll go now, ma'am, if you plase;
If you plase, ma'am, I'll be goin', I think"—
And the misthress felt her heart go sink—
But held on, for her sowl was cravin' to her,
This Nelly, the very first minute she saw her,
For she saw that she was the rael stuff,
That's it! and no matter for the huff—
Huffed! but wasn' it like prent,[1]
The beautiful and the innocent?
The sweet and the true? But—whether or not—
Chut! the misthress loved her like a shot—
And *how to save her?* She seen the sowl
Was trimblin' all over, for she couldn' hould,
No matter the huffed—aw, hard to hide!
Love is a stronger thing than pride.

So the misthress tould her all the same
She done to Tommy, only the name
She didn' tell—but *a gentleman*
That was far above her, and how it began,
And how it ended—*no doubt, for the best—*
No doubt—but oh! the bitterness!
And "Nelly, I wouldn' be tellin' you this,
If I didn' love you—give me a kiss!"
And *Nelly darlin'!* and—*Nelly sweet!*
Then Nelly ran to the misthress' feet,
And laid her head in her lap, and flung
Her arms around her, and clung, and clung,
And sobbed and sobbed a good while—
Aw, bless ye! what was she but a child?
Then the mistress caught her round the neck,
And spread herself upon her lek—
Aw, Nelly herself has tould me—and she lay,
And the gathered, and sheltered, and hid away,
And nussed, and coaxed, and folded in,
She said it was just astonishin'
The complete the world seemed all to go
From her lek—that she didn' know

[1] Print.

Nothin' at all, but just the door
Was shut on all sorrows for evermore.

But when Nelly got a bit peacefuller,
Then the misthress sthrooghed her hair,
And reddied[1] it, and made it nice— .
Dear me! the tender and the wise—
Eh? just so! till she brought it round
To spake about Tommy, and the way he was down
Altogether, lek low in his mind—
And *the good, and the faithful, and the kind*—
And—*any woman, no matter who,*
Might be proud to marry him;—and "it's you!
It's you he's lovin' more than his life!
Oh Nelly, couldn' ye be his wife?
Aw, try, Nelly! aw, I think ye could—
Aw, Nelly! there's no mistake he's good,"
But Nelly shivered in every limb—
And—"Oh! don't talk to me about him!"
She says, "for if he's as good as gool,
He's a fool," she says, "and a stupid fool."
My word! she was up again like fire.
But the misthress thought she wouldn' try her
That way any more, but just
To pet her, and coax her, the way you must
With the lek, you know, if it's peace you're for—
Or else, you know, look out for war!
Aye—but she got her as quite[2] as quite
And then she went. But that very night
The misthress made up her mind to spake
To Captain Moore himself, to take
Some order someway with the son—
Hard it was, but it had to be done.
And she saw the captain; but what occurred,
To tell ye the truth, I never heard—
Only the misthress came home very weakly,
And off with her to bed directly;
And whiter till white; and it was raelly too much—
Ould love is a dangerous thing to touch.

[1] Arranged. [2] Quiet.

But listen to me! Just a week after that
I was down at Renshent; and the whole of the lot
Sittin' up all night there in the kitchen,
Afraid of the storm, that was nearly hitchin'
The roof off the house—Nor'-West by Nor'—
Dead in, you know, upon the shore—
Great guns—and impossible for me
To get home, so stayed for company.
And Cain was there, with his face in a frown
Like thunder; but the misthress was lyin' down,
They said, in the parlour; very sick—
So these boys was up to every trick,
Pretendin' they had to hould the gels
For the freckened they were[1]—dear me! what else!
And snugglin' up, and whisperin'—
And very lovin' and comfortin'—
And Cain someway didn' seem to be heedin',
And he had a book, but he wasn' readin'—
He seen them well enough, I'll be bail—
But he looked to be thinkin' there a dale.
But Tommy wasn' with them at all;
And so I says to Harry Phaul[2]—
One of these chaps—"Where's Tommy to-night?"
And the wink went round upon me straight,[3]
And nudgin' and lookin', till one of them said—
"Haven' ye heard——?" "Silence! ye jade!"
Says Cain, and looks at the gel like murder—
"This talk," he says, "must go no furder—
It isn' accordin' to your station,
And it isn' to the use of edification."
So the gel gave a frump, like *dear me?*
"Look here!" he says, "you're talkin' too free—
Yes—and very undesi'ble—
And I'll read you four chapters in the Bible
In a minute," he says, "like a shot," he says—
"Four chapters, every vess—"
Four chapters, if a finger stirred o' them!
Four chapters every word o' them!

[1] On account of their being so frightened. [2] Son of Paul.
[3] Immediately.

"Silence! I say." And he stamps the foot—
"A chatt'rin', aggravatin' slut!
But this young Baynes," he says, "may ax
What has happened—I'll state the fax!
I'll state them," he says, "ye jackdaw!
And every one of ye hould your jaw!

"This is the fax. Our Thomas Gellin',
For raisons best known to himself, has fell in
Love with a person they're callin' Quine—
Ellen; if I rightly mind.
Now, this gel was a sarvant in Captain Moore's,
That should have turned her out of doors
Long ago—but, however,——this Nancy—
Nelly, I mean, takes the Captain's fancy—
The young Captain's. They'd words—all right—
Him and the father—that's Wednesday night.
Thursday—that's yesterday—Nicky Freel
Brings the captain's yacht from Peel,
And anchors her inside the bay;
And there she was lyin' the whole of the day.
At six o'clock this everin'
This young pesson isn' in—
Nither's the Captain—can't be found—
And then, wherever she was bound,
This yacht they're callin' the *Waterwitch*
Is off to sea with every stitch—
And a woman aboord.—Well, it's nathral rather,
And, puttin' two and two together,
It isn' cuttin' it very fine
To think this woman is Ellen Quine—
No—so the people have got it they're off
To Scotland of course, and I'm tould their craft
Is small, and very bad prepar'd—
And certainly it's blowing hard—
And Gelling—that was allis short—
Don't take his affliction the way that he ought;
But's gone clane mad, and out on the shore,
And says he'll never come back no more—
See the carnal mind, see!
Where's his faith? perplexin' to me!"

And when he was speakin' there come a strain
That rocked the house—"It's blowin'," says Cain:
"Blowin'!" says I; "she'll never live!
That thing 'll go down like an ould sieve,
If she tries her course—I know the boat;
But she'll never show the canvas to 't;
Her only chance is to run—d'ye hear!"
I was gettin' rather 'cited theer—
"And where'll she run to? I give you warnin'
That vessel 'll be ashore afore mornin'."

I tell ye the words were hardly gone from me
When the door burst open, and in comes Tommy—
And wet to the skin, and white as a ghost,
And his eyes all ablaze, and his voice all hoast[1]—
And—"Run!" he says, "the lot of ye, run!
She's on the Rue! she's done! she's done!"
"The Rue!" I says, "just so! that's it!"
(The Rue is a point to the westward a bit)—
The Rue—"Come along!" says I, "let's slope!"
"Get a ladder!" I says, "and plenty of rope!
Light the lanthorn! bear a hand!"
Says Cain,—"You're quite a perfessional man!"
I raelly thought he was going to bother
About some humbuggin' thing or another
Even then—but he wasn' so bad as that—
'Deed he was as active as a cat,
Was Cain—and skilful, and houldin' out[2]—
Under orders? no doubt! no doubt!
Of course! guy heng![3] and who was he,
To work a wreck, compared with me?
Well, I should think so! only raison!
And everybody in his saison.

The day was broke when we got to the Rue,
And there was the *Waterwitch* full in view.
She wasn' on, but very near it,
Just makin' her last tack to clear it:
They'd tried to anchor, but the cable went snap;
They'd tried her with the jib and a scrap

[1] Hoarse. [2] Enduring. [3] Bless me!

Of a mizzen, but it wouldn do—
Closer, closer to the Rue!
And, when we came upon the beach,
They were settin' the mainsail reefed to the leech—
And the only chance there was for the ship—
When there came a squall, and the mast gave a rip,
And out of her, and there she was!
Roullin' on like a dead hoss [1]—
Helpless, you know, "Stand by now, men!
She'll strike, and strike, and strike again,
Afore she'll settle"—I says; and she gave
A heel to starboard; and then a wave,
Like an elephant, took her on his back,
And in with a run, and crack—crack—crack!
And then a scrunch, the way I said,
And the *Waterwitch* had made her bed—
Fast—stuck fast in a sort of a jint
Betwix' two rocks, that lay off the pint
About a thirty fathom or so,
And covered them; and the tide would flow
Maybe an hour after that—
Bless ye! like a mouse with a cat!
And the short seas herryin' [2] her,
And the long seas buryin' her,
And the tearin' and sawin' on the rocks—
You could see she was breakin' up like a box.
So says I—"The work has got to be done!"
And sthrips—says Cain: "Go on, my son!"
"No!" says Tommy, "I'll go!" says he;
"I'll go!" he says, "it's me! it's me!"
"Look here!" says I, "just wait a second!
Look here now, Tommy! how long do ye reckon
You'll live in that sea? The very first flop
Will rowl ye over like a top.
Are you wantin' to get drowned?" says I.
"If I die," he says, "I'd like to die!"
"Indeed!" I says, "aw dear! aw dear!
Whisper, Tommy!" and I stooped to his ear—
"Whisper—patience just a bit!
Maybe you're goin' to have her yet!"

[1] Horse. [2] Harrowing, tearing.

Aw! I tell ye, he was just like a lamb—
Coaxin'! that's the way I am!

So I says to the chaps—"Is any one wantin'
This job?" I says, "for it's time to be slantin'."[1]
Not a word—"Are ye sure now?—Right as a riddle!"
And I ties the rope around my middle,
And ready coiled, and how—God knows!
But I shut my eyes, and in I goes!
And wasn' I divin' under the says?
Divin'! divin', if ye plase?
Teach your granny to suck eggs!
But it's terrible nasty about your legs
A rope like that—and payin' it out
Far too free—bein' willin', no doubt,
But no 'sperience, you know—hard work!
And no mistake! There was a regular turk
Caught me half-way—my eye! what a brute!
I raelly thought I'd never get through't.
And these chaps ashore—it's worse they got—
I'd a mind to go back, and kick the lot—
But—however—what with tuggin' and luggin',
And givin' and takin', for all their humbuggin',
Just when I thought I had enough,
Somebody gript me by the scruff,
And afore a man could turn on his heel
I had my arms round Nicky Freel.
No time for talk!—"The stump o' the mast!
Bear a hand, Nick! make fast! make fast!"
And gives him the rope—when there come a rowl,
And a bump! and I don't know in my sowl—
But he dropt it—*Nicky?* Out of his hand!
Dropt it! and these chaps on the land
Haulin', for all[2] they felt the loose[3]—
Haulin' away like the very deuce—
Like they'd got a whale—he dropt the rope—
Nicky Freel! like soap! like soap!
And him a sailor!—all very fine!
"Nicky!" I says, "Where's Nelly Quine?"
And I looked, and there they had her lashed

[1] Going. [2] Although. [3] How loose it was.

To the cabin companion—aw dear! the washed
The craythur looked, the washed and the wore—
Half drowned, you know—"I'll take ye ashore,"
I says, and the Captain standin' by—
"I'll take the young woman ashore," says I.
He looked at me very hard, and then
He loosed the lanyarn, and—"Listen, friend!"
Says the Captain, "Suppose I don't live," he says,
"To reach that shore, remember this!
Whatever happens, dyin' or livin',
Nelly's as pure as an angel in Heaven."

And so he gave her to me, and so
I says—"It's time for us to go";
And made her fast across my hips—
"Now, then!" I says, and in I slips—
Easy, you know, very easy, and humours
All I could, and makes these boomers
Ride me as nice as possible,
And treadin' the trough, you know; but still
She hung upon my back like death—
Not a word! no, no! not a sound! not a breath!
I thought she was dead—not the smallest tick
In all her body—so I struck out quick
And hard; but a sea come tearin' along,
And caught me up, and wrenched me that strong,
And bothered me, that the next that came
Knocked me over like a bame—
Senseless—like a log of timber—
And so, of course, that's all I remember
Till I felt the smell of a body smookin',
And a lot of people round me lookin',
And three of us side by side there lyin'—
The Captain, and me, and Nelly Quine—
Her in the middle—but they'd turned her head
Away from the Captain, because he was dead—
Dead, poor chap! But Nelly, the sowl!
Was sleepin' just like a two-year-old.
"Hullo!" says I; "hullo!" says Nickey—
Him that was smookin', and likewise Mickey—
Clague, I mean. So then they stated

How the young Captain waited and waited
Till he seen the lot of them landed there,
And then he jumped, and swam very fair,
Strong, they said, but cautiously—
When, all of a sudden! the boom, d'ye see!
That was soulgerin'[1] about in the trough,
Gave a heave, and a drop! and hit him, my gough!
Hit him just aback of the skull,
And knocked him over like a bull—
Killed him, it's lek, upon the spot:
For when the body come in, they got
No signs of life, nor nothin' in it—
Killed him, I expec', that minute.

Aw, very bad! very bad!
And then we took and sent a lad
For a cart for Nelly, and another to go
So quick as he could, and let them know
At the Ballaglass. So we got the cart,
And Nelly a heisin',[2] and made a start.
But the Captain's body was left in a cove,
And chaps to watch it. So on we drove,
And the poor gel there hangin' all of a dangle,
Sthrooghin'[3] just the same as a tangle—
The limp, you know; and her clothes all twisted
And ruxed about her; and the way she listed[4]
This way, that way—So we done our endeavour,
And up to the house with her howsomedever—
And *where to put her?* and—bear a hand there!
And —"The hayloft 'll do for the lek o' yandhar—"
Says Cain—"The hayloft!" and I gave a star'[5]—
"Is it wantin' to feed the rots[6] ye are?
Haylofts!" I says. So he grunted though;
But what was he goin' to say I don't know;
For the misthress come, so soft and swift,
Like ghos'es[7] comes, ye know—just a whiff
Of somethin' white—like an owl's wing—
And she ran at Nelly like a greedy thing;

[1] Soldiering, knocking about.
[2] Being raised. [3] Trailing. [4] Inclined.
[5] Stare. [6] Rats. [7] Ghosts.

And Nelly lifted up her head,
And fell in the misthress' arms like dead.

So Cain was lookin' rather foolish then,
And of course, you know, no use of men—
So we stood to one side; and, I'll tell ye what!
Every one of us off with his hat,
Lek round a coffin: and the gels there cryin',
And huddlin' and cuddlin', and Nelly lyin'
On the whole of their laps, and goin' a carryin'
In on the parlour, exac' like a buryin'—
And—*to keep away!* and the door shut;
So Cain stood glasses, and so I cut.

But *Tommy?* Tommy, did ye say?
Aw, he was over the hills and far away
Long afore that. And, dear me now!
You'd ha' thought ould Cain had ha' kicked up a row
About Tommy breakin' articles
Like yandhar—*Noticin'*, is it? Bills
Of ladin', contracks, charter-parties,
And all the rest of it—go it, my hearties!
Breach of promise? Breach of something—
And ould Gelling, too! But that's a rum thing—
Just when you'd ha' thought the man 'd[1] been furious,
To take it that aisy—wasn' it curious?
Not a bit of it! bless your soul!
But you'll be tould! you'll be tould!

So Tommy was gone; but Nelly got better,
And then the lot of them was at her
To stay for a servant with them there,
And so she did: and the best of a year
No news of Tommy; but the people was sayin'
They were hearin' a sort of music playin'
In the air sometimes—like a sort of disthress—
Like a fiddle cryin' about the place—
Like a *cry*, they said, and a surt of a moan to it—
(I've axed Tommy himself, but he wouldn' own to it).
So the people said it wasn' right
At all: but Cain took a gun one night,

[1] Would have.

And fired it out at the front door,
And then they never heard it no more.

Aye, aye! but afore the next Mheillea[1]
There was wonderful news of Tommy, I tell ye—
Just so! just so! aw, hould your luff!
Wonderful, wonderful, sure enough!
Well now, this is the way it was—
Nelly's father, ye see, was lost
Off the Shellags one night, with Illiam[2] Crowe,
One-eyed Illiam? exactly so.
And the widda come down most terrible,
And all the mouths she had to fill—
I don't know the number—and it's hard for such,
And Nelly helpin', but it wasn' much—
What could she do? aw, a reg'lar battle,
And *executions*, and I don't know what all,
And the bed goin' sellin' from under them,
And all to that,[3] till at last it came
She had to give in. And Nelly took heart
To ax this Cain to take their part,
Just, you know, to spake to the Coroner
For the mother, poor soul! that he wouldn' be purrin'[4] her
To the road altogether, and no expense,
And did. But Tommy's tould me since
That Nelly was sayin' she'll never forget
The way he looked when she axed him that—
Poor thing! poor thing! but I'll be bail—
Bless ye! looks 'll mean a dale,
A dale will looks: but helped them though;
And then the widda thought she'd go
To Douglas, to live with a sisther theer;
And so the Coroner got them clear,
Or clear of them. And so Mrs. Quine
Off to the sisther——but—very fine!
Sisthers! will they? Not a bit o' them!
Showed her the door, and all the kit o' them!
And too proud to go back—you know, the disgrace—
And Douglas is hardly a Christian place:

[1] Harvest-home. [2] William. [3] So forth. [4] Putting.

Bless ye! Douglas, of a rule,
Is just as bad as Liverpool.

So she wandered about on the bare street,
And not a stockin' to her feet;
And worer and ragg'der, and thinner and starveder,
Till one of these bobbies took and obsarved her—
That's their word—and brought her up
Afore the High-Bailiff—not a bite or a sup
At the woman for days—and the childher all round her
Cryin'; and that's where Tommy found her—
In the Coort? In the Coort. "Is there one of ye knows her?"
Says the High-Bailiff: "I was used *to*, Sir,"
Says a little chap in the crowd; and, blow me!
If the little chap they had wasn' Tommy—
Tommy, for sure! And—"I'll take care o' them,"
Says Tommy there—"I think there's a pair o' them,"
Says the High-Bailiff, and he laughed, and he turned
The leaf of his book, and the bobbies girned[1]—
Of coorse! of coorse! But still they were plazed,
Aw yes, they were, and the woman amazed;
But stuck to Tommy, and out on the door—
And—"Mind you'll not come here no more!"
Says the High-Bailiff. But when she got out,
And took a look at the chap, no doubt,
And seen the surt,[2] she lost all heart—
Poor soul! and actual made a start
To cut and lave him. But Tommy caught her,
And Tommy entreated and Tommy besought her,
And these little midges set up a boo!
And the woman didn' know what to do—
"Tommy, ye dunkey! it isn' no gud![3]
Ye cudn'!" she says; "I cud! I cud!"[4]
Says Tommy: "try me! try me!" he says;
"I've got a terr'ble shuitable place,"
Says Tommy—"Come, Mrs. Quine, aw, come!"
And so she went, but very glum—
Lek shamed, you know, at the undersize
And that, like thinkin' he wasn' wise.

[1] Grinned. [2] What sort he was. [3] Good. [4] Could.

So Tommy done the best he was able,
And took a lodgin' in Guttery Gable,
Or somewhere—just one room they had;
But he worked like a haythen naygur, he did.
And the woman wasn' a bad soul e'ther,[1]
Only a little cretchy[2] rather—
Cretchy, or somethin' of the kind,
And uphouldin'[3] the days she lived with Quine.
She shudn'! No, of coorse she shudn';
But—*that's the times she got the puddin'*,
Heavin' it down the sink, she said—
Plenty of butter to her bread
Them times, she said: you know their way!
Women *muss* have somethin' to say—
Muss—and———yes, it was rather hard
On Tommy. But, bless ye! he didn' regard.
Tommy had a hope in his bussum,
Had Tommy—and 'd take the childher, and nuss 'em,
Or wash them, or anything at all:
Till at last the sisther gave a call
One everin': and she saw the nate
And comfible, and—gettin' late,
And—*could she sit till mornin' there?*
And cuddled her up in a arm-chair,
And had her breakfast, and liked the tay,
And never left them anyway—
Pride, eh? Turn your back, and Pride
'll ate all you'll give him, and more beside.

And all in a little bit of a room
About the length of a lugger's boom—
And dacent lek, ye know, in their habits,
But all in a little room like rabbits.
Bless your sowl! there wasn' no harm in,
But the people said Tommy was turned a Mormon—
Two wives, they said, *and it ought to be looked to*,
And—*Pazon Dobson should be spoke to.*

So Dobson come in with a speech to make to them,
But he laughed that hearty he cudn' spake to them.

[1] Either. [2] Querulous. [3] Boasting of.

For, the time he come, they were goin' to bed,
And the women had rigged a hammock, he said,
And rove it up to the roof with a tackle;
And the minute they heard him, my gough! the cackle!
And "Tommy, you fool!" and "Tommy, you dirt!"
And Tommy standin' in his shirt—
"Here's Pazon Dobson! for all the sakes!
Tommy!!!" and in a brace of shakes
Heaves, and whips him up to a bame,
Like a flitch of bacon, and makes fast the same,
And laves him danglin' under the laths,
And turns about, and smooths their brats,
And—"Good evenin', Sir!" and curtseyin'—
Aw dear! the Pazon laughed like sin.
And "Tommy, how are ye gettin' on upstairs?"
He says, and "Did ye say your prayers,
Tommy?" that's all, bein' giv'n to jokin',
And out, and down the sthreet, and chokin'.
But still a dale more dacenter
To have the falla slung up there—
Just a block, and a strong hook,
And a promise at Tommy he wouldn' look,
And then they could sthrip, and out with the light,
And in to the childher with them straight.

So that's the news that come to Renshent,
And Nelly had ha' took[1] and went
Over the mountains like a shot
That very minute, but the misthress said not,
And coaxed and coaxed, and—"Nelly! Nelly!
You relly[2] are too hard now, relly!
Isn' it all for you he's doin' it?
And it'll be your fault if he's ever ruin' it—"
And—*to do unto others*—"ar'n' we bidden?"
And—"Don't, Nelly, don't!" So Nelly didn'.

But still there was other things both'rin' the gel—
Cain? Aye, Cain—most terrible!
Aw, there's no mistake the man was bad,
At laste, ye know, if he wasn' mad—

[1] Would have taken. [2] Really.

A touch of both—I wouldn' thruss [1]—
But Nelly didn' see it at fuss—
No she didn'—if you'd only ha' ast [2] her,
She'd ha' said he was such a *nice* master—
Nice she'd ha' said, *nice*, d'ye mind!
Pious very, but terrible kind—
Kind she'd ha' said—*such gentleness*—
Such——that's the way the women is—
It's no use o' talkin'! they will! they will!
That's the way with the women still—
Kind and pious! folly and blindness!
That's the piety and the kindness!
Vanity and consate—that's it:
Well—howsomdever—just wait a bit!

But the misthress saw it—like a weather-glass
Is these wakely women; not a speck 'll pass
But they'll have it there—aw, I don't know the wake
Or the what—it's lek the delicake,[3]
And the hung that fine—but let that be—
They'll see what nobody else will see.
Aye, but there's more—there's more though still,
And so I'll confess it, aw, 'deed I will.
Do you know—ah dear! it's an ould song—
What it is to be right, and yet to be wrong?
Not her fault—no, no!—but look!
Swore upon the Holy Book—
Swore—d'ye see? Aw, it's no use denyin'—
Swore—and still, if the woman was dyin',
What could she do? She hadn' gorr [4] it—
Love! what love? the only thing for it
Was death, not love: death, death's the cry!
Sell love? sham love? no, die, die, die!

But more than swore, more than swore—
Ten thousand times more! ten thousand times more!
Here was a man that was goin' to ruin
Most terrible—and whose doin'?
Whose? Aw, don't be hard! aw, don't!
Yes—*she* thought so, but *me!* I won't!
She thought so—yes, just what you'd expeck—

[1] Trust (I rather think). [2] Asked. [3] Delicate. [4] Got.

But, oh! be pitiful to the leck!
That's the thought that done the jeel,[1]
Goin' like a threddle[2] to a wheel,
Thrib-throbbin' night and day,
The wheel that spun her life away.
She hadn' loved him! and who could tell
What might have been? aw well, well, well!
I know, I know—if she could have done it,
If she could, if she could? but who begun it?
Who made it unpozzible from the fuss?
No, no, my lads! I'll not cuss—
But this if—if—if! what's the gud of *if?*
What'll it carry? what'll it lift?
If she cud—just the smallest taste—
Just so—*if, if!* in case, in case!
And all the rest of it, I suppose he'd ha' got
To be a reg'lar angel—what?
This Cain—an angel, cocked in a bush
Like at Moses theer—ah, I only wush
These *if's* were not so sharp and crook'd,
And catchin', and houldin', and gettin' hook'd
In the very flesh, and no aisin' to 't
Till Death'll haul you into his boat,
And wrench the hooks, and set you free
From all the throuble and misery.

Too late! too late! I'm glad it was—
The slack'd fire broke out at last,
Lek the Divil had lit a fiery sun
That scorched her face to look upon.
What! Cain? Yes, bless ye! plain as plain—
He didn' make no secret, didn' Cain—
It seemed as if all care was past,
It seemed as if he was happy at last,
Happy, happy, or goin' to be it,
And still this Nelly didn' see it.
Wonderful! wonderful, I've heard
About *the state of her sowl!* good Lord!
Yes—aw, yes—and 'd give her instruction
Himself, you know—"The introduction,"

[1] Did the damage. [2] Treadle.

He was used to say, "of this young pessin
To the truth is deeply interessin'—"
A lamb of the flock, he said; aw dear!
And wolves, he said, *prowlin' everywheer;*
Wolves, he said; *but the fold was near.*
The scroundhrel-villyan! and allis tuk[1] her
To chapel himself, and up and stuck her
In the front pew—and high and low
Could see, but Nelly didn', no!
Such a fatherly man, she thought, *so good*
And holy, you know; and there she stood
In the chapel, like a primrose in the spring,
And as sweet and as foolish as anything—

But others seen it—what? *the gels?*
Seen it of coorse—my gough! who else!
Likewise the boys—of an evenin' theer
At home you know—and the Book, and the cheer[2]—
And—"Aw!" he'd say, "the power of grace!"
And put a finger in the place,
And his other hand on Nelly's head—
"The power of grace! of grace!" he said;
And pattin' theer, and the big smooth smile,
And—"The Lord is daelin' with this child."
"Oh!" he says, "it's grace that's in,"
And the hand goin' sliddherin' under her chin.
And then he'd be readin' all the chapters
That's talkin' of love—"Oh!" he'd say, "the rapthurs!
The puffick joy! And lizzen to this!
Greet one another with a holy kiss!
See!" he'd say, "my childrin, see
The joy of Christian liberty!
If it hadn' been for *the unrighteous leaven*,
See what kisses we'd be hevvin'!"
"Dear me!" he'd say, "if you were all God's sons
And daughters, we might begin at once";
And dhrops the book, and sticks his thumb in
His oxther, and gives a surt of a hummin',
And lookin' the way you could aisy tell he
'd like uncommon to begin with Nelly.

[1] Took. [2] Chair.

Did they wink? did they nudge? enjoyin' the spree?
Certainly, most certainly!
And sometimes he'd be lookin' very black at them;
And sometimes, d'ye know!, he'd be laughin' back at them—
Actyall! yes! he wud, he wud!
Dhrunk? No—the pison in his blood;
Or—— I don't know; but in general,
He wasn' takin' no notice at all;
But just like a body in a dhrame,
As sweet as sugar, and as soft as crame.
I believe in my sowl then—honour bright!—
The man was thinkin' he was all right.
Sometimes? Yes; and weeks at a time—
Lek nothin' in the world could annoy 'm;
Just azackly as if he was livin'
In another world, *saved and forgiven*,
With other loss and other gain,
With another Nelly and another Cain.

Decavin' himself? No, no! d'ye see!
Never not decavin' nobody
Such times—like settled long ago,
And no use to be spakin' nor nothin', ye know;
But just to be happy, and have no bother
This way that way, one thing or another—
Happy, happy; allis the same—
Just to go on, and dhrame and dhrame.
Raelly happy. For this Nelly at Cain's
Made the man's blood go sweet in his veins—
Lifted the falla up from the mire
Of his spite, and his hate, and his hell-fire;
Grew like a lily or a pink
'll grow by the side of some dirty sink,
Or a midden—— *Hard?* No, I'm not hard!
A midden in a farmyard!
A midden, by gough! I'll stick to that.
A midden or a tanyard vat—
My senses! a midden 's twice too gud for him.
A beauty for pinks and lilies to bud for him!
There now, there now! Labour in vain!
You've got him, you've got him! So take your Cain!

It's no use, my men ; keep quiet ! keep quiet !
How could it be right ? how could it be right ?
Heaven above, or earth beneath ;
Right is right in the Devil's teeth.
Lovin' Nelly ! What did ye say ?
That was sugar for any man's tay ?
Certainly ! and no thanks to be gud,
If you were lovin' her ; I think you shud !
And her lovin' you—aw, at that price,
Ould Nick himself 'd 'a' tuk to be nice—
Yes, there's no doubt ; but I can't discover
How he had any right to love her—
Any right, or any sense.
Good grayshurs ! he knew he hadn' a chance
To get Nelly to love him. What was there in him
But muck and mash and hissin' venom ?
Could he love ? He could hate—he hated his wife !
Put a dhrop of love into that man's life ;
Run a river of love—what's the gud of it all ?
It'd only turn to the bitter gall.
He had soaked himself in spite—d'ye see ?
He had steeped himself in cruelty.
He was pison to the very brim—
All the love on earth couldn' sweeten him.
Plant a apple tree in a bog—will it root ?
In a hungry bog—will it bring forth fruit ?
Plant love in Cain—don't you know what would happen ?
It wouldn' be love ; it wouldn' have the sap in,
Nor nathur, nor nothin' : it would breed grubs ;
It would rot ; it would stink. It'll do in dubs,
Will dirty water ; but, so soon as it flows,
Stand to one side, or hould your nose !

Aw, he had to keep quiet—his only look out ;
And as long as he could, there isn' no doubt
The man had a surt of happiness,
A surt of peace, a surt of rest—
A surt—but still he knew if he'd spake
One word that Nelly couldn' mistake,
One word ! his dhrame would go like a puff—
That's what my lad knew well enough.

So he had to humour his dhrame that way,
To spin it out, to coax it to stay—
Lek all that was ever like to be—
And it made him as peaceful there, and free—
Bless your sowl! he was gettin' quite kind
To the misthress even, lek he'd made up his mind
Lek all to be happy like in a story,
Lek Nelly 'd got them up to glory,
Nor where, nor when, nor how, nor who—
And the misthress to be in it too.
But who and how, and where and when,
Must have an answer, must, my men.

And so there was times when the divil awoke,
And see he was just the fool of a joke,
And sickened at these slops of love,
Or whatever trash he was dreamin' of.
And then the seven divils came
And filled his sowl with rage and flame:
And his shouldhers shuck, and his face fell,
And his heart was like a coal of hell.
And he'd take for the shore or anywhere—
Lek chokin', ye know, lek catchin' the air—
I've talked to people that heard him there.
It was hard to understand him rather,
They said, bein' mostly stormy weather
Such times he was after these games; and mixin'
Religion and that; but still they were fixin'[1]
Putty[2] middlin'; and the despard[3] way
He'd shout to the land, and shout to the sea.

And—"God in Heaven!" he'd say, "O God!
I know Thy rod! I know Thy rod!
She can't be mine! she can't be mine!
O Nelly Quine! O Nelly Quine!
But why? Oh, why? Isn' there a place
In all the world, a little space,
Nowhere? nowhere? a space, a spot—
Oh, is there not? Oh, is there not?

[1] Describing it. [2] Pretty. [3] Desperate.

God of mercy, in all these lands,
Where I can flee from Thy commands?
Somewhere! somewhere! there must! there must!
O God, I am but feeble dust,
A worm, a fool, a stupid liar—
O give me but my heart's desire!
God in Heaven! what's the gud o' me?
I cannot do the thing Thou wud o' me—
I was never convarted. I only shammed—
I'm lost already! O God, I'm damned—
I never loved Thee, nor Thy word—
Lave me to myself, O Lord!
I'm weak, O Lord, I can't stand firm!
What's all this bother about a worm?
Drop me! Lave me! What matter to you?
Give me Nelly, and that'll do."

That was a praecher—rummish docthrine
For a man that knew the way, and walked therein
With sweet assurance—I've heard him talk—
Rather a curious road to walk!

But Nelly never knew a scrap—
Ye see, the parties that heard the chap
Was terbil deep Methodisses,
That's apt to hide a thing like this is,
Hush it up, lek thinkin' *it best*,
They're sayin', *for the Chapel intheress*—
Aw, crafty uncommon! a *Christian brother*—
Dear me, but they'll stick to one another!

But how was it the misthress didn' spake
To Nelly? Now, for God's sake!
To Nelly? The misthress? You havn' a grain o' sense—
Wasn' it just in Nelly's innocence
That the misthress had her only pleasure,
Her only joy, her hidden treasure—
In Nelly's peace, in healin' the smart
Of the sore that was still in Nelly's heart?
In seein' her bud again and blossom,
That would ha' tuk her to her bosom

Every minute, and rocked her and rocked her
Like a baby there—and Cain for the doctor!
My gough! let's see—
Doctor Cain, M.D.—
And so long as the gel was cheerful
And happier gettin', the misthress was fearful
To move a finger—and she didn' know
About his tantrims. She only saw
The smilin' the man was got, and the silly,
And evident all by raison of Nelly.

And sometimes she started like a thing that was stung,
When she looked at the man, and seen the young
And sthrong he was seemin': and then she thought,
I don't know what! I don't know what!
Death, and darkness, and despair—
But other times, though, sittin' there,
Just the three of them, and no winkin' nor nudgin'
At these boys and gels, it was hard to be judgin'
And Cain that tuk up, and contented, and cuddlin'—
If it was only a piece of old man's muddlin'
After all; and, if so,
Then he was very happy, ye know—
And was *she* makin' him happy? poor woman!
Cud she? and mightn' the man be comin'
To an anchor lek in still water,
And Nelly to be to him like a daughter!
Besides the religion—aw, 'deed, I'll bet
The misthress was thinkin' a dale of that.
For, ye see, for all the good-hearted,
And the sweet, this Nelly wasn' convarted—
No—and still it was rather expected,
After all her trouble, she'd be *directed*
And that—you know—and only proper—
And even talk of Cain to adop' her.
So who was knowin' when it'd come—
The great change—very slow with some—
Yes, I suppose so—and to try to forget
The Captain theer—aw, they wouldn' be beat—
Poor lad! Was he in the same thrim?
I wondher what change there come to him.

"We shall not all sleep," it says,
"But we shall all be changed," same vess—
All, now? What is he maenin' by *all?*
A terbil hand was yandhar Paul.

But, I tell ye, it got so bad in the Chapel
That these unfornit locals had to *grapple*
With this question—that's what they called it—
And the Shuperintandin' overhauled it
One everin' with them, havin' come
Special o' puppose from Douglas, by gum!
Aye! but of coorse, you know, they'd contrive it
To be a meetin' lek in private—
Private, aw, private—yes, but still
The lek will out, of course it will.

So the meetin' was in the everin,
So the next day they summoned Cain
To *appear* before them—*for divers grave*
And weighty causes—aw, you'll get lave![1]
Like lawyers just—ould Bobby Kirkbride—
And as dignified as dignified.
But the chap that had to sarve this writ
Didn' like the job a bit—
No, he didn', aw, 'deed, no, man!
So he started off the very momen'
It was in Cain's hand, and he over the hill,
And heard him shoutin' terrible—
"Young man! come here!" but he didn' mind him,
But ran lek he'd got the Divil behind him.

But Cain to the chapel—and that's the place
They had the row, and every taste.[2]
And who was tellin' me? Tellin'? tellin'?
Why, bless your souls! ould Harry Gellin',
Tommy's father; aye, but it was, though,
Just one day there shoein' a hoss though—
Aw, whatever there's goin', the blacks and the whites of it,
It's in a smithy you'll get the rights of it—
And him a local: but tuk the huff
About something, and left them long enough

[1] Say what you like. [2] Bit of it.

After he was tellin' me the fun.
So Bobby Kirkbride it was that begun,
Bobby—and "Brother Cain," he says,
"We're in a very great disthress,
Brother—very," he says—"The Church,"
He says, "is troubled. 'Twere gud to search
Your heart, brother, and ascertain
How is it with thee, brother Cain.
It's for our brother's own sake,
And indeed the case is delicake,
Yes, it's delicake uncommon—
I may say it's about a young woman,
Livin' under your own roof,
I understand, but kep' aloof
From the rest of the sarvants. We've heard this;
And then, in this sacred edifice,
We're tould of conduck, as one might say,
Conduck, conduck, in a general way.
Furthermore, it's said in the neighbourhood
That this faymale pessin is well-favoured,
Also, we're informed her state
Is hopeful, or *was*, at any rate—
Hopeful—and makin' her to be
A pleasin' subject—spiritually—
Spiritually—in another respeck,
We've heard of captains and the lek—
We've heard, no doubt, and a trouble that came
On a fam'ly I'm not goin' to name—
A trouble, yes. So, if he's inclint
To clear his mind upon this pint,
We think, in a spirit of Christian unity,
Our brother should have a opportunity."

And then he axed the Shuperintandin'
To *open the Scripthar for their understandin'*,
If so be they might see the light,
And lead the doubtin' Church aright.
So then the Shuperintandin' prayed,
But *very cautious*, Gellin' said—
Cautious, cautious, like an ould drake,
And cautiouser still when he come to spake,

Eyein' Cain, ye know, that was theer,
Sittin' in the Communion cheer—
Bless ye! as happy as a bird,
Nid-noddin' at every other word:
And when the prayer was over, he set
The Amen as bould as a clarionet;
And slicked his lips like slickin' a label,
And cocked himself on the communion table.

So then the Shuperintandin' 'spounded,
And the way it was, and where they found it—
Corinthians—and Paul *enlargin'*
How a man is to do with his vargin—
If he thinks he's behavin' uncomely toward her,
St. Paul is sayin', he's bound to take order
To get her married some way; but still,
If the party's got power over his will,
And *hath so devised in his heart*, says Paul,
He needn' marry her at all—
"That's Paul," he says; "we've his own word,
It's only hisself, and not the Lord—
But I spare you, says Paul,"—and this and thus,
And whips them back to Leviticus,
And works the texes—*But still, of coorse,*
The law of Moses hadn' no force—
And then there was David, when he got ould,
And sufferin' greatly from the could,
Tuk yandhar Abishag, that nussed him,
And seemed to be a ancient custom,
But differin' from the case in hand,
And not the same for every man—
But no doubt, for the sake of the congregation,
Their brother would gev an explanation.

Says Cain—"It's beautiful, it is!
A splendid exposition," he says—
"Splendid, splendid! Dear me! the way
That Scripthar was opened, just like day,"
He said, "like day. But how? But how?"
Was it larnin'? "No, I trow":

Was it readin', was it study?
Was it pokin' in the muddy
Waters of the carnal mind,
Pokin', pokin', till you're nearly blind—
Was it? And he looked around,
And he smiled like butter a shillin' the pound—
"No!" he says, "it's just the habirtual
Comparin' spir'tual things with spir'tual"—
And—"Hem!" he said, and ups with the eyes,
And smacks his lips like somethin' nice.

Nice! by gough! aw, nice enough!
It was Nelly he was thinkin' of.
Aye, aye! it had got a name,
It was there, *he was spoke to*, it wasn' a dhrame—
Spoke to! spoke to! Yes, and, beside,
I believe the chap had a surt of a pride
The way he was lifted altogether
Above Shuperintandin's, or Locals e'ther,
Lek on wings of the mornin', and these craythurs to run
With their farlin' candle to see the sun
Just when it was goin' to rise—that's it!
To rise, to rise—that's the thing that lit
His face till it shined like polish just—
Heaven or Hell, love or lust—
Take your chise! but, as Gellin' 'd say,
It must have come from somewhere—eh?
"The exposition," he says, "is grand;
But now let's come to the point in hand,
To the point," says Cain; "I'm not deny'n'
A word that was said about Ellen Quine.
I think you'll allow it's only natur',
The way she came to us, we'd trate her
Special lek, bein' in a sense
Entrusted to us by Providence—
Trusted," he says, "I think you'll agree,
Trusted to Mrs. Cain and me.
She come to us a poor lost sinner,
But we seen the seeds of grace that was in her,
And—the beauty, yes, the carnal beauty—
No doubt, no doubt; but what was our duty?

That's the thing. Our duty was plain
Before us—me and Mrs. Cain.
Seeds—now ought we to leave them there,
To be picked and pecked by the birds of the air?
To be choked with the thorns, to be burnt with the heat—
Is that our duty? I beg to state
It's not. No matter the time or the place,
Seeds of grace is seeds of grace.
To raise the fallen, to seek the lost,
That's our duty, whatever the cost.
But the gel is good-lookin'? that's admitted—
Is she any the less fitted
For a vessel of grace? Good-looks is fac's—
What *is* there in good-looks, I ax?
Must she be ugly? Is there anything carnal
In good-looks? Is the life etarnal
For ugly women and ugly men
Only? No, no! my brethren.
That's carryin' Election out of all raison:
The works of Nature, in their saison,
Might teach ye that. The very flowers
Of the field, God's work, you know, not ours—
Has the blossoms of Spring a lovely breath,
Or are they a savour of death unto death?
They're beautiful—aye! There ye gorrit![1]
Beautiful, and ye like them for it.
And then in the Bible everywhere
The beautiful the women are!
Not one neither, but every one of them,
Aye, bless ye! every mother's son of them.
They're all beautiful! Look at the way
They're in the picthars—as you might say—
Puffeck beauty, not a stain nor a spot,
Not an ugly one in all the lot.
Yes, and holy women, too.
Of coorse! of coorse! we've nothin' to do
With Jezebel and Herodias,
And hapes of the like, as bould as brass:
But Queen Bersheba that wouldn' be done
But she'd hear the wisdom of Solomon;

[1] You have got it.

And the Shunamite, that we're taught to consider
A type of the Church ; and—altogether—
What do ye say to the likes of them ?
And 'the daughter of Jerusalem.'—
See the Prophets, see the Psalms ;
See that Hagar of Abraham's,
And Ruth, and Rahab, that hid the spies,
And Leah—only the blinky eyes—
And dozens more, if they were wanted—
See the way they're represented !
Beautiful ? Of coorse they were—
Beautiful—and I'll tell ye the for.
It's a gift is beauty, a gift it is,
And used for improper pupposes
At [1] the Divil—no doubt a snare to catch
Unwary souls : but God's his match.
This gift is *His* gift after all,
Not the Divil's, in spite of his gall ;
And God is usin' it to bend
Our hearts, that so we may befriend
Poor things that has been led astray,
That so His banished may find a way
To return to Him ; the effeck of whuch,
My beloved brethren, is such
That this beauty, this snare of the ould Dragon's,
Is the banner of love : 'stay me with flagons
In the banqueting house ; yea, comfort me
With apples from the apple tree—
I am sick of love,' the bride is say'n' ;
And so with me and Mrs. Cain.
We love this young pesson ; the Lord has guv [2] her
Unto us that we might love her,
That we might lead her unto Him ;
And if she was like a cherubim
For beauty, or just the *vice versies*,
We 'umbly thank Him for His mercies."

And he stopped. To hear ould Gellin' arrit [3]
Was good ! he had every word, like a parrot—
Stopped a minute, did Cain ; and the fashion

[1] By. [2] Given. [3] At it.

Of his face was changed, Gellin' said ; no passion,
No love nor hatred to be seen ;
But just the cunning of a fiend—
Cunning. And then he says—"The occasion
Was seemin' to want an explanation :
And now ye have it," he says. "But still,
If you're only convinced against your will,
If this meetin' isn' satisfied,
Then," he says, "I wouldn' divide
A Christian body," he says ; "no, no !
I can go," he says, "and I'm willin' to go.
But," he says, "I'll always be jealous
Over you with love : no malice
Has place in my heart, but only a yearnin'
In the bowels of the Gospel for them that's returnin'
Evil for good. But—no more of that.
One thing," he says, "I musn' forget—
It's a matter of business," he says, "I fear,
But better perhaps to have everythin' clear.
I'd be very sorry, certainly,
To give any trouble to the Cŏmmĭtteē,
Or the congregation in general,
Very sorry : but—still for all—
There's certain moneys ; and it's handy, rather,
For the man and the money to go together—
So no doubt you'll be makin' arrangements for payin'
The mortgages on the chapel," says Cain,
"With all the interest that's owin',
For I think there'll be foreclosin' goin'.
But I'd better give you a day or two
To think about it—that'll do,"
Says Cain, "Good evenin' !" And takes
His hat, and a smooth of the elber, and makes
For the door.

"Stop !" says Gellin', "Stop !"
He says, and he gave a skip and a hop,
And got hoult of the door. "Stop ! " like commandin' ;
"Aisy !" says the Shuperintandin' ;
"*Aisy*, Mr. Gellin' !" he says ;
"*Aisy ?* What sort of talk is this ?"

Says Gellin'. "*Aisy!* I'd have you to know,"
And set to work, and gave them the jaw,
Most terrible—the way he was tellin';
Aw, by gogh! he could do it, could Gellin'—
Could and would—*They'd heard a lecthur,*
He said, *about women that's drew in a pecthur.*
Concubines, and ould men's misses;
Was this the talk for Methodisses?
Were they Protestans? See, then, see!
Wasn' this flat Popery?
What else in the world? "Pecthurs!" he says,
"Pecthurs, graven images!
It's as clear as daylight," says Gellin'; *but then—*
The mortgages! And at it again.
Mortgages, he said, *indeed,*
He'd like to see the trust deed;
He called for it to be produced—
Yes, and he'd hev it. They couldn' be loosed
From the obligation under the Trust—
Was it gud in law? Was it right? Was it just?
Mortgages! There couldn' be—
And how about the mortgagee?
He could tell Mr. Cain, if he'd lent that money,
The position he was in was more till funny;
It was danger's it was, a reg'lar fix,
And he'd better be makin' quick sticks
To get out of it, or he'd see what the Coort
Of Chancery would say. And he roort
And he shouted: *and he'd hev it tried,*
He said, *if it beggared him, if he died;*
He'd take it to every Coort in creation—
It was just "a corrup' consideration."

And Cain looked thunder, and well he might;
But the Shuperintandin' got a light
From all this talk; so he stroked down Gellin'
The best he could, that was puffin' and swellin'
Most awful—and then he turned to Cain,
And—"I think we'll let the matter remain
As it is,' he says, "I believe I express
The general feelin'—as it is, as it is";

And looks round at the others, that gave a sort
Of a grunt or a groan, or a sniff or a snort,
Maenin' yes—and "Let us pray";
And down on their knees and pegged away:
But Gellin' only said—*Chit!* and *Chut!*
And tuk and slammed the door, and cut.

So one Sunday though ould Cain was as clever
Fiddlin' there with Nelly as ever,
And wrappin' the shawl—and it wasn' rainy—
But just like the gel was made of chayney.
And Nelly as rosy as an apple
With the blushes, and linkin' down the chapel,
As happy, bless ye! and content—
Innocent! just innocent!
For the capers this Cain was carryin' on
She didn' hardly understan';
Only she thought it was maybe a way
With pious pessins—but as good as a play;
And the praecher lookin' rather glum—
But the hour had come, the hour had come!
Come, I tell ye! make or break—
For on the road he begun to spake
About the young Captain, and worked it round,
Till she *must* understand; and she gave a bound,
And off like a deer, and the night was black,
And this rascal couldn' follow the track,
And lost her there; but Nelly went
Across everythin', everythin', straight for Renshent.
Ah, think! what *would* the poor craythur be?
Just mad with fear and misery!

The misthress! the misthress! That was her thought:
She wasn' freckened to be caught—
Poor thing! not that—but *there! oh there!*
To be with her! to be with her!
Safe, safe with her! And just the strength,
And in on the parlour, and fell full length
At the misthress' feet. And—*what was there at her?*
And—"Nelly, Nelly! what's the matter?"
And never a word, and never a moan—

Poor Nelly lay as dead as a stone.
But coaxed her, and petted her, and raised her—
And—"Nelly, Nelly!" and 'mazeder and 'mazeder.
"What is it, Nelly?" (you understan'—
A pious man! a holy man!
Where was *he?* Ah dear! What odds?
The heart of an innocent gel is God's—
Let scoundrels skulk, let divils chafe!
Nelly was safe! Nelly was safe!
Safe with the misthress). But when she woke,
And when she looked, and when she spoke,
And when she tould—the misthress heard,
But she didn' say a single word,
But turned like a sheet. It had come at last,
And the bitterness of death was passed.

"Misthress!" says Nelly, "Misthress! mother!
My own! my own! for I haven' no other,
Or if I have—O kindest friend!
O sweet! O good! O . . . *mother* then!
Mother, my heart is like to break!"
But the misthress, you know, she couldn' spake—
"O Misthress, is your heart turned hard to me?
O Misthress, won't you spake a word to me?
Just a word! a word! Oh spake
Any word—for Jesus' sake!
Am I a naughty gel, Mrs. Cain?
Am I? am I? I didn' mane—
Misthress! Misthress! I didn' know—
Am I! am I! Must I go?"

But the misthress sat in her chair quite stiff—
So Nelly got in a sort of a tiff,
Lek, you know, the way with such,
Half-cock, hair-trigger, and off with a touch—
That was the wuss o' Nelly, aw yes!
'Deed it was, and 'deed it is.
But—dear me! clean your own winder—
Flint is flint, and tinder is tinder—
And knew no more till the man-in-the-moon
All the mischief she was doin'—
Nelly! Nelly! And "Misthress," she said,

And she stood on her feet, and she back with the head,
And her bonnet fell off and draggled there—
"You won't hear, you won't hear!
I'm not worth, I suppose; I see't! I see't!
I'm only the dirt beneath his feet!
I'm no matter. I haven' a friend,
And you think I'm a liar, and——there's an end!
I believe ye knew! I believe ye knew!
Yes, I do! yes, I do!
I believe ye made it up between ye,
And I'm sorry the day that ever I seen ye."
Quick work—you'll say; aw, quick is the road;[1]
But oh, if Nelly had only knowed
What the misthress was feelin' then!
But—however—what's the use, my men?
So Nelly gave an awful cry,
Like the yowl of a dog, but no reply
From the misthress, no reply at all.
So she took her bonnet and her shawl,
And away, and locked herself in her room,
And left the misthress to her doom.

And the sarvints was freckened, and didn' go near,
But they heard the misthress on the stair
Lek staggerin' lek—and then—no more,
Not even a foot upon the floor—
And sat up for Cain: but he didn' come in
Till daylight, and *blew about with the wind*,
They were sayin', *rather*, and up to bed—
And there was the misthress lyin' dead!
She was lyin' dead. *Pison?* yes!
A mug of it upon the chiss[2]—
Pison, though—poor thing! she was gone
To the happy place, where it's all one—
Prepared? aw dear! what *is* prepared?
And the ould murderer stood and stared!
And he shouted? Yes, enough for three!
Shouted—but not immadiently.
No, no; but aisy! wait, then, wait!
Don't get 'cited, at any rate!

[1] Way. [2] Chest.

Well, now, you may think the work
There was in that house; and Christy Quirk,
The Coroner, comin' and the inquest arrim,[1]
And everybody on the farrim [2]
Callin' [3] there: and couldn' agree
For *temporal insanity;*
But just it was pison, pison—what's
The name of that pison they're given to rots?
But by whose hand administered—
Minis, minis—that's the word—
I think so. Well, they couldn' say;
So to bury the body anyway,
And service over it all right—
And so they did, but late at night.

And poor Nelly, they said, was just like a ghose,
Creepin' about, and packed her clothes
To be off; but the women coaxed her for all
To stay with them over the funeral.
But Cain knew well that she'd settled to lave
When the misthress went out: so before the grave
Was filled—aw, bless ye! hardly a spatter
On the coffin-lid, he was home and at her—
Aye he was, and had some tay
In the kitchen, and tould the rest to stay
Outside till he'd want them in to prayer;
But *he'd something very particular*
To say to Ellen Quine, he said—
Yes, indeed! and so he had.

And—*would she forgive him?* That was the game,
Would she forgive him? He felt the shame
Of his conduck the other night—aw dear!
The shame, he said, *but still it was clear*
He was left to himself, he said, *that time—*
And would she forgive him? and would she try him?
What was man? he said—*the best,*
He said, *the very holiest?*
No doubt, no doubt, he said, *it was sudden:*
But what was he to do? He couldn'

[1] At him, held by him. [2] Farm. [3] Being called.

Allow her to go, and his heart to break;
And if he didn' spake now, when was he to spake?
It was his one chance, he said, *and he took it;*
And the dear departed would overlook it.

And Nelly tried to stop the man—
But, bless me! she said, the tongue of him ran
Like a wheel, she said. *And would she be this?*
And would she be that? and all the list
Of the things he'd do, and the things he'd give her—
And—"I will! I will!" and on like a river—
And promisin' *the kind* (!) *he'd be*—
And—"Oh, I'll make you happy!" says he,
And—"Will ye, will ye be my wife?"
And he stopped to get wind. "I'll send this knife,"
Says Nelly, "through your black heart,
If you'll spake another word." The start
He gave! and the cup fallin' out of his hand!
"Through your black heart, you bad man!"
Says Nelly, and she took a step
Towards him, and the fella kep'
His eye on her still; but he backed and backed,
And out on the door; and—aw, it's a fact,
Nobody said another word
About *prayers* that night that ever I heard—
No: and next mornin' the gel was sayin'
Good-bye to them there, when in comes Cain.
"Clear out of this!" says Cain to the gels:
"I must spake to this pessin, and nobody else
Is wanted here." So of course they went.
"Now, Nelly," he says, "you're leavin' Renshent;
And you'll return," he says, "for Lammas,
And marry me. Promise now! promise! promise!"
But Nelly made a dart at the dresser,
And had a knife in a minute, bless her!—
The gel was quick. But Cain gave a sign,
And two policemen, that was eyein'
The whole, unknownced, gript Nelly, by George,
Like a shot,—and "I give this pessin in charge
For the murder of Mrs. Cain," he says;
And he stands like a rock, and his hand in his breast.

Poor Nelly! poor Nelly! and haulin' and pushin',
And a car there to take her to Castle Rushen.[1]
But just when they started he tried once more,
And stooped, and whispered somethin' to her.
But the people didn' hear what he said,
And Nelly only shook her head—
And, "All right!" and nothin' more to say with them,
And up goes the driver, and off and away with them.
The divil! I think I see his hoofs!
But he'd got his proofs, he'd got his proofs.
His proofs—aw yes: for who was it bought
This pison but Nelly, that little thought
What was goin' to happen: and then the fight
She had with the misthress that very night—
The servants would swear to as soon as wink,
And lookin' middlin' ugly, I think.

Now, when Tommy heard this news,
He was clane crazy. "Don't be a goose!
Don't be a goose!" says Mrs. Quine;
"Of course the case will be goin' a try'n';[2]
And Nelly was allis a bit of a fury,
Aw, 'deed she was: but no doubt the jury
Will consider the young the craythur's yet—
And it's only transportation she'll get."
"*Transportation!*" says Tommy, "and *me!*"
"Well, well," says Mrs. Quine, "we'll see."
"See!" says Tommy, "I'll go to Duddon
This very minute." "Well, I wouldn',"
Says the mother, "I wouldn' be so selly.[3]
She was allis very short-tempered, was Nelly.
And Duddon the very first lawyer goin'.
Duddon! Bless ye! it's only throwin'
Your money away—it is, indeed!
And, goodness knows, there's not much need.
Look at the childher!" and so she went on.
And, "Stop now, Tommy!" but Tommy was gone.
Ye see the chap was doin' fair:
He'd got in with some masons and builders there—
And contraks and that, and good at the measurin',

[1] The jail of the Island. [2] Will be tried. [3] Silly.

And plannin', and cipherin', and takin' a pleasure in
All sôrts of inventions, and layin' the gas—
Aw, bless ye! makin' money fast.

But Duddon that was the chap for the law—
Terr'ble, but terr'bler for the jaw—
Aw, a mortal hand! He's laid on the shelf
Since then. But he'd bully ould Harry himself
Them times. Aw, bless ye!—fire and slaughter!
Put Duddon on them, and they'd cry for quarter.
So it's Duddon Tommy wanted to see,
And tould him all; and, "Lave it to me!"
Says Duddon, and bitin' his pen, and lookin'
As deep as deep: so Tommy was hookin'.
Poor Tommy, though—the shaky and shivery
He was. And "The General Jail Delivery"—
That was the time. And them words seemed cut
In every stone the craythur put
In a wall. They seemed to be wrote in the air,
On the sands, in the harbour—everywhere.

And Tommy got lave for the mother and aunt
To see this Nelly. And so they went,
And Tommy with them, in a car,
And into the Castle; but didn' dar'
To go in the place where Nelly was,
But pretended to be lookin' after the hoss.
And Mrs. Quine was weepin' a dale,
And the sisther, of course she wouldn' fail—
Aw, dacent women! But when they were done,
And just sittin' together, the mother begun
To ask a hape of questions, you know;
And this and that, and terrible though—
Till at last she said, "And, Nelly, then,
What did ye give her the pison in?"
Aw, Nelly jumped to her feet, and she turned
Away from them, and the cheeks of her burned
With fire and shame; and she wouldn' spake,
And didn'—and so they had to make
Tracks of coorse; and—"She's very queer!"
Says the mother to the jailer theer.

But just it was goin' about a week
To the trial, Duddon sent to speak
With Tommy. And—*everythin' was in train;*
But he'd like to have a talk with this Cain.
And would Tommy go with him at once? and statin'
The for.[1] And the two of them off in the phaeton.
So when they got there, it was—"How do ye do, sir?"
"You know me," says Duddon. "Who wouldn' know you, sir?"
Says Cain, very smilin'. But when he seen
Tommy there, his face got as keen
As keen; and—"Thomas Gelling, is it?"
He says, and "What's the cause of this visit,
May I ax?"—quite stiff, ye know. But Duddon
Wasn' the chap to wait for the puddin',
But in it at once: and—"A pessin is lyin'
In the Castle, by the name of Quine—
A servant of yours—in custody,
Upon your information, it seems to be,
For murderin' your wife by pison.
Now, Mr. Cain, it's very surprisin'
You don't perceive how much better
It would have been for ye all to have dropped this matter.
If your respected pardner had died
By her own hand, by suicide,"
There you were: but there was people enough
That didn' know when they were well off.
And the jury hadn' seen their way
To "temporal sanity," and he dare say
He could guess the raison. "But I don't care a toss,
It was suicide, and *you know* it was!
That's my conviction, and you can't remove it;
You know it, my friend, and you can prove it—
Yes, you can. And look here, Mr. Cain—"
And he eyed him sharp—"Look here, I'll be plain.
There's no doubt at all the law will considher
The two of you to be in it together,
Her the insthrument, and *you*—
Well, Mr. Cain! But here's my view—
Mr. Cain, Mr. Cain, the law 'll go furdher,

[1] Reason.

And bring you in yourself for the murdher—
Yourself alone!" (Ould Cain gave a jerk)—
"So just you set your wits to work,
And give me that proof—you know what I mane—
Or I'll have you arrested, Mr. Cain.
By this time to-morrow—the proof! d'ye hear?
So now you know the way to steer.
Good-day, Mr. Cain—" and turns on his heel.

That everin' Cain was off to Peel,
And a Tommy Artlar[1] in the bay,
And her anchor tripped, and goin' to sea
Directly. And Cain just settled his passage,
And sent a passil[2] and a message
By a chap on the pier—aye! it's a fac'!
And away to Ireland aboord of this smack,
And got the steamer at Queenstown, bedad!
And off to America—Catch my lad!
Apt to come back? Indeed he isn'—
If he'd show his nose, he'd be clapt in prison
Like a shot—not him! else what did he run for,
Eh? and so that villyan is done for!

But what was this paper? The paper! wup![3]
This was the paper. When Cain went up
And found the misthress lyin' dead,
He found this paper on the bed,
And took it, and read it, and kept it by 'm—
The dirty rascal! all the time.
This paper was written by his wife,
And statin' *the tired she was of her life—*
And the wishful to die—that's the way it was tould—
And the Lord to have mercy upon her sowl!
And somethin' about her weddin'-ring—
Disthracted lek; poor thing! poor thing!

So the trial was held, and the jury sat,
And—"Appear to coort!" and all to that—
And Duddon got up, and the speech he made
Was grand—aw, bless ye! he knew his trade—

[1] An Arklow fishing-boat. [2] Parcel. [3] Woa!

And the foreman at them was Corlett the Draper—
And Duddon handed up the paper.
And the Deemster read it, and "Do ye agree?"
And "Not guilty! not guilty!" what else could it be?
"Three cheers! three cheers!" aw, I'll engage—
And the Deemster black in the face with rage!
And Tommy outside of the Castle wall
With a car; but he hadn' the mother at all
That time: and Nelly, and the people expectin'
Lek she'd go to Tommy, lek a sort o' directin'.
And in with her straight, and stooped the head,
And—"You've beat me, Tommy! you've beat me!" she said.
But, half-way to Douglas, this Nelly got bouldher,
And the head was slipt on Tommy's shouldher,
And the whisperin' in Tommy's ears,
And his arm round her waist, and tears—tears—
Tears—I'll lave it to any man livin',
Sweeter to Tommy than the rain from heaven.

And so of coorse they got married at once?
Bless ye! where would be the sense?
But it's married they got; and this little wutch
Worked with Tommy, and Tommy got ruch.
And the farm on the North—Renshent, ye know,
Was comin' to the heir-at-law,
That lived in England, and willin' to let it,
And Tommy terrible wantin' to get it,
And got it—the very primmisis,[1]
And there he is now—aw, 'deed he is!

It was only last year I had a spell there,
And Tommy and Nelly and me and the childher
Went out for a walk on the Mooragh[2] there,
Just to enjoy the lovely air:
And we took for the beach, and we come to the Rue,
And Tommy looked, and I looked too—
And we thought, you know; but it wasn' grief—
And the water floppin' upon the reef—
And the little things busy with their play—
And Nelly as happy as the day.

[1] Premises. [2] Waste land on the shore.

FO'C'S'LE YARNS

Second Series

DEDICATION

DEAR COUNTRYMEN, whate'er is left to us
Of ancient heritage—
Of manners, speech, of humours, polity
The limited horizon of our stage—
Old love, hope, fear,
All this I fain would fix upon the page;
That so the coming age,
Lost in the empire's mass,
Yet haply longing for their fathers, here
May see, as in a glass,
What they held dear—
May say, "'Twas thus and thus
They lived"; and, as the time-flood onward rolls,
Secure an anchor for their Keltic souls.

1887.

I

THE DOCTOR

STORIES! stories! nothin' but stories!
Spinnin' away to the height of your glories!
And if I must, I suppose I must,
And you suspectin', I wouldn' trust,[1]
And sittin' there all the time, and thinkin'—
Is it true he's tellin'? and nudgin' and winkin'.
Now, bless my soul! what for would I go
To tell you lies? You're foolish though!
And there's odds of lies, for the matter of that,
For there's lies that's skinny, and lies that's fat;
And lies in fustian, and lies in silk,
And lies like verjuice, and lies like milk;
And lies that's free, and lies for sale,
And rumpy lies, without a tail;
Grew in the garden and picked in the woods,
Bubbles blew with the divil's suds;
Lies that's sweet, and lies with a stink at[2] them;
Lies like the dew that'll go if you wink at them,
And some as hard you couldn' break them
With a sledge[3]—aw, my lad knows well how to make them!
Haven' he got the tools to his hand
Down there? And the fire! Aw, he works them grand!
For it isn' every fool that's fit
To make a rael good lie, that'll sit
On her keel, and answer her helm—no! no!
Just try it, Bob! Just try it though!
Well put together! you're took on the sudden?
You couldn'? Didn't I tell ye ye couldn'?

[1] I rather think. [2] To. [3] Hammer.

Lies! what lies! the things I'm tellin'
Is the abslit[1] truth—ax Neddy Crellin!
Ears is ears, and eyes is eyes,
And fax is fax, and that's the lies!

The Docthor! The Docthor! well, well, well!
The Docthor! poor ould Docthor Bell!
Aw, I liked that man—I did though, for sure![2]
Uncommon good he was to the poor!
And free and hearty, but never much
Of a quality Docthor, nor regardin' for such;
Nor buckin' up,[3] the way he might,
But proud to the lek, and very quite;[4]
And keepin' back—aw, keepin' back
Reg'lar, and allis very slack,
Such times that they'd be sendin' the gig,
Or the horse, aw, he didn' care a fig,
But take his own time, and the coachman swearin'
At the door, for an hour, and the Docthor hearin',
And takin' no notice, but readin' the paper,
And "Doctors is chape, but time is chaper."
And rap-rap-rap, and ring-ring-ring!
And the Doctor as happy as a king!

And—"The missis is took very bad with them, sir!
And you're wanted most partikkiler!"
And—"I got the gig," and "are you asleep?"
"Aw, she'll keep," said the Docthor, "she'll keep! she'll keep!"
Aw, middlin' rough, I tell ye, eh?
Rough and careless lek that way.
For he didn' want their company
Nor their money neither, aw, he'd let them see!
But if a poor man's wife was shoutin,'
Or some ould granny's innards routin',
Or fever, or fits, or tight in the breathin',
Or a child screwed up agate o'[5] the teethin',
Or drowned, or run over—no matter what!
Out on the door, and off like a shot!

[1] Absolute. [2] Really. [3] Pushing.
[4] Quiet. [5] On account of.

Rich he wasn', nor never could be.
Savin' he wasn', nor never would be—
Aw, the hand in the pocket, and out with it all—
As natheral, as natheral!
But the all wasn' much—aw 'deed[1] it wasn',
Maybe only a key, or a lump of rosin,
Or a bit of string, and pokin' and pokin',
And heisin,[2] and divin', and allis jokin';
But gettin' very red in the face,
And divil a screw. And the shamed he was!
And—"Never mind, Docthor! aw, never mind!"
And—*Wasn' he kind, and wasn' he kind!*
And—*The will was as good as the deed, for all;*[3]
But bless ye! of coorse there wasn' no call,
Nor the one of us wanted a penny of him,
Faith! it's a deuced sight rather we'd gav' him.[4]
A Docthor! aw, it's right no doubt—
Somethin' just to be haulin' out
For the kids—a lozenger or the lek—
Of coorse! of coorse! one might expec'—
But money! We war'n' that poor! Didn' Peter
Find it in the haddock? And hav'n' the craythers
Got the mark of the ould chap's thum'
Where he squoze it? But as for a drop of rum,
Or whatever was goin'—gin, or brandy,
Or jough,[5] or the lek, it come very handy
To the Docthor, I tell ye; aw, never say no!
"Thank you, kindly," and down you go!
Aw, he could do well with it, he could!
And 'deed I'm thinkin' it run in the blood.
And nice it was to see him takin' it,
Smilin' that way, and suckin' and slakin' it
Sweet in his throat, and the very belly of him
Risin' to meet it, and warming the jelly of him!
And—"My cumplimans!" and the twist of the hand!
Aw, the rael fine ould gentleman!

Now, a drunken docthor is rather danger's,
You'll be sayin', and aisy might seem to strangers;

[1] Indeed. [2] Hoisting=lifting. [3] After all.
[4] We would have given to him. [5] Ale.

But them that knew him knew the differ,[1]
For never no man was brewin' it stiffer
Till[2] the Docthor, mind! But give him fair play!
Five glasses or so, and, by gough! I'll lay
It was only the steadier he got—
And the head that was at him—as round as a pot,
And as big as two—aye, big altogether,
A fine strong man for any weather.
Aw, the Docthor had room! for there's chaps that smal
And pinched in the guts, they won't do at all,
Nor can't hould on. Chut![3] Botheration!
The Docthor had the accommodation!

And if so be he was sprung a bit,
He knew himself when he wasn' fit,
And wouldn' stir—aw, steady still!
And sensible! allis sensible!
"I'll just look round in the mornin'," he'd say,
And of coorse they had to go away.
But clever! bless ye! that's the man
That was the clever! aw, a terrible hand!
With the bleedin' and that, and, high or low,
What was there that he didn' know?
'Arbs and roots and putrifactions![4]
Bills o' passils[5] and vulgar fractions!
Birds and beasts. Like Solomon
In Kings it's tellin', ould David's son,
The wise he was, and put in the Bible,
For the wise he was, but unfornit li'ble
To women, and that's the way it is,
There isn' one of us hasn't a list
To port or starboard, either way—
"Some likes coffee, some likes tea!".
Well, he was clever though—let him alone!
Every jint and every bone,
And every stave in your body—chut!
I believe the man could have made a foot,
Or a hand every bit as good as new,
And put it on with a slick of glue

[1] Difference. [2] Than. [3] Tut.
[4] Petrifactions. [5] Bills of parcels (in arithmetic).

Or the lek, and bless me! ye wouldn' have knowed
(The natheral) it hadn' growed.
Didn' he take a man's inside out,
And claned it and turned it round about
And in like a shot, and livin' still
As comfible as comfible!
Aye, aye, did he! And a fellow's head
That was broke at [1] a gauger and left for dead,
What did he do but trimmed it a bit,
And put another lid to it
As nate as you plaize, and says he to the gauger,
"You'll not break that in a hurry, I'll wager!"
I know the man, a chap with one eye,
And gove [2] to fightin'—and divil the lie!

I don't know in my senses had he a charrim [3]
For everything, for the books that was arrim! [4]
And the picthers—aw, you never saw!
Pieces o' pessons—all as raw
And red as the shambles—painted lek,
And some all over a sort of a speck,
Like these dirty flies agate o' [5] the beef,
And things in bottles that come to grief,
Bein' meant to be born, but never wasn',
Soakin' in spirits, and never a pazon
Done nothin' for them, but spoilt in the moulds
Someway—bless their little sowls!
And hadn' he a skeleton hung
Behind the door? And the way he flung
His dry ould chopsticks round ye! grippin',
And grinnin'; and you goin' duckin', and dippin'!
And houldin' on with a click of a spring
Made fast to the hinges, all bones and string
And wire, and a kind of a sort of a trigger,
And rittle-rattle, the boosely [6] ould nigger!
And knives and screws, and prokers and lances,
It was fit to frecken [7] you out of your senses:
It was, for sure.[8] And a big white dummy

[1] By. [2] Given. [3] Charm. [4] At him = his.
[5] At work upon. [6] Beastly. [7] Frighten. [8] Really.

With 'cipherin' on his head;[1] and a mummy
Brought from Egypt at some French divils,
And catgut, and pinchers set on swivels—
And—— God knows what! But it wasn' them!
No! that wasn' the way it came
To the Doctor, but just the head he got,
And the heart, and knowin' every dot
Of a man, and lovin' them, and thinkin'
What were they like, and their eatin' and drinkin'—
Proud, lek proud, and rejicin' in them—
And if the divil *was* to win them,
Still there was the man, and the beautiful art
That was took to mortise every part,
And the power that was in, and the putty[2] jined,
And plaised and happy in his kind—
Man to man—aye, that's your size,
That's the thing that'll make you wise—
That's the plan that'll carry the day—
Lovin' is understandin'—eh?
Lovin' is understandin'. Well,
He'd a lovin' ould heart, had Docthor Bell.
But careless—very careless, though—
Bless ye! and lettin' hisself too low!
The clever he was, and the gentleman born—
It was a pity of him—and never car'n'[3]
To take his place, and the quality
Thinkin' diamonds of him, and him on the spree
Weeks at a time, and clane forgettin'
Who was he and what was he, and lettin'
The people talk, but simple as ever,
And humble and proud; but aw, the clever!—
The clever!—the clever! and Tom and Dick
And all the lot, as thick as thick—
And likin' him much, but very quite,[4]
And a kind of a feelin' it wasn' right.
But glasses round, and very nice talk,
And Callow's wife agate of the chalk,
And the Docthor in the big arm-cheer—
Aw, much respected—never fear!

[1] Phrenological head. [2] Prettily. [3] Caring.
[4] Quiet.

And "Misthress Callow! draw your best!
And—listen! fill the Docthor's glass!"
No, I didn' like that—aw, 'deed! I didn'!
And they shouldn' have done it! no, they shouldn'.
But sippin' as nice as a 'potamus—
And never no pride with the like of us!
Not him, I tell ye! but quité contrary,
And callin' Misthriss Callow "Mary"—
And never talkin' much, but sittin'
And list'nin' to others, and smookin' and spittin',
And the chair a little back in the 'cess,[1]
And takin' a terrible interes'.

That was the Docthor? yes, that was him
The very man! And, sink or swim—
Up or down, to laugh or to cry with,
That's the man I'd like to die with.

The Pazon? Yes! aw, yes! well, maybe—
Aw, innocent! innocent as a baby,
And good and true; but, for all, a man
Is a man, and I don't know will you understan',
But you know there's people's goin' that good
They haven't a smell for the steam of the blood
That's in a man; or, if they have,
They houlds their noses, and makes belave
They hav'n'. But the Pazon—no!
True and kind; and the ebb and the flow
Of all men's hearts went through and through him—
The sweet ould man, if you'd only knew him!
But the lek is in,[2] and meant is meant—
But the Docthor! aw, the different!

And it wasn' men only, but 'arbs and that—
I tould ye before—aw, he had them pat,
And all sorts of bas'es[3] and fowls of the air,
And fish of the sea, and everywhere
Where God put life it would give him a start,
And he'd take and catch it with his heart,
Trimblin' mostly, and wonderin',

[1] Recess. [2] There are such people. [3] Beasts.

But bound to find out all that was in,
And never satisfied till he had it—
Isn' that the way with God that made it?
Only at ither[1] ends, you know,
Him above and us below—
Like men in a mine, that's got to be workin'
Two levels in one, and stoppin', and herkin',[2]
And the compass at them,[3] and keepin' nix,
And list'nin' for each other's picks.
And when they're together middlin' cluss,[4]
They're workin' like blazes who'll be fuss,[5]
And slishin', slashin', rock and spar
Till the hole is broke; and there they are!

"But it isn' that way with God at all,"
The Docthor would say, "for the thinner the wall
Between you and Him the slacker He is,
And not mindin' lek; and if you persiss,"
Them was the Docthor's words, "He'll either
Go back, or go by; and it's foolish rather,"
He'd say, "you'll be lookin'! And see a flower,"
He'd say, "partickler after a shower—
Wouldn' you think now (a rose or a lily)
He was goin' to talk to you with it? But will He?
Not Him, bless ye! But back and back,
And in and in, and laves no track—
Red and yaller! aye, just so!
And the more you know, the less you know!'
Funny talk! but lovin', for all—
Everythin' that was beautiful!
"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"
He was sayin'. And the tender! aw, you never!
The tender he'd handle the like, and strookin'
Their little leaves, and lookin', and lookin'.
Beetles, too, and butterflies—
Aw, they'd bring a light to the ould man's eyes
That was good to look at; and then he'd 'splain
How they were livin'. And after rain
It's out to the garden he'd be like a shot,

[1] Either. [2] Harking. [3] Having a compass. [4] Close. [5] First.

And down on the grubs uncommon hot ;
And a lump of a case at him where he kep' 'em,
And pinched [1] the worm or the louse that could 'skep [2] him.
But tangles ! that was his delight !
Dredgin', I tell ye, from mornin' till night !
And he'd have me out with him—just a little chap
That could work the paddles, and a sort of a trap
He'd rigged a-purpose—a scraper you'd call it,
To scrape the bottom, and heavy to haul it ;
But keen ! aw, keen ! and a nettin' to 't
Rove with rings that would open and shut
Like a purse. And "Aisy ! aisy !" he'd say.
And I'd be stoppin', and him haulin' away,
And sweatin' bad, and up he'd have it,
And over the side as right as a travit,[3]
And then the joy ! the abslit [4] wild,
And shoutin' just like a little child !
And "Look here ! look here ! look ! look ! little lad !"
Aw, you'd swore the man was going mad !
"Here they are !" and sortin' them out
On the taff,[5] and twistin' and turnin' about
That I'd be takin' notice, and puttin'
The terrible names on them, and cuttin'
The stones and the muck out of them, and squeezin'
The little threads ; and coaxin' and teazin'
The fringes, and spreadin' them out on his sleeve,
But the delicate ! you wouldn' believe ;
And the soft and lovin', and a sort of a cooin'
Goin' at him [6] all he was doin'.
And prayin', you'd think, and passin' the stringers
Of the long sea grass betwix' his fingers,
As if it wasn' wrack [7] he had there,
But the holy bread, or a baby's hair.

And sometimes I'd be freckened [8] lek,
Or sittin' wond'rin' on the beck,[9]
And the oars dropped from me, and my mouth as open—
A little chap ! or may be hopin'

[1] Hardly. [2] Escape. [3] Trivet.
[4] Absolutely. [5] Thwart. [6] On his part.
[7] Seaweed. [8] Frightened. [9] Thwart.

There 'd be oysters in, and sometimes laughin'
The way he was actin', but not very often,
For he'd turn and he'd say—"That's very bad!
Don't laugh! don't laugh now! little lad!"
And you're laughin' too? And it's long ago—
Laugh! laugh! But I liked the Doctor though!

Now, you'll be axin' how could a man
Like him be losin' himself that plan—[1]
Sittin' there in a public-house,
And drinkin', and callin' that dirty trouss [2]
By her name, and let his glass be fillin'
At the lek of yandher,[3] and him quite willin'
For them to pay? "Aw, dear!" says you?
"Aw, dear!" indeed, and very true!
"Aw, dear!" you says? "Aw, dear!" says I—
"The shame!" says you, to which I rerply—
"The shame!" And "drinkin'" was it, you said?
Aye, and took home, and put to bed
At "the lek of yandher!" or maybe alone
Tryin', and trippin' over a stone
On the shore, and lyin' takin' his doze,
Till the tide come floppin' under his nose,
And the sniff of the water 'd waken him up.
Bless me! hadn' the man a sup
One night in Douglas, and a book as big
As a Bible at him, and a thingummy-gig
Of a sort of a trough![4] And how did they act,
But took and tied them on to his back,
And on to the horse? and whatever it was
Whether the water or whether the grass,
Or used of [5] a mill that was up that way,
The horse took straight for the inner bay,
And him that stupid he didn' obsarv' her,
And over her head and into the harver.[6]
And "Murder!" and flounderin' about,
And the sentry hearin', and the guard turned out,
And fishin' him up. And "He'll take his death

[1] Way. [2] Slut. [3] By such people.
[4] Probably an electric battery. [5] Because he was accustomed to.
[6] Harbour.

Of cowld," they says. And in spite of his teeth
Off with his clothes, and rigs him straight [1]
In a little red jacket, and houldin' a light.
And the fun them divils of souldiers had!
And—"Serjeant! give him the shillin'!" they said.
And the Docthor quite content for all.[2]
And standin', smilin', against the wall,
And his poor ould face all drabbled in tears,
And—"My noble British Grenadiers!"
He says; says the Serjeant—"A strappin' recruit!
And by jabers we'll give him a royal salute!"
And out with the fife and out with the drum,
And—"Steady! my lads! we'll see him home,"
And caught the mare, and "'Scuse me, your honour!
You're a tidy weight"; and heaves him upon her;
And rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! never say die!
And the Docthor quite happy, and nice and dry!
And over the bridge, and away they go,
With a fol-di-rol-lol-di-rol-idy-o!
And away to the Lhen, and up to the door,
And a tantaran that was fit, for sure,
To waken the dead; and the Misthress comin'
With a light, and the Serjeant stoppin' the drummin',
And—"We've brought you your husband, Missis Bell!
And only her shift; and—"Very well!"
Says she as aisy as aisy, and out
With the candle straight,[1] and used,[3] no doubt!
And—"I'll remember you in my prayers,"
Says the Docthor, sthrugglin' upon the stairs,
And as dark as the divil; and leavin' the man,
Or lettin' him off, you'll understand.
Aisy! aye, aisy! and used, you know,
But a doeless sort of a woman though.
What for wouldn' she kick up a fuss,
The way that other women does,
Bein' anyways respectable—
What for wouldn' she give him his fill,
Ladlin' it hot? And very right!
Comin' home that way of a night!
But bless ye! No! Just "Very well!"

[1] Immediately. [2] Notwithstanding. [3] To such occasions.

That's all you'd get from Misthress Bell!
No spirit! Chut! Not a bit! Nor standin'
On her right, and givin' it them from the landin'.
Why, there's many a woman would have up with the sash,
And soused the lot!—a set of trash
Like them to be gettin' it in the papers,
And freck'nin' people with their capers!
No sailor wouldn' have done the lek—
Bless your soul! too much respec'!
And more till[1] one can play at that game,
And very apt to be took the same.

But still you'll be axin' how could it be?
And a man like that? Well, look here! d'ye see,
I'll tell ye now, but wait a minute!
Fist us that bottle! Is there anything in it?
All right! The cow must have her grass.
Now, listen!—this is the way it was.
The Docthor wasn' Manx at all,
But an Englishman; and what ye may call.
'Printiced, you know, to a docthor in London,
A dandy docthor, the way there abundin'
In a place like that. Aw, terrible grand,
Buckin' up to the first of the land,
Drivin' about in a carriage and pair—
You know the lek is at them[3] there.
And a footman, bless ye! And off he leps,[4]
And touches his hat, and rattles the steps,
And out comes the Docthor as nate as a pin,
And the cheerful—it's astonishin'!
And the coat that's at him, shinin', by jing,
Like a pazon, or a raven's wing?
And *how is Masther, and how is Miss?*
And slaps a guinea into his fiss,
Or maybe two, I wouldn' wonder,
But one at least; aw, divil the under!
And aisy earned; and out like a shot,
And on to the rest—a humbuggin' lot!
But of coorse, the quality has their way,

[1] Than. [2] Abounding. [3] They have that sort of thing.
[4] Leaps.

And must have it, and let them pay.
And them big lazy lubbers with breeches
And stockin's at them! Well, riches is riches!
And where the carcase is, it's sayin', thither
Shall the eagles be gathered together.
Aye, that's it! well—troubles and troubles!
That's where the Docthor got in hobbles.[1]
For there was a man they were callin' "Sir John"
The Dandy Docthor was docthor upon.
Aw, that was the man with the money—aye!
And a house at him, maybe ten stories high—
And nothin' but gool.[2] Chut! Nothin' but gool,
Every chair and every stool!
And the cups and saucers—high uncommon!
High, aw, high! And never no woman
For cook in the kitchen at them there,
But a sort of a divil they called *mounseer*—
French, it's lek, and cockin' his chin,
And jabberin', and jabberin'.
Aw, gool wasn' nothin' yandharwheres—
Hadn't they bank-notes in the chairs
For stuffin'? And lookin'-glasses 'd[3] show
Every bit from top to toe,
And beds that was workin' on a swivel!
And pianoes! aye, scores! And as proud as the divil!

Now, the Dandy Docthor, you see, for all,[4]
Sometimes couldn' get round on the call
That was after him reggilar; and so,
Of coorse, the young Docthor had to go.
And just as good, and very much lekked,[5]
Special at[6] what they're callin' the "*sec*"—
Manin' the ladies!—and a handsome man,
And no mistake. And six foot one,
If he was an inch, and handsome still
When he was an ould man; for there's some o' them will—
Aye, wore, of coorse, but you'll notice the signs,
And a ship may be wrecked, but showin' her lines—
And a light in his eye, like a sweet strong juice

[1] Difficulties. [2] Gold. [3] That would
[4] However. [5] Liked. [6] By.

Of fire comin' tricklin' from a sluice
In his head, or his heart, or somewhere or another,
Strained, like enough, from the milk of his mother,
And kindly mixed: and very nice
To look upon, and the same in his vice—
And playin' the flute most beautiful,
In the pocket at him[1] down at the Bull,
Three pieces lek, and screwed with a jint,
And puttin' his ould lips to a pint,[2]
And tootlin' away, and heisin'[3] the lift
Of his eyes. And mayve the best of a shift
Of miners sittin' and list'nin' there,
And fit to cry, the sweet to hear
It was. And rough enough divils them,
But never rough, I tell ye, to him.
Aw, if the miners was there, by gough!
You dar'n' spit, and you dar'n' cough,
Nor breathin' mostly, or you'd have a fist
Down your throat middlin' slippy—and "hush!" and "whist!"
And—"aisy there!" and "silence!" and "shoo!"
You might ha' heard a pin—aw, it's true, it's true!
And him an ould man, and maybe half drunk,
And the head that shaky, and the cheek that sunk!

What 'd he be like, then, when he was young—
With his hair all curled, and his vice like the bung
Of a barrel, and lookin' every man
Straight in the face? Aye! what would he be then?
Aw, there's no mistake! you may put it down!
The puttiest[4] man in London town!
What did ye say? *He couldn' have been!*
In London, too, where the King and the Queen
Is livin', and all the quality!
And the finest men would be sure to be—
Knights, and Lords, and Ladies high,
Colonels and Dukes. To which I rerply—
Who says they didn'? Of coorse they do!
But wasn' Docthor Bell livin' there, too?
Wasn' he? wasn' he? Answer me that!

[1] His. [2] Point. [3] Raising. [4] Prettiest.

Aye, you're lookin' as cross as a cat,
Are you? Well, you're ugly enough
Already! My goodness! he's takin' the huff!
What is he sayin'? Who will he lather!
He *wouldn' stand it from his father!*
Well, I wouldn' hev a temper like yandhar fool.
Bless my heart then, let him cool!
'Deed on Bobby![1] don't look towards him!
Huffed, is he, eh? And who regards him!
Now, listen to me! I'll bet you a crown
He was the puttiest man in London town!
Now, I'll stand to that, now! What's your talk?
How am I sure? Well, there's chaps that'll balk
The divil himself! Now, just look here!
It's aisy howin'! Aw, dear! aw, dear!
How am I sure? To which I rerply—
I happen to know it! And "*Who am I?*"
Says you. To which——But, of coorse! of coorse!
A chap may be shoutin' till he's hoorse,
And nothin' but contradictin' still;
And it's very disagreeable!
Very—all along of that cur—
Now, I happen to know partikkiler!
Partikkiler! do you understand?
Partikkiler! the puttiest man
In London. I happen—never mind the how!
Partikkiler—aye! where are you now?
But avast this talk!

Now, you must know
There was no house the Docthor was useder[2] to go
Till[3] to this Sir John's. And, bless me! the diamonds
They were thinkin' of him! and he "shutes my requi'man's[4]
To a T," says Sir John; and "Come, man! come!
Dear me! make yourself at home!"
Ailin' often, or thinkin' he was;
And maybe a little too fond of a glass.
So there the Docthor 'd be makin' his call,
And liked uncommon at them all!

[1] Bobby indeed = Poor Bobby! [2] More accustomed.
[3] Than. [4] Suits my requirements.

Aw, the Docthor was this ; and the Docthor was that
And the very dog and the very cat
Was 'takin' joy of him ; and a bird
They had would sing the minute he heard
His foot. He had a way, I expec',
To hould communion with the lek.
And the sarvints ! bless ye ! The man was free ;
And the plannin' and the schamin' there 'd be
To get him down in the kitchen, though ;
And kind to the high, and kind to the low ;
And allis one of them bound to be poorly,
And "*Would he see her ?*" and "*Surely ! surely !*"
And any excuse just to get a look
At his handsome face. And even the cook
Would allow he was a good-lookin' falla,
"Though not in my style !" he'd say, and as yalla
As the yoke of an egg, and as ugly as sin,
And a bit of hair on the tip of his chin ;
And he'd have a talk with the Docthor too,
And jabber away with his parley-voo—
And the Docthor givin' him back as good
As he gave. Aw, that's the man that could,
French or Hebrew, Greek or Latin,
All sorts of lingo, chittin' and chattin'
As quick, I tell ye, and *wee-wee-wee !*
And *Mossher Bell !* And fiddle-de-dee !
And the sarvints delighted, but wonderin' still,
And sayin'—"Isn' he terrible ?"
But as for Sir John, from mornin' to night
He'd never have had him out of his sight ;
For the Docthor was that handy about him
The ould chap couldn' do without him.
Aw, the Docthor knew the very fit
Of all his notions. And there he'd sit
And tell him all the talk o' the town,
And who was up and who was down,
And the in and the out, till at last he wrote
To the dandy Docthor, and bound him to 't
That he'd allis be sending Dr. Bell,
For there was nobody suitin' him as well ;
And sacked the dandy. You see, at least

He was only gettin' the name of the place—
Head Docthor to Sir John, you know,
And the money of coorse, but never to go!
And Dr. Bell, he didn' objeck,
And paid the same, but special lek
Betwix' him and Sir John. Now, Sir John, it appears,
Was a widda man[1] in the teens of years,
And only one child, and his heart much set
Upon her, by the name of Harriet—
The only child that was at Sir John,[2]
And just about goin' on twenty-one.

Aw, that's the gel that was the pretty!
The handsomest in London city!
Aw, you'll take that, will ye? Well! well! no matter!
But you'd batthar[3]—eh! it's like you'd batthar!
Aye—and it's middlin' funny though,
If a man's goin' a callin'[4] handsome, it's *no!*
And *him!* and *ger*[5] *out!* But if contrary
It's a woman, aw, then you're agreeable, very!
And pricks up your ears; and *dear!* thinks you,
There's a gel in the case! and handsome too!
Aw, bless me! and perfectly willin' of[6] it,
Well natur' is natur'. But drov[7] it! drov it!

Now, this young gel was clever though,
As well as handsome, and lettin' them know,
And a bit of a scutcher,[8] and orderin',
And every place as nate as a pin,
And couldn' stand no huggermugger
About, and sarvin' the tea and the sugar;
And weighin' the mutton, and weighin' the beef,
And wouldn' have no dirty ould thief
Of a housekeeper—or whatever they call them—
Betwix' her and the sarvints, but would overhaul them
Herself like the mischief; and a book, and settin'
What was she givin' and what was she gettin';
Aw, strict, I tell ye, but terrible good
And righteous lek. Aw, the grand ould blood

[1] Widower. [2] Sir John had. [3] Better. [4] Being called.
[5] Get. [6] Admitting. [7] Drop. [8] Notable body.

That was in her, makin' every limb
So sweet and so true that she looked to swim
In a light of glory and loveliness,
All about her, and fillin' the place
With the right sort of spirit wherever she'd be—
And a sweet-smellin' savour of honesty!
And for all the[1] strict, they were lovin' her
You wouldn' believe! aw, 'deed they were.
Happy and holy and undefiled,
And twenty-one! aw, bless the child!
And terrible dutiful to the father,
But quite;[2] and freckened[3] of him rather.
And him as proud as proud could be
Of her; but a rough ould chap, ye see,
And of coorse he'd seen a deal of life
And wickedness, and lost the wife,
A middle-aged man, and took his fill
O' the lek, and chewin' the cud of it still,
And swearin' for he couldn' do more
Till[4] chewin' the cud. Aw, hard at the core,
And full of the world and the things of the world;
And nothin' in him for the child to curl
Her soul around. Aw, a divil! it's true:
And rather a dirty ould divil too.
And not much truck[5] between the pair,
But dutiful, dutiful, reggilar.
It was the Docthor that he was takin' to,
For of coorse the Docthor was bound to know
About all the divilment that was in,[6]
And this and that, and a heap of sin,
And all the rigs, and the crops, and the weather,
And who and who was goin' together,
And all the bag o' lies ould Nick
Shakes out every mornin' for his childher to pick.
But I tell ye the Docthor shouldn' ha' done it,
And hard to stop the once he begun it—
Aw, very wrong and foolish it was,
And comin' home to him at las'.
But the Docthor! the Docthor! the Docthor still

[1] Notwithstanding she was so. [2] Quiet. [3] Afraid.
[4] Than. [5] Intercommunication. [6] There was.

At Sir John.[1] And the 'tention and the skill,
A miracle! a miracle!
He was swearin'—the way he'd fixed his gout—
And "Chut!" he'd say; "what are you talkin' about?"
He says, "I've took him by the hand,"
He says, "and by gough I'll make him a man."
"Yes," he says, "he's safe," he says,
"He's all right, I tell ye; the very first place
In this counthry," he says, "is the place for him,"
And no mistake but he'd have that same!
And where he'd spake for him, and what would he do—
And the cusses flying like Waterloo—
And "a divilish willin' chap; and a wag,"
And "game," he'd say. Aw, the terrible brag
He was takin' out[2] of the Docthor! "By gorrum!"
He says, "the King 'll be sendin' for him."
And "the useful! the useful! you couldn' tell!"
And nobody like Docthor Bell.

And that was true! It's useful he was,
For whether a dog, or whether a hoss,
Or a man, or a maid, or an ox, or an ass,
Or everythin' that is his—mind you!
The Docthor could tell the very screw;
Aw, fix it to a dot—he could—
To a dot, I tell ye; and understood
All about lawin' and every spree,
And leasin' lek, and proppity.
Aw, useful! bless ye! there's no know'n'!
And handy uncommon, whatever was goin'—
Big parties and that; and tasty show[3]
With the flowers, and decoratin' you know—
And managin', and who to ax,
And a hammer at him, and a paper of tacks,
And fixin'. And all the servants delighted
And runnin'. And pounds of candles lighted—
Bless ye! all the house in a blaze,
And the Docthor knowin' all the ways;
And how should it be, and when to begin,

[1] The subject of Sir John's conversation.
[2] To take brag out of = To brag about, praise. [3] Very.

And *mind, now! mind!* and orderin',
And well acquent with all the stars,
Sthroullers lek, musicianers—
Punch and Judy divils—chaps
That's glad to come for the bits and the scraps!
And dangerous to get drunk though, very,
Gin or brandy, port or sherry—
All as one;[1] and hardly seein'
The book afore them, and tweedledeein'
Like mad, tell they cannot tweedle no more,
And goin' a puttin'[2] to the door,
And collared at[3] the police, never fear!
Aw, dozens of fiddles! aye, dozens there!
Goin' like the deuce, and rub-a-dub-dub—
Tramhurns[4] and things. Aw, just like a club!
Jinglin'-janglin' enough to have stunned ye,
Just like a club o' Easter Monday;
And the Pazon goin' in the front, and struts out
Like a cock, and the band a blowin' their guts out.

Now, Sir John was ould, but he was fond
Of company was ould Sir John—
Aye—and glad if a body would take
The trouble of shuperintendin' the lek—
And nothin' to do but to look as big
And as grand as he could; and a beautiful wig
Made fast that never no body could pint
Azackly[5] the place he had the jint.
And a noddin' here, and a gruntin' there,
And backin' and gettin' into a chair,
A purpose for him. And cards, and a set
Of ould chaps like hisself; and they'd dale and they'd bet,
And they'd cuss—very comfibil—and keep
At the cards till the lot o' them went to sleep!
And Docthor Bell of coorse head man.

And so you'll aisy understan'
How it happened betwix' them two—
The young missis, I mane, and the way they grew

[1] All one to them. [2] Being put. [3] By.
[4] Trombones. [5] Exactly.

Very thick, and much together.
And that's the way, you see, you'll sleddher[1]
Unknownced, and slip and slip again,
Till over you go, and it's love that's in![2]
Head over ears—the way they're sayin',
But gradjal! gradjal![3] for love will be playin'
A terrible long game sometimes—
Aw, 'deed he will! and the divil climbs
Inch by inch, but he climbs, for all;[4]
And let your main royal be ever so tall,
It's him that'll stand upon the truck.
And—down with your colours! By gough! you're took!
Down with your colours! down! I say—
Aw, you're a fair prize, anyway!
The little monkey with his bow and arris,
Lek he'd be afthar shootin' sparris—
You've seen in the valentines, small but spunky!
Aw, the little monkey! the little monkey!
He'll do it, he will; aw, there's not much doubt
He'll do your bizness. Chut! get out!
Bless ye! how could they manage it
That it wouldn' be, and her to sit
At a little bit of a table there,
And him a standin' behind a chair,
And her to be calkerlatin' lek,
And him to prove it all correct!
And if she looked up now, what would she see
But a man that was made as a man should be?
And if he looked down, what was the sight?
A woman as beautiful as the light!
And her lookin' up, and him lookin' down,
Is the way it was mos'ly,[5] I'll be bound!

Nor it isn' natheral, I'll assure ye,
To be allis lookin' straight before ye!
And aisy talkin'—but, listen to me!
How would it be now? how would it be?
The lovely scent comin' off her hair,
And the curly rings, and the neck all bare,

[1] Slide unconsciously. [2] That is there.
[3] Gradually. [4] Notwithstanding. [5] Mostly, generally.

Excep' a little thread or so
Stragglin', lek not knowin' where to go!
And, aw, the beautiful divide
Tha'd[1] be there—the white! and the purified!
And the tips of her ears. They're soft little things
Is them, like indiarubber springs—
Nice uncommon to feel. Hurroo!
I'm off my coorse! This'll never do!
You're laughin', Bobby? Aw, he has me!
The stuff I'm talkin' though, God bless me!
But still now mos'ly it's hard to tell—
But a boy is a boy and a gel is a gel;
And put together lek that way,
And their breaths goin' mixin' like the hay
Of a sultry everin',[2] and near
Enough to one another to hear
The come and the go, and the click o' the heart;
And now and then a little start,
And a catch on the cogs, and houldin' in—
Aw, it'll cook your goose astonishin'!

And bad enough in the town, but wuss
When ould Sir John gave a rattlin' cuss,
And it's on to the country, at your sarvis!
The Docthor must come with him for harvis'!
Such times the shootin' would be goin',
And horses to ride, and boats either rowin'
Or sailin', and fishin'. Aw, ye never seen!
A mortal grand place it must have been.
Aw, that's what done it altogether
Betwix' them two. And no talk o' the father,
Nor the how, nor the when, but married they'd be
Some time or other—ma chree![3] ma chree!

Aye, that's the very way it is—
A kind of a sort of drunkenness.
I'm told she was proud, too, all the same;
And they're hard to fall in love is them,
But fell[4]—chut! bless ye! there's nothin' lek them!

[1] That would. [2] Evening. [3] My heart.
[4] Once they have fallen.

No! for you'll neither bend nor brek[1] them!
For pride is hard and love is soff—[2]
But the two together—that's the stuff!
Harder till[3] hard! the way they're mixin'
Two metals in one for the hard,[4] or fixin'
The die, very slow in the soak,[5] mind you!
But takin' the colour through and through!
Takin'—aye! aw, long in the steepin'—
Takin'—aye! takin' and keepin'!
And didn' they ax the father? No!
Certainly not! A rum sort of go
To be axin' him! What for? My conscience!
What for? Now really! What sort o' nonsense
Is that to be axin'! Says you, *What for?*
Says I, because they didn' dar'![6]
Dar', says you. Yes! *dar'*, says I!
They should, says you. To which I rerply—
Certainly not! Now, then, go on!
Certainly not! Aw, I see you're done!
Very well, then—done it is—
Interruptin'! Idikkiliss![7]
The reason they dar'n'? Well, wait a spell
And you'll hear the reason. Waitin's well.
Aye, indeed! Now, the counthry air
Is terrible for love, I'll swear—
Terrible to make it grow,
And take a root, and blossom and blow
Like the roses, and all the flowers. The lek
Isn' in towns, and you can't expeck.
For people is lovin' in towns of coorse,
But it isn' the deep, and it hav'n' the force,
Nor wholesome lek, and sweet, the way
It is in the counthry, with cows and hay,
And all to[8] that; but a sort of a bother,
And a aggravatin' one another,
Or makin' believe; and a hum and a huff,
And none o' the juice o' the rael stuff—
Somethin' like the milk they've got,

[1] Break. [2] Soft. [3] Than. [4] Hardness.
[5] Soaking. [6] Dare. [7] Ridiculous.
[8] All the rest of it.

Half of it water. And whether or not,
No light in the sky, no bird on the wing,
A sort of a dirty gasey thing!
Isn' the air all rotten? Yes!
And lovin' the same—that's the way it is.
That's the way in the towns, you see;
But the country—aw, dear o' me!

Well, back to the town, though; back to the town:
And it's lek enough it's there they foun'
The differ,[1] but takin' it with them—eh?
Aw, come out o' that! What do you say?
Apt to be foolish? That's allowed!
But aisy! aisy! the both o' them proud,
Proud of each other, and very plaised
The love was at them;[2] that's what aised
Their hearts uncommon, thinkin'—what?
Thinkin' they were chised,[3] lek, from the lot—
Chised complete; and never no man
Nor woman, I tell ye, but the one—
Just the one; and then—— No matthar!
Give it up! the wuss, or the batthar—
Just the one! Aw, that's the style;
For love is straight[4] like a little child:
You loves me, and I loves you;
So what are you wantin' us to do?
Spake to the father? Go to pot!
Certainly not! certainly not!
No, no! Bless your soul! fair play!
Time enough for that, thinks they;
Or never didn' think nothin' about it;
Never axed, and never doubtet—
Some way, some day. The world is wide,
And driftin', driftin' with the tide.
And driftin' is very pleasant, too,
When the sea is calm and the sky is blue,
And you've got the littlest taste of a breeze,
Just enough to make a baby sneeze;
And your head on your arms, and your feet on a taff,[5]

[1] Difference. [2] They had the love. [3] Chosen.
[4] Just. [5] Thwart.

And nothin' drawin', fore or aft—
Chut! as happy as Nicodemus,
And knowin' you're out of the track o' the staemers;
And maybe a bee comin' bummin' by,
As if he was in the notion to fly
Far, far away, where there's brighter flowers
And sweeter honey, he's thinkin', than ours—
Or a bit o' thistle-wool comin' skippin'
Head over heels; or oars a dippin'
Out on the Trunk,[1] and all the nisin'[2]
O' the land goin' into one, surprisin'—
Dogs and cows—lek a sort of confusick,[3]
Makin' a wonderful mixthur o' musick;
And the very land itself'll go
Like an urgan[4] playin', soft and low!

Bless me! where am I now? A *calm!*
And *driftin'!* 'Deed, I think I am.
But driftin', if it's driftin' you're for,
Two together—there you are—
That's the sort! No need to rest
Your head on your arms when a lovin' breast
Is ready to take it. Rest it there!
And driff—driff—driff, then, God knows where!
Aye, but that's it, for the man would be clever
That'd go on driftin' and driftin' for ever.
No! it must come to an end at last,
And it doesn' matter the slow or the fast,
Settin' in on a point, or takin' you aff,[5]
Nor how's your sheets, or what's your draff[6]—
It's up like a shot! and *pull man, pull!*
Backards is backards, says Bobby the Bull.

But it soon came out in London for all,
The very next winter—a terrible ball
They were hav'n', lek maybe thousands there,
And the jingin' and shovin', just like a fair.
And the Docthor not very careful though,
But took the fancy, and off he must go

[1] A famous fishing ground. [2] Noise. [3] Confusion.
[4] Organ. [5] Off. [6] Draught.

Lonesome lek, whatever he had,
And lavin' the quality at it like mad,
And into the 'sarvatory, a place
Built on to the house, in a sort of a 'cess[1]—
They're keepin' feerins[2] there, and the lek of them.
And glass you know, and a sort of a frame—
Cucumbars? Well, you're makin' me laugh!
Cucumbars! What are you thinking of?
No! but a house as big as a shop,
And flowers goin' twistin' over the top
Inside and out; and no dung nor beddin',
The way with cucumbars; and spreddin'
Roundy lek, and glass, I stated,
And most magnificent titervated.

So that's the place where the Docthor came in,
Just souljerin'[3] about, in saemin';[4]
And rather dark in there, I'm tould,
And nice and fresh, and a sort of a bowl,
And a spoot[5] goin' skutin' the water up,
Only just a little sup,
But givin' a very pleasant sound,
Skutin' and drippin' all around.
Aw, a fuss-rate place! But it's lek I needn'
Be tellin' you what was the Docthor heedin'—
Aye, aye! You're right. Of course she was—
And a lad is a lad, and a lass is a lass—
Swells? yes! yes! but the proud white neck
Stooped, and all of a trimble lek,
Stooped though, stooped! Aw, never fear!
Much the same, from what I hear—
And no mistake! the ould, ould story!
And "Honey-soap!"[6] says Queen Victory.

Now, this dandy docthor I was talkin' about
Was jealous of Docthor Bell, no doubt—
Mortal![7] And no wondher, you'll say,
Bein' put out of the berth that way;
And watchin', watchin', like a cat,

[1] Recess. [2] Ferns. [3] Soldiering, lounging.
[4] Seemingly. [5] Spout. [6] *Honi soit*, etc. [7] Desperately.

And eyein' his chance—aw, mind you that!
And there that night, and took up a pogician,
As the bobby said, like a fellow fishin',
And calkerlatin', and dancin' the fly,
And fish about, but rather shy—
Just like I heard a preacher tell
The divil is fishin' in the dubs of hell—
Watchin'! the dirty thing! And took
The advantage of them two! Worse luck!
And crep', and crep', and saw them together,
And the kisses goin', and envyin' rather,
Aw, envyin', by gough! And away
To ould Sir John, which was hard at the play,
And *somethin' partickler*, and *wasn' able*
Just there, and got him from the table,
Swearin', though; and faith! he tould him.
Aw, then, the job was how to hould him!
And jumps like a lion shot at the hunter,
And "*Who?*" and "*What!*" and he'd go and affront her
Confront is it? All as one[1]—
And "Make love to my daughter!" says Sir John,
"Make love to my daughter!" And like to bust,
And the mad he clane forgot to cuss.
And the people begun to stare. But the dandy
Took him away, though, very handy,
And into the 'sarvatory another road,
And coaxin' him, for the love of God,
To keep quite.[2] And "Be carm,[3] Sir John, be carm!"
And scrunchin' the teeth, and just like barm—
Foamin'! And *her*, he was sayin', *her!*
And, then—"Look there, Sir John, look there!"
Look there, indeed! Aw, the close! the close!
And the four lips makin' the one red rose—
Somethin' worth lookin' at, I'll swear!
Aw, a beautiful pair! a beautiful pair!
"Rascal! scoundrel! villain! thief!"
Aw, the rose was broke—aw, every leaf!
"Come out of that!" he says, and the string
Of his tongue was unloosed, and then full swing
The cusses come rollin' fair and free.

[1] All the same. [2] Quiet. [3] Calm.

And, "Is this your gratitude to me!
And you! Miss Madam! you! you! you!"
He was chokin' lek; but the poor girl flew
Like a freckened bird, and in on the door—
The little one, I tould you afore—
And the dandy he got behind it, the way
She wouldn' see him! Aw, as good as a play!
But she did, and she gave him a look for all [1]
That was fit to pin him against the wall.
And he bowed very low, the sliddherin' snake—
A dirty divil, and no mistake!

And what did the Docthor do? What could he?
Answer him? Chut! It was well he kept studdy,[2]
Aw, very studdy, and takin' his part,
But studdy, except he gave a start
At something that the ould man said
About the young lady. Aw, then the head
Went up, and the eye was brought to the level,
And bedad the ould man had to be civil
For a bit, and backed, you see—the freckened
He was—rather further till [3] he reckoned—
And over a tub, and tripped, and comin'
Against a image of a woman
That was there, and shook, and threw on the ground,
And broke; and maybe a hundred pound!
And black in the face, and the cusses as hot
As brimstone boilin' out of the throat—
And the company comin' runnin' in,
And all the row and all the din—
And gettin' to know, and glasses cockin',
And "Oh!" says the ladies, "Oh! how shockin'!"
And drawin' a one side, as if they meant
The Docthor to go. So the Docthor went.
Then says an ould chap—and he gave a cuss—
"A strappin' young fellow! She might have done wuss!"

And what to do? Aw, bless your soul!
How would *I* know? Only I'm tould
The same man fought the battle well,

[1] However. [2] Steady. [3] Than.

Aw, it's the rael stuff was Docthor Bell.
And up to the house the very next mornin',
And day after day, and the sarvints warnin',
If they'd spake to him, and he *would* see Sir John—
Yes! he would, and he *should* see Sir John!
And all very well if he *could* see Sir John!
But the most o' the ould sarvints was forced to go,
Takin' his part, o' coorse, you know.
'Deed I believe the lot o' them had
To leave, excep' Mounseer, and a lad
That was at them [1] there they were callin' James—
You're wonderin' I remember the names?
Aye! lek enough! But James and me
Was well acquent. So let that be.

Day after day, day after day—
Aw, it was a pity of him, any way!
Pity enough! And never no chance
To get speech with Sir John—aw, divil the once!
And letters! letters! Lave him alone!
And her of coorse never gettin' none!
And tould at last at [2] a big new flunkey
To *cut his stick*, and rizzed his monkey,
And ups with his fist and knocks him down,
And nabbed at [2] the bobbies, and took and bound
To keep the peace, the way the law says—
And this and that—and five shillin' and cosses.[3]
That's what they're callin' *justice*, by jing!
Justice! There isn' no such thing!
Not for the poor man! no there isn'!
Down with the dibs, or go to prison!
That's the *justice!* Aw, the beauties!
A executin' of their duties!
"Empty puss—nothin' does!
Full bags—nice nags—
Money is honey—my little sonny!
And a rich man's joke is allis funny!"
Eh? That's it—"I'm not able to pay't,"
Says you. "You scandalous runnagate!"
Says he; "you notorious vagabone!

[1] They had. [2] By. [3] Costs.

You thief! aye, murderer! There's no knowin'!
You desperate ruffian," he says, "how dare ye?
You're a case for pity—are ye?
Remove him, jailer!" he says, and screws
His mouth like a vice; but what's the use?
Jingle the shiners—"Stop! stop! stop!
Jailer! I think we may adop'
A differin' coorse. I think we can,
Jailer," he says, "with this *gentleman.*"
Pay them! pay the very last fardin'!
And, "Raelly, sir!" and "I ask your pardon!"

Justice! Is it justice! Blow them!
Justice! Aw, by gough! I know them—
And should. Why, wasn' I took at[1] them there
In Liverpool? And strapt on a bier,
And away at[2] them. And all I done
Was kicked in a window, bein' full o' fun
And divilment, and noways drunk, d'ye see;
But just a sup. And fond of a spree
Them times—and *strapped!* (just a taste o' gin)
Like a dead man goin' a buryin'—
And in in the dark, and goin' a pitchin'[3]
On the floor in a sort of divil's kitchen.
And the stink there was there! And the dirty lot—
And never a window, and as hot as hot!
Says I, "I'm respectable connecket."
Says they, "You look uncommon lek it";
And shuts the door, and turns the key—
And them dirty bruteses scratchin' away—
You'd think they were in a meadow mowin',
The reg'lar and complete they were goin'!

Well, I never thought much of Harry Cowle
Since that very day; and, upon my sowl,
A man should stick to a friend, he should—
But out of the way the fast he could,
Makin' tracks, like a haythen nigger—
The coward! And big! aye, couldn' be bigger!
And strong. And lavin' me alone

[1] By. [2] With. [3] Getting thrown.

To tackle the lot! Aw, bone to bone
And flesh to flesh for ever, I say.
Stand by your mates! and fire away!

Why, bless your life! if yandher fool
Had ha' stood, it isn' in Liverpool
They'd ha' got the twenty men 'd ha' [1] took us!
But never mind! that's the way the luck is.
And, by gough, it's a comfort all the same—
I made a picther o' two o' them—
And havin' no money, the case was clear—
Two months of coorse! Aw, never fear!

Chut! Where am I? Alow or alof'?
This James, the lad I was tellin' you of—
Terrible fond o' the Docthor, you know,
Got out one day, I tell you though,
And bein' up to all sorts o' dodgin',
Come unknownced to the Docthor's lodgin',
And tould him Miss Harriet was sent
To a place they calls the "Continent."
So what does the Docthor do but starts
The very nex' day for them foreign parts—
I don't know what country, but middlin' far—
About the places they've got the war,
I'm thinkin'. But of coorse he was much behind her,
And hadn' no track, and couldn' find her.
But wandered up and down the land,
Till the money was gone, you'll understand.
And gettin' very poor and shabby,
And atin' little, and as weak as a babby.
And home at last, and nearly dyin';
And James to see him, and bust a cryin'—
Aw, bad. And one of these docthor chaps
That 'd nuss a elephant on their laps,
If he was sick, a reg'lar limb,
You know, but kind and fond of him—
Well, this young divil took him in hand,
And stuck to him though, and nussed him grand,
Till at last the Docthor was fit for the road.
And that's the time he came to Bigode.

[1] Men that would have taken.

It's a farm that's pretty well up on the mountain ;
And lonely ! Aw, there's no accountin' ;
But sick, it's lek, at the heart, and needin'
A dale o' peace, like a sort o' feedin',
You know ; and glad to be out of Anglan', [1]
For what is there there but wranglin' and janglin',
And hurry and scurry, and never allowed
To take your time. And all the crowd,
And—*go it, cripples !*—and the people hard,
And— *out of my road !* and doesn' regard
If you're limpin' or laughin' ! Aw, very rough,
And savage though ; aye, savage enough—
And uplifted [2] scandalous, [3] and settin' their face
Like a flint. Aw, bless ye ! it isn' a place
At all ! I wouldn' give it the name
Of a Christian country. Well, he came
To the Bigode for all, and Bigode is near
Nor'-east from the Lhen, and a step to be there—
About a two mile at any rate—
A little house, but rather nate,
And a terrible prospect of the say,
And mountains stretchin', right away
East and west, and a gill [4] goin' slantin'
In front, and a little bit of a plantin' ;
And situated very purty [5]—
About twenty acre, or from that to thirty ;
Middlin' land, and a river for sure, [6]
Very nice, and trouts thallure. [7]

Well, it's there the Doctor come to stay,
And nobody knowin', I've heard them say,
Who was he, or what ? Just a gentleman
In hiddlins [8] lek—the way they ran
Common enough them times over there,
And mostly heavy on the beer.
The Bigode's ones [9] was very fond of such—
It's lek—not givin' trouble much—
Aw, 'deed, the mistress would ax like a shot

[1] England. [2] Proud. [3] Excessively.
[4] Glen. [5] Prettily. [6] Indeed.
[7] Enough. [8] Hiding, under a cloud. [9] People.

Were they drinkin', or were they not?
And if so be they wasn' drinkin',
"You'll 'scuse me, sir," she'd say, "I'm thinkin'
We'll hardly shuit," she says, says she,
"We'll hardly shuit." Aw, *fond of a spree*
Was the thing for her; but a dacent woman,
Mind you, and stuck to the house uncommon.
But never axed the Docthor still,
Lookin' that down and miser'ble,
And broke to pieces, lek it would be
A fine man fell in ruins, you see—
The way they are. And of coorse *all right*,
Thinks the woman; and no appetite
To spake of. What? aw, right enough!
But wondhrin' where he had the stuff,
And whenever in the world was he goin' to begin—
Wondherin', and wondherin'!
And sometimes she'd think he had a way
Of a little stagger at him—eh?
Or a look of the eye, resemblin' drink,
And very promisin', she'd think—
And she'd smile very nice, and pretend to smell it—
Aw, bless ye! I've heard my father tell it
(The ould man would laugh!), and sniffin' and snuffin'
As if she felt it reg'lar puffin'
In her face. And "Aw, Misther Bell! aw, 'deed!
It's the throuble," she'd say, "And no doubt you've need
Of a little comfort! Yes—yes—yes!
A little comfort, and a comfort it is—
Aw, general allowed! Aw, well!
Don't regard for *me*, Misther Bell!
It's only too glad I am to see—
And"—a fiddle-de-diddle-de-diddle-de-dee!

And the Docthor, havin' a little chaff[1]—
And searched the bed, and searched the laff[2]
To see where was the bottle arrim,[3]
Aye, and every place on the farm,
And the haggart,[4] and pokin' every stack,
Fancyin' she was seein' somethin' black;

[1] Fun. [2] Loft. [3] At him, with him. [4] Stackyard.

And that curious lek she couldn' helf,[1]
Lek playin' But-thorrin [2] with herself.
But no signs of drinkin', bless ye! none—
Just wantin' to be left alone!
Not but what he was kind, I believe,
Though of coorse he hadn' much to give;
But gave it hearty. Aw, very nice,
And allis had a beautiful vice—
And the flutin', you know; and 'd sit at the door,
And play till you'd hear him at the shore,
Or out on the mountain, he didn' care,
On a big gray stone that was used to be there,
And the very sheep lookin' up at him though,
He was blawin' through it that strong, you know,
But the pigs, o' coorse, 'd go on with their rootin'!
Aw, flootin' terrible, terrible flootin'!
And all the ould tunes he had them as plain—
"Kirree fosh niaghty," [3] and "Molly Charane," [3]
And "Hop-tchu-naa," [3] and "Bonny Dhoon"—
Chut! every tune, every tune!
And that aisy plaised that Misthress Kelly
Was used to say the man was raelly
As good as if he was drinkin' hard,
And terrible useful in the yard,
Puttin' out dung, you know, and that,
And "no more trouble till an ould Tom Cat,"
She said, "and not noticed in the house;
And mind the childher, or herd the cows,
Or anythin'." And never knowin'
He was one of the cleverest doctors goin'—
Nor nothin' about him—better nor wuss—
In hiddlins, you know, in hiddlins jus'.[4]
Aye! and made some fishin' gear,
And agate of the troutses, never fear!
And dozens. And had them for his tay!
And dirty little things any way!
I never could understand the raison
The quality likes them. It's amazin'!
But o' coorse! o' coorse! And catchin' them

[1] Help. [2] Hide-and-seek, played round the stacks.
[3] Well known Manx airs. [4] Just.

Theirselves, you know, and just the same,
But theirselves, and a sort of a newance,[1] you see.
But they're very strange is the quality.

And never much upon the shore
Them times at all, and very wore
And treigh,[2] they were sayin', and fonder of roddin'
Till[3] lines, but smilin' lek, and noddin',
Whenever he was meetin' the men
Gettin' water, you know, at the mouth of the glen—
Beautiful water it was—and passin'
The time o' day, and maybe as'in'[4]
About the boats; and givin' a tune
With the flute; but goin' very soon;
And the fishermen standin' and waitin' still,
And wantin' to know him terrible!
Aw, the casks would be wonderful long a fillin',
And nudgin' each other to ax was he willin'
To try a cruise; but they didn' dare—
Shy lek—that's the way they are
With strangers, you know; but hopin' for all
The man 'd come to, and the slow they'd haul
The painter aboard, and shovin' off,
And showin' how they could handle their craft—
And terrible curious to know
Was he lookin', and turnin', and keekin',[5] though,
Now and then, and longin'—aye!
But not pretendin'. Aw, very shy!

For that's the way the fishermen's allis—
Uncommon fond of strangers, and jallis[6]
Of one another, and never the fuss
To make friends afore they'd make friends with us—
And likin' a man that's big and tall,
And one that's handsome and sorrowful—
And knowin' directly like a shot,
Is he a gentleman or not.
Hiddlins! Aye! but aisy to know them,
And likin' such, and stickin' to them.

[1] Novelty. [2] Sad. [3] Than.
[4] Asking. [5] Peeping. [6] Jealous.

But the Docthor wouldn' often stay
To look, but up with the rod and away,
And in on the bushes, and takin' the road
Past the Brew, and up to Bigode—
And disappointed, and out to the Head
To see could they get the Pazon instead.
That was the way, I've heard them tell;
But at last they got to know him well—

Aw, well! for behould ye! the cholera came
To the shore, and then it was just the same
Lek it's in the Bible when the Prophet was tould
That time at[1] the Lord to be very bould,
And not to be hidin' in yandher place
And booin',[2] like a sort o' disgrace
To a prophet, you know, the lek would be—
But, "Go down and spake to them!" says He—
"Go down and spake to them, you bough!"[3]
And that's the thing he done, by gough!
Aw, 'deed he did—and that's the word
That come to the Doctor. Yes! the Lord—
I do believe it was Him that spoke
That very word, and took and shook
The man in his soul the way he'd say—
"Go down and spake to this cholera!"
And he spoke to it, he did. Aw, the man
Was bould and brave, and he spoke to it grand—
Never was such a Docthor seen!
Never! no never! and couldn' have been.

But the sickness was bad, I've heard them sayin'
And people goin' out to the rocks and prayin',
Kneelin' in lochans,[4] or anywhere.
And all the good sucked out of the air.
Aw, bad! very bad! uncommon though—
Black and stinkin'!—that's the go—
In an hour, or maybe only a hafe,[5]
And coffined, and tuk and put in your grave
That very night; and turches blazin'

[1] By. [2] Crying. [3] Poor (creature).
[4] Pools of salt water. [5] Half.

Like the luggers shows in the herrin' saison—
Only of coorse made slow to burn—
And everybody waitin' their turn
Who'd be next. And a man 'd come in
From the grounds [1] very slack, and droppin' the chin ;
And the foot would be heavy arrim [2] lek,
Gettin' out o' the boat—and what to expec' !
And he'd sit a bit on the gunwhale, you know,
And then he'd swallow the heart, and go,
And up to the door, and puttin' in his head,
And, *well?* And maybe two of them dead !
And then the cry he'd put out of him !
And prayin' and cussin', and shoutin' their name !
Yes ! Or never no words at all,
But the dry eye starin' against the wall.

And there's some o' them stood out to sea on a tack,
And never no thought at them to turn back,
Nor no heart ; but stupid like in the boat ;
And the tiller with only their oxther [3] to 't,
And the head on the hand—and sailin', sailin',
Reggilar, and goin' a hailin'
At some of these brigs, and hardly the sense
To know, and wakin' like out of a trance,
And their eyes all glazed, and, "Look out ! look out !"
And never a word but heavin' about,
And in. And "Is that a way to steer ?"
Says the Whitehaven chaps ; and cussin' them there.

And some was givin' up everythin',
And away to the mountains and wanderin',
And lavin' the wife and the childher to die ;
And the Pazon after them to try
Could he coax them or shame them ; and them givin' sheet [4]
Like the mischief—and the Pazon, middlin' fleet,
And knowin' the country well, and 'd nab them
Aisy among the ling, and grab them
By the scruff, and ax them were they men ?
And cryin' though from glen to glen—

[1] Fishing-grounds. [2] At him, his foot.
[3] Arm-pit. [4] Running away.

"Come home! come home!" And, bless ye! some
Would swear most fearful, and wouldn' come—
No they wouldn'! but 'd get on a rock
High up above him, and shout and mock,
Blasphemin' pitiful. Aw, mad!
Poor things. But others not so bad,
And 'd listen to the Pazon, for all,
And come whenever they heard him call—
Aye! and 'd put their hand in his
Like little childher. Aw, true it is!
And he'd take and lead them very nice
And gentle lek, and the lovin' vice,
And the lovin' ways that was arrim [1]—you see—
And, "Come, then! come, then! come with me!"
So the men would come, but very wake,
And a kind of silly, the way it'll make
The strongest. Aye! aw, it might have been
Jesus Himself the poor chaps seen,
And follerin'—the way it says
In the Bible. How is this the vess
Is goin'?—I'm not much of a scholar—
Foller, it's sayin', aye! *they'll foller*
The shepherd, it's sayin', *the shepherd, though;*
But a stranger they will not follow—no!
For his voice is strange. So that's the raison—
Aw, the Pazon's vice was sweet amazin',
And he'd have them home; aw, never fail!
And better and happier a dale.
And some was lookin' for 'arbs, and chewin them,
And atin' roots, and not rightly knowin' them,
And pizenin' theirselves. And the ould women that was doin'
Charms and the lek was prayin' and booin',
And *hadn' no charms*, and wouldn' let on [2]
They ever had, or the power was gone.
And *Christ to save them! save them! save them!*
And *Go!* But the people wouldn' belave them.
And axin' for charms, and some o' them took
An ould wutch, and tore her, and ragged her, and shook
The very life nearly out of her!

[1] At him, which he had. [2] Admit.

And the women the worst. And *the for! the for*[1]
She wouldn'? And screamin' bad, I'm tould;
And prayin' the Lord to save her soul.
And the Pazon come, and "Lave her alone!"
He says, and—*Were their hearts of stone?*
He says, and druv them back. And crawlin'
And slobberin' at his feet, and callin'
For to save her, and grippin' his legs like crazy.
And the Pazon terrible onaisy.
And then the lot of them cried out
With a bitther cry, and sent the shout
Right up to heaven, and all the Lhen,
And all the shore, and all the glen
Was just one cry—"Oh, save us, Lord!
Save us according to Thy word!
Save us, oh God of Israel!"

And when the Pazon heard it he fell
On his knees, and he took[2] a shockin'[3] prayer—
I've heard plenty tellin' that was there—
Took a prayer, I tell ye, for all[4]—
Took a prayer, though, to the full—
A splendid prayer, and all of them aised
Much in their minds, and mortal plaised
With the Pazon, and the wutch got over her fright—
But died, poor thing! I'm tould, that night!

Now, the Docthor heard that cry up there
At Bigode—he did though, and bound to hear,
The sun just settin' and him alone
Sittin' on the ould gray stone
I tould ye. And the everin' very still.
Then the cry come up the hill—
And the other cry was in his heart—
Torectly;[5] and it was—"Start, man! start!"
Aw, he started! he did, for sure—
Aye, that minute! aw, *traa thallure*[6]
Wasn' no word for him—no! no!
Bless ye! didn' the vice say *Go?*

[1] Asking the reason why. [2] Offered up. [3] Magnificent.
[4] However. [5] Directly. [6] Time enough.

Aw, I've heard him tellin'. And he said he ran
The hardest he could, and took and began
At the very first house, and sent a chap
To Douglas with a horse and trap
For physic and things, and then he stuck to,
And had it out with this cholera though—
Aw, just like David the time he come
And left the sheep with the lad at home,
And a passil[1] o' little cheeses strappin'
On his back for a present to the cap'n;
And then—for all the father tould him—
Yandher brothers must go and scould him.
But it's him that larned them how to fight,
And ups to the giant, and says he, "All right
Here's at ye!" he says, "you vagabone!"
And polished him off with a sling and a stone.
With a sling and a stone—— What's that you're sayin'?
I'll trouble ye be so kind as 'splain.
Laughin', too! What else? what else?
The stones the Docthor had would be pills!
Aye, man, aye? That's very witty—
Very!— Raely it's a pity
You're not in the circus, Bobby, too.
They're wantin' fools—I dessay you'd do!

Pills!—but come! no more of this—
It's very improper—that's what it is—
And Scripther, too. Aw, drop it now!
Listen to me, and I'll tell you the how!
See! here's the Docthor, and here is David;
And if you don't understand it, lave it—
The Docthor and David—that's a pair
All as one:[2] now, then, look here—
The Docthor and David—didn' I say?—
Well, then, here's the cholera
And David—no, that's not it either—
But anyway, two and two together.
David! David! Let me see!
How would it be, now! how would it be?
The giant—aw, it's aisy to mock—

[1] Parcel. [2] Just the same.

Swellin' out like a turkey-cock,
And gobblin' there most terrible;
And David, with the eye upon him still—
Two and two—and aback of the shield—
And—*I'll give your flesh to the beast of the field*—
Two of a side—I'll have it directly—
The cholera and the giant—azackly![1]
The cholera—that's ould Goliath;
I got it now—and it's sayin' "he defieth
The armies of the livin' God"—
The rascal! And tellin' how he was shod,
And the coat and the spear like a weaver's beam—
That's the cholera, just the same—
Aw, I thought I hed it somewhere about;
But, by gough, it was hard to get it out.
Botherin' me, a sling and a stone!
And pills! I wish you'd lave me alone.

There was another docthor, too, they were havin'
Before, that didn' know what he was givin',
Nor why was he givin' it—a foolish
Sort of a chap that was comin' from Dhoolish,[2]
And couldn' do nothin' but sit by the bed—
And tap the cane, and shake the head,
And feel the wrist, and count the watch—
An ould man! Chut! he wasn' a match
For Bell at all; for Bell was quick
And supple uncommon, and hearty lek,
And that cheerful that whenever he was by
You couldn' think a man would die—
And that full of life, like makin' it go
Into others out of himself, you know,
And just like drivin' death afore him—
That's the way. So this ould cockalorum
Saw he wasn' no use at the Lhen,
And cut, and never come back again.
And when the Dhoolish fellow was slantin'
That's the very thing the Docthor was wantin',
And had a meetin' up at the school,
And the Pazon there; and Master Coole

[1] Exactly. [2] Douglas.

That was Captain of the Parish was there ;
And of coorse the captain would be in the chair,
But couldn' put out no talk at all ;
And then the people gave a call
For the Docthor to spake, and so he did,
But the Pazon first. And the little he said
Was very good. And *The Lord had sent*
The cholera for them to repent
And call upon His name, and *turn !*
He said ; *and His anger wouldn' burn*
For ever, he said. And *Our sins was great ;*
But come unto the mercy seat !
He said, *and the crimson would be like the wool !*—
Aw, capital texes ! Beautiful !
So I was tould at them that heard—
And the Docthor didn' say a word
Against the Pazon, but bowin', though,
And, " Our respected vicar," you know—
And that. Aw, bless ye ! these Englishmen
Can do it with a taste they can—
Chut ! of coorse ! and readier far !
The Manx is awkward ! yes, they are !
And excellent advise ! and trustin'
They'd never forget ; but for all they mustn'
Lave everythin' to the Lord, and sit
With their hands before them ; but help a bit
Theirselves. And wouldn' the Lord be willin
Of a bit of whitewash goin' a spillin'
About the place ? And what would they say
To begin and clear the middens away ?

And then an ould fisherman got up
(I believe he had a little sup),
And strooghed the hair, the way with them chaps,
And a little spit and a little cough perhaps—
And says he, " The whitewash 'll do very well—
But middens is middens, Masther Bell ! "
He says. Aw, bless us ! the laugh that was there !
" Middens is middens ! " Aw dear, aw dear !
Billy Sayle they were callin' him,
But he was never gettin' no other name

After that but "Billy the Midden."
And they wouldn' clane them; and they didn'!
And of coorse they were right! What nonsense—bless ye!
Them docthors, they're fit enough to disthress ye!
Capers![1] What's more comfortable
Till a midden about a house, if you're able
To have a midden, and keep it nice,
And anyways dry? And think of the price
Of dung and potatoes? You can't do without them
And how will you be doin' about them
If you hav'n' a midden! Chut! they're clever,
But hasn' the smallest notion whatever
About dung—not them! And as for the stink—
A midden needn' be a sink!
Trim it nice upon the street,
And a midden 'll smell as sweet as sweet,
And very wholesome. I know it depends
Altogether on who attends
To the lek, and careful in the spreddin';
But of coorse a man 'll be proud of his midden.

Well, the whitewash done a power of good,
And slishin' it everywhere they could;
And the people began to take a heart.
And then some ranters come in a cart
From Foxdale over—a dozen or more—
And had a camp-meetin' on the shore,
And shouted there most desperate.
And there was ones come down from the Sandy Gate
And jined them, and barrels goin' a proppin'
Under the tills,[2] and the preachers moppin'
Their faces, and all of them at it together,
And carryin' on; and the heat of the weather;
And water sarvin' out of a crock,
And singin' out like one o'clock,
And roarin' till the divils got hoarse,
And the women after them, of coorse!
And some of them was faintin' away
Like dead on the shore, I've heard them say.
And "Glory! glory!" was all the cry,

[1] Folly. [2] Shafts of the cart.

You know the way ; and *willin' to die !*
And *Come, Lord Jesus ! Come ! Come ! Come !*
And the preacher goin' with his fist like a drum
On the front of the cart, and roarin' greatly—
Aw, enjoyin' hisself completely
When all of a sudden who should appear
But Docthor Bell ! And "What's this here ?"
He says ; "You rascals !" he says, "be off !
Get out of this !" he says, "you scruff !"
And they said his voice was just like thunder,
And took and kicked the barrels from under,
And down went the cart and the preachers too.
And "Get home," he says, to the women, "do !
Get home !" he says, "isn' that your place ?"
He says ; "I wonder you've got the face,"
He says, and "bad enough of the others,"
He says, "Aye, bad ; but you that's mothers,"
He says, "It's the divil himself that's in't !
Go to your childher !" he says. And they went.

And he turns to the preachers—"Come, make tracks !"
He says. "Indeed ! and may I ax,"
Says one of them, "what's the meanin' of this ?"
And cussin', and squarin' up with the fist
At the Docthor ; "You're makin' very free,"
He says. "Come on ! come on !" says he.
And the Docthor gripped him, though, they said,
Till he rattled the very teeth in his head.
"Let go !" he says, and black in the face ;
"Let go !" he says, "let go, if you plaise.
Let go ! God's sake !" and chokeder and chokeder.
"Ye dirty herpicrite !"[1] says the Docthor,
And slacked the hoult,[2] "a putty preacher !"
He says, "and cussin' like that ; I'll teach yer !"
He says, "and wherever do you expec'
For to go to ?" "I'm one of the elec',"
Says he. "Indeed !" says the Docthor, "indeed !"
He says, "I think I know the breed !
And who's electin' ye ?" he says.
"You're in the gall of bitterness

[1] Hypocrite. [2] Hold.

And the bond of iniquity," says the chap;
"Come," says the Docthor, "yoke your trap
And cut, and don't come here again!"
"Well, maybe not, though," says the men,
And yokes the cart, and cuts like winkin'.

The Docthor was middlin' hard, you're thinkin'?
Not a bit of him! What sense!
Don't you know what difference
It makes when people is losin' heart?
Aw, he was right to make them start!
For, if it's the cholera that's in,[1]
You're wantin' all your strength to begin,
And courage to that. Aw, ye better belave,
Or send to the clerk to dig the grave.

Well, one way or another the sickness broke,
And then they were countin' who was took—
Just like after a battle, they're sayin',
They're goin' about to count the slain.
There was two at Cleator's, and two at Gick's,
And two at Corkhill's—that'd be six—
And three at Kewin's, and Shimmin's four,
Well, now, that'll be seven more;
And six and seven'll be thirteen,
And a baby took at[2] Tommy Cregeen:
And Jemmy Cregeen he lost a son,
And Juan Quayle, and Nelly Bun,
And a boy of Callow's, and three of Creer's—
Gels, I think—and at Harry Tear's
There wasn' a soul in the house alive,
So that'll be makin' twenty-five.
But that wasn' all. I tell ye, then,
There was forty people dead at the Lhen.
I don't know was I born or not
Them times myself; but that's the lot!
That's the number they were tellin'
And no mistake. Ax[3] Neddy Crellin!
All in a month, aye, every man of them!

[1] That you have to deal with. [2] From. [3] Ask.

And never no stone put up to the one of them,
No time, I tell ye, nor money, it's lek.
How could ye expec'? How could ye expec'?

So his work was done, and givin' a yawn,
And "That'll do!" he says, and goin',
And all the women wantin' to kiss him,
And down on their knees for God to bless him
And home to Bigode, and not very bright,
And took hisself that very night!
Not to say bad, but bad is the best.
And made hisself a sort of nest
In the barn on a loft that was there, and a ladder
And a hatch goin' up, and lonesome rather.
And "Nobody," he said, "to come near him
On no account, and never fear him!"
And a bottle of stuff; and "Go now! go!"
And *when he was better he'd let them know.*
So Mrs. Kelly was very willin',
And, faith! she'd rather till a shillin'
He'd never come there. Aw, 'deed, she said it,
And of coorse she wouldn' be havin' the credit
If he did get better, and "Very hard,"
She said. And *some people didn' regard*
For others, she said. And *it wasn' there*
He took it, she said. *And how was it fair*
To be sneakin' home to her, Pazon Gale!
She said, *and the cholera to his tail;*
And her with a family, and the harvis'
Coming on straight; and nathral narvis
(The Pazon was tellin'), *and it wasn' lek;*[1]
And if Kelly had the laste respec',
The laste, she said, *for the wife of his bosom,*
He wouldn' suffer her to nuss him!
No, he wouldn'; but'd up to him straight,
And have him out that very night.
Yes, indeed! And eyein' Kelly,
And him sayin' nothin' but "Relly![2] relly!"
And "Bless me! bless me!" and hemmin' and hummin',
And the Pazon tryin' to coax the woman,

[1] Likely. [2] Really.

And done it, too, for anyway
The Docthor got libbity to stay.

But Kellies had a daughter, ye see,
And that was differin' totally.
Aw, dear! you'll easy understan',
A handsome man is a handsome man;
And if so be he's gennal,[1] too,
What 'd you have a gel to do?
For the Docthor would be everywhere,
And meetin' him upon the stair,
And houldin' herself for him to pass,
And stoopin' lek to hide her face,
And him goin' puttin' his hand on her head,
And strooghin'. And whatever he said,
And never thinkin', and just as well.
Aw, it was suction for the gel!
Suction! I tell you. *How do I know?*
Aw, Bobby! Bobby! you're foolish, though—
You're foolish! Is it knowin'? What!
Knowin' is knowin'; mind you that!
Knowin' is knowin'; and I'll tell ye how
The way 's with me. I'll tell ye, now.
There's plenty o' things I never seen,
Nor couldn', and still they must have been;
And when I get thinkin' o' them, it'll be drawin'
The head uncommon strong, and showin'
The very picthure of them, it will;
And workin' and workin' terrible.
That's the *knowin'*. And—— Bless me! what's at ye?[2]
I wouldn' know anything if I didn' know it that way—
Seein' it in my head. That's it!
Chut! I wouldn' give a spit
For a story when it wasn' puttin'
Every hair and every button
The way it was, or was bound to be.
Do ye see the thing? D'ye see? d'ye see?
Maybe not! All right! all right!
Seein' is beein', says Tommy Tight:
And the way the head 'll work is shockin'.

[1] Pleasant. [2] The matter with ye.

Not but ould Anthony's wife was talkin',
And 'd know them well, and livin' near—
Anthony's wife! Aw dear! aw dear!
Well, that's the way it was—*like suction*,
Didn' I say? And 's been the destruction
Of many a gel, but not of her.
Aw, honour bright! And "Comin', sir!"
And tremblin' lek, and quick; and catchin'
Her eye away; and watchin', and watchin';
And 'd sit in the window, and wait and wait;
And startin' when she heard the gate;
And a bit of a ribbon in her breast;
And a sort of a kind of a disthress'd.
But happy and very humble, though!
And innocent. Chut! You know! you know!
Not hopin' much. But what's the use!
Lovin', lovin', like the deuce!
Aye! aye! The head is workin'? Ler[1] it!
Workin'! That's the way you'll ger[2] it.
But, drop it! drop it! Marianne
They were callin' her. And couldn' stan',
And couldn' sit; nor eat nor drink,
I tell ye; nor couldn' sleep a wink.
Aw, poor craythur! That's the way.
And droppin' the cups upon the tray,
Sudden lek; and houldin' the finger
For the little ones to hush; and 'd linger
Greatly, and all a kind o' suspicious,
Aye! lek it 'd be a sort of a *vicious*
(The head is workin', Bobby? What?)—
And cross with the childher, and sthooin'[3] the cat
(Eh, Bobby? eh?); and turnin' and twissin',
Like a bitch when the pups is goin' a missin'.
Do you see her, Bobby? Run, man! run!
Hould her! hould her! Bobby is done!
Aw, seein' is nothin'! Ger along!
Just the strong the head, and drawin' strong.

Now, this poor gel was dyin' just!
Aw, terrible! And I wouldn' trust

[1] Let. [2] Get. [3] Driving away.

But it's up on the laft[1] she'd have taken[2] straight—.
Aye, by gough! the very night
The Docthor come home; but bashful, no doubt;
And the mother watchin' her in and out,
And got a notion what she had,[3]
And gave it her in style, she did.
And "Lave her alone!" and "Bless my life!"
Says Kelly; but much afraid of the wife.
And "Stick to your work," says the mother, "you slut!
And let me see you stir a foot
Till them priddhas[4] is peelt." And one by one
The big tears slushin' into the can.
(*Workin'*, Bobby?—stronger and stronger?)
Well, at last the gel couldn' hould any longer;
For the heart was mostly bust at her.
So aisy! aisy! down the stair,
Just about when the day 'd be peepin';
And hushin' the dogs; and creepin', creepin';
And slips the boult; and her head all swimmin',
And her heart in her mouth! Aw, bless these women!
Wasn' she tellin' all the spree
Long after that to Misthress Lee?
And over the street, and never a shoe on;
And hardly knowin' what she was doin'—
Aw, a soft sort of thing! it's aisy belavin'—
But the love that was in her, and the cravin'—
Aw, soft, no doubt; and stupid rather;
And takin' mos'ly after the father.
And up to the loft, and stood a bit;
And never a sound. "He's dead! that's it!"
She says. "He's dead!" and all the love
Come upon the craythur, and strove
And wrestled with her, till she fell
On her knees beside him. And "Mr. Bell!
I'm here!" she says. "It's me!" she says;
"It's Marianne, sir, if you plaise";
And sobbin' lek her heart would brek.
"Don't die! don't die!" and coaxin' lek.
Poor thing! poor thing! and what to do?
Very soft, but lovin', too!

[1] Loft. [2] Gone. [3] What was the matter with her. [4] Potatoes

Now, the Docthor wasn' dead, not him ;
But lyin', in a sort of a dream—
Deep, though ! deep ! that you couldn' tell
Was there life in his body. So this here gel
Set to work—aw, I'll engage her !
And kissed his hand like for a wager ;
And kissed and kissed. And a stunnin' cure—
Aw, uncommon ! Aw 'deed for sure ![1]
Kisses, I mean. *Hands ?* I don't know,
But wantin' a dale of patience though.
But he woke at last, with a big long breath
Like swimmin' up from the bottom of death ;
And the first he saw was this Marianne,
Which, in coorse, she dropped the hand,
And her own both clapped to her face like a shot
Aw, clapped enough ; and as hot as hot !
And trimblin' terrible, kneelin' there.
Aw, trimblin' ! trimblin' ! never fear !
And the Docthor signin' for her to go—
Signin' still. But she wouldn'—no !
No, she wouldn' !—not a bit of her !—
Wouldn' go, nor wouldn' stir !
And there was the Docthor signin'—signin'
Most awful !—and her never mindin' ;
But trimblin' still, and couldn' spake,
Couldn' the Docthor, bein' that wake ;
And signed for her to put her head
Close to his mouth. And so she did.
And whisperin' ; and "she musn' stay !"
And "for all the sakes to go away !"
And then she got sulky all of a sudden,
And "she wouldn' go then ! So she wouldn'—so she
wouldn',
So she wouldn', *too*," and makin' the lip
And sulkin', I tell ye—the little rip !
Then he tried to fie-for-shame her. And then
She bust a cryin'. So he couldn' pretend
Not to be noticin' any more,
And never seen the lek afore ;
And cryin' and cryin' like the deuce—

[1] Indeed it is.

And not the smallest bit of use.
So signs for her to stoop down low
(It's like he was workin' the eyes, you know,
Havin' lost the vice), and "Darlin'!" he said,
Quite hoast,[1] and tryin' to sthroogh the head,
But as wake as water, "Darlin' pet!"
Meanin' only to coax her a bit,
The way[2] she'd be goin'. Goin', indeed!
And the soul at her just beginnin' to feed.
Aw, take a baby from the diddy[3]
Just when the mother's gettin' it ready!
Aw, bless your soul! them words was mate.[4]
Darlin'! he said; *aw, did he say't?*
And axin' him to say it again.
And *was she his darlin'? Aw, was she, then?*
Of coorse, of coorse! Just think of the drouth
That was in his heart and in his mouth;
And her like butter from the churn,
That fresh, and how could he help but yearn
To the sweet young breath that was comin' and goin'
Upon his face, like roses blowin'
In June, the way it says in the song?
Chut! He couldn'. Right or wrong.
Of coorse! of coorse! So it come at last—
The long, long kiss! Aw, the long it was!
And the rain of tears; and satisfied;
And "Aw, I thought I would have died,"
Says she, and "loved you from the first";
And he fell asleep with his lips on hers.

Spooney! you're sayin'. Aye, man, aye?
Lies! you're thinkin'? Aw, divil the lie!
Wasn' it Anthony's wife that was talkin'?
Bless your heart! That woman was shockin'!
Never a thing that she was tould
But blabbed to every livin' soul!
But *Mrs. Bell! You'd hardly suppose?*
Chut! Bless ye! Goodness only knows.
Rather a foolish sort of a craythur!
And women, you know, it's in their nathur,

[1] Hoarse. [2] In order that. [3] Breast. [4] Meat.

Colloguin' lek, and free of the tongue,
And braggin' the days when they were young.
And as for a secret, they cannot hould it.
And, well! No matter! The woman tould it.
Tould it? Aye! And missin' her
In the mornin', and lookin' everywhere,
And up on the loft. And *what, what, what!*
And *slut!* and *hussy!* and *Come out of that!*
And *Oh! and what would the people say?*
And *Caught with the Docthor in the hay!*
And *Of all the troubles, and she'd had her share!*
And the Kellies, too! Aw, dear! aw, dear!
The Kellies! The Kellies of Bigode!
And *Bless her soul! she might have know'd!*
And *Oh, the artful!* And *Oh, the sly!*
And the brat to her face, and begun to cry,
And blowin' her nose, and about *her character.*
And *What to do?* And *Enough to disthract her!*
And never a word from Marianne;
But the Docthor, which his voice was gone,
I was tellin' you, had it nicely back
That time; for kisses is good to slack
The throat, and a little love or so
Will make a man very lively, though—
Very; and so he shamed her grand,
And *How was it she didn' understand?*
And *What was the good to be booin' there?*
"You silly woman!" he said to her;
Aye, "silly," he said; "and this poor child,"
And he laid his hand on her head, and he smiled—
"She knows no evil, Mrs. Kelly, mum;
And she thinks no evil," and *Well for some*
If their hearts was as simple and innocent
As Marianne's. And what she meant,
And 'splainin' lek, and *For goodness sake!*
Aw, putty talk, and no mistake.
"And this little gel is tellin' me
She loves me. Loves me, though," says he.
"Aye, aye! That's it!" says the woman, then.
"Nice work!" she says. "And 's took to the men
Middlin' early, and hav'n' lost

Much time," she says, and *The slut she was!*
And this and that. Aw, the Docthor was mad;
And "Stop!" he said. And he said, *the bad*
The tongue was at her; and *clane disagusted*
He said he was, *the way she distrusted*
Everybody; and "Wait a bit!
Wait for all! God bless me! wait!
I was goin'," he says, "to tell the precious
This love is to me; the way it refreshes
My very soul," he says; "the way
I clasp it." "Claspin'! claspin', eh?"
Says she; "aw, claspin' enough, I beliv',
If it's claspin' you're at!" And *what would she give*
If she'd never!—and Kelly a local, too!
And whatever, whatever would she do?

"Now, listen!" he says; "God bless me! listen!"
And never saw such a iggrint[1] pessin,
And 'd rather have tould her another day;
But what could he do, and what could he say?
Not willin' to look like fo'ced,[2] you know—
The way with them chaps that's bringin' to—
"What's your intentions?" that's the shout;
And had to speak out, and did speak out.
And, "We're goin' to be married, this little gel
And me—to be married," says Docthor Bell.
"Goin' to be married!—married!" says she;
And clasps her hands, "Ma chree; ma chree![3]
Goin' to be married! And will you have her?"
Says she. "I wouldn' trust,[4] however,"
Says he. "And will you have him?" she says
To the daughter. "Thank you, if you plaise,"
Says she, and cryin' for her life.
"Well, the imperince!" says Kelly's wife;
But jumps for joy, and runs to the laddher,
And down like a shot, to get the father;
And tripped, and groaned a little; but cut
Across the yard with a limp in her foot;
And, "Come, man! come! Make haste, for all!

[1] Ignorant. [2] Forced. [3] My heart.
[4] It seems probable.

And bless me ! didn' ye hear me call ? "
And the two of them up. And " A solemn occasion,"
Says Kelly ; and *has his apprerbation.*
And sighin' a dale ; and *The coorse of events ;*
And *A most mysterious Providence.*
And *Maybe a little bit of prayer ?*
And *Would they objec' ?* And down with him there
On his knees, like a shot ; and roared like sin,
And roared till the rafters was ringin' again,—
Roared ! God bless your soul, the roar !
And blessin' their basket and their store,
And the olive branches around their table ;
And freckenin' [1] the hosses in the stable !
Aw, uncommon powerful, I'm tould, at the prayin' !
And had him in the house, they were sayin'—
Had him in that very night,
And into the big bed with him straight.
So that's the way, you'll understan',
The Docthor married Marianne.

And the best of nussin', never fear !
And everybody gettin' to hear.
But the woman was right. Aw, terrible talk :
And " Deed on,[2] Kellies ! " and " Yandher gawk !
And " Hooked the Docthor ! have she ? Aye ! '
And nudgin', and winkin' ; and " Never say die ! "
And " Not a bad dodge ! " and " Batin' [3] us ! "
And all to that ! [4] Aw, scandalous !
For, you see, they will if they gets the chance.
But I'm allis thinkin' of the fellow once—
In the Bible, you know—that said to his brother,
" Pull out the mote ! " " Indeed ! " says the other ;
" Is it motes ? " he says ; " and talkin' to me !
Come out o' that with that beam ! " says he.

And how about the lady, then ?
Miss Harriet, of coorse, you mean.
Well, that's the thing. You've got me there !
Aw, got enough ! [5] For it's seemin' clear,

[1] Frightening. [2] Well done ! [3] Beating.
[4] So forth. [5] Fairly.

And promised, you know, and all to that,
The Docthor should have stuck to her. What?
Stuck to her? Aye! Aw, stuck, stuck, stuck!
And there's them that would, whatever the luck,
And no matter for fathers, and no matter for mothers,
Some people's stickier till others.

Well, I can't say was he thinkin' it betther
To bury his trouble altogether,
And this Marianne like bushes he'd have
Growin' there to hide the grave;
Or weak, just weak; or how would it be.
For if she married one of the quality
He might fancy she'd be happier,
Bein' used of the lek, and suitin' her,
Lek a man, you know, of her own persishin;[1]
Aye, and the way her father was wishin'.
But what for wouldn' she be happy with him?
Well, raelly, I cannot tell ye, Jem;
But blood is blood lek, whether or not—
Blood is blood—you'll give in to that.
Aye, blood is blood, says you, *and Bell's*
Was every taste as good as the gel's.
No, no! my lad! You're out of it now.
Blood is blood, that I'll allow;
But there's odds o' blood, man, nevertheless—
Odds, man, odds!—that's the way it is.
Just prick your finger, you're sayin', *and try*
Isn' it the same. To which I rerply,
The same as what?—as a pig's or a sheep's
Or Bobby the Bull's, or Barney the Sweep's?
All right! all right! But a common pessin
The same as a gentleman's? No, it isn'!
Aisy! aisy! Don't cuss, my gillya![2]
I'll have no cussin' upon it, I tell ye;
No, I won't! So there's a stopper
Let's argufy it nice and proper,
And put it out the way it should.
Now, I'm perfect willin' blood is blood,
And chaps like you can't see no furder,

[1] Position. [2] Lad.

And thinks yourselves—— Oh, murder! murder!
The foolishness a man'll be frothin'
When he hav'n' got knowledge, nor sense, nor nothin'!
But we're all from Adam! So I believe—
Certainly; and likewise Eve!
Fair play for the woman! The man was the blockhead!
She didn' put the apple in her pocket
Anyway, but gave him share,
And warned afore, but didn' care.
Aw, if it's Adam! that ould scamp!
He's not much of a examp'[1]—
The very chap we got all the woe by;
He's not much of a man to go by!
You're middlin' hard up, I do declare,
Eh, Jem, when it's houldin' on to Adam you are!

But prick the finger, and then you'll see!
Prick the finger! goodness me!
What for the *finger?* Look! here goes!
Let's draw a drop from Jemmy's nose!
Ha, ha! That'll never do, Jem, will it?
You hav'n' got too much, Jem—you don't like to spill it;
Eh, Jem? Were you freckened?—were you freckened, lad?
No, you waren't! Well, don't be mad![2]
Just jokin' lek. I'm fond of Jem;
But smell that knuckle all the same!
You'll leave it to any docthor—eh?
Now, that's the very thing I was going to say.
A docthor's the man that'll tell ye the brew,
For he'll just be takin' a drop o' the two,
And he'll clap his glass, and see in a minute
The little insec's that's swimmin' in it.
Insec's! aye! *The divil!* you're sayin'.
Aisy! aisy! Robert Cain!
Divils! no! But little roundy things.
Who said *divils?* Divils has wings.
Well, I think if I didn' know
Nothin' about nothin', I'd leave it so.
A cock shouldn' fight if he's got no spurs;
And them that's had the advantagers,

[1] Example. [2] Angry.

Lek me, bein' thick with docthors that way,
It isn' raisonable at ye, eh?
Docthors! Bless ye! and who'd there be
Knowin' about docthors, if it wasn' me?
Some right, I think, and seen him strainin'
The lek through a sieve, and stuff remainin',
The way with the milk when they're takin' and silin'[1] it
Aye, and bilin' it—actual bilin' it!—
Afore he'd be done. But he'd know by the smell,
And the colour. Dear me! It's aisy to tell.
Havn' you never heard them talkin'
About blood that was blue (I'll have no mockin')?
Yes, blue! Well, that's the thing, ye see.
Blue and red! That's the way it 'd be.
And the smell the same, and natheral,
If you think of the rearin', and feedin', and all.
Only consider the stuff they're gerrin![2]
None of your barley-bread, priddhas[3] and herrin',
Or that; but the best of beef and fowls,
Cowld and hot; and salmons and soles;
And candy sugar and lemonade;
And cakes, and every pissave[4] that's made;
And puddin's and pies, and tarts and jellies,
Takin' and slashin' them into their bellies,
And wine in buckets! And—— Chut! It's no use—
That's the stuff that's workin' the juice
Of their blood. And straint[5] and double straint,
Of coorse; and makin' it smell like saint![6]
Aw, ye better believe it. But never mind!
Kith is kith, and kind is kind!

Well, for sure,[7] they got married, though;
And the weddin' that was at them.[8] Mortal show![9]
Aw, uncommon! Never fear!
And the mostly half of the parish there.
And a terrible speech at Masther Coole,
And ould Kelly himself as drunk as a fool;
But solemn lek; and 'd 'a[10] took a prayer,

[1] Passing it through the sile, or strainer. [2] Getting.
[3] Potatoes. [4] Preserve. [5] Strained. [6] Scent.
[7] Really. [8] They had. [9] Very grand. [10] Would have

But gripped at the wife, and didn' dare.
And forced to be watched. And the head goin' cockin';
And the *hem!* And the knees goin' knickin'-knockin'!
Ready the minute the woman 'd stir,
And her eyin' him, and him eyin' her.
And—"Oh!" he says, "Thy love possessin'!"
And spreadin' the hands like a sort of blessin'.
Well, that was Kelly—couldn' stan'!
And talk to put him off the plan—
At[1] the Methodists, you know; but didn'.
And—*Who was yandher that was goin' a biddin'*
To the marriage feast in Cana there?
And some of them hearty enough, that's clear.
And—*'Scusable to get a little tight*
Just on your daughter's weddin' night.
And—*The best of men was apt to be floored*
In a season. And—"Glory to the Lord!"
And—"Dear brother Kelly," and "Yes," and "No,"
And smilin', and "Well to be watchful, though."
And the shuperintendan' goin' a bringin'
From Douglas over, and prayin' and singin',
The way you know with them Ranthar[2] fellows;
And Kelly sighin' like a bellows!
And all made up, though, very nice,
The ould people was tellin'. And—*For them to rejice,*
Says the preacher. And "See the effec' of grace!"
Aw, the Bigode was a shockin' comfibil place!
Aw, comfibil—very comfibil!
And handy for the praechers still.
Aw, porridge or puddin', cowld or hot;
Fish or flesh. I know the lot.
Give them a smell—give them a smell!
Aw, bless your soul! It's easy to tell
Praechers is it? Don't I know them?
Bloodhounds isn' nothin' to them!
Aw, they couldn' do without Bigode!
Craeture comfits—that's the road!
And—"The labourer worthy of his hire!"
And the little table up to the fire;
And a drop of punch, and shammin' weak,

[1] Among. [2] Ranter.

And riftin'[1] lek. And—"Take man—take!
Aw, take!" And strooghin' down the belly;
And—"Sesther, sesther! Relly,[2] relly!"
Aw, they knows the spot, and sticks to it,
By gough. And sure enough it's writ
"Go not about from house to house."
Catch a praecher! Catch a louse!

Well, the week was hardly flown
Afore there was terrible meetin's goin'!
Meetin's, meetin's! One at the Bull,
And resolutions to the full.
And all the fishermen come swarmin',
And ould Bobby Jinks at them for a chairman.
And another up at the miners' store.
Aw, they said there was never the lek afore.
All the captains about was arrit,[3]
Captain Row and Captain Garrett.
He was a Cornish man was yandher Row,
Aw, a fuss-rate captain, though.
Fuss-rate enough, and done a speech—
Aw, scandalous![4] And Neddy Creech,
That was keepin' the store, though, wouldn' be bet,
But up like a shot and seconds it.
And the Pazon had a meetin', too,
And the wardens there. And what to do.
And Tommy Tite gave a propogician[5]
For the Pazon to take, and start a petition,
Or whatever they're callin' it, and statin'
"The general wish." And then a meetin'
Of the whole parish, and givin' it out
In the church a' Sunday; and what was it about.
And for all to be sure to come, however.
Aw, 'deed the Pazon done it clever,
And had the meetin' in the school,
And people comin' down from Barrule,
And everywhere they heard the call,
Fishermen, farmers, miners, and all.
Bless me the jingin' and the jammin',
They were tellin'; and speeches goin' uncommon—

[1] Belching. [2] Really. [3] At it. [4] Splendid. [5] Proposal.

Aw, puttin' out fuss-rate, mind you!
At [1] the Pazon there and Neddy Follew,
That was one of the Keys, and Ruchie [2] Quirk,
That was water-bailiff. Aw, dear, the work
That was in! And the Pazon's petition read,
And *To Dr. Bell, M.D.*, it said,
And *their grateful hearts.* And *the terrible skill*,
It was sayin'. And *impossible to tell*
Their feelin's lek. And *requestin'*, then,
He'd come down from Bigode, and live at the Lhen.
Aw, done with a taste, I'm tould. Aw, splendid!
Aw, the man that could, and proper ended—
"Petitioners will ever pray."
You know the way! you know the way!
And proposed and seconded; and a roar,
I was tould, like thunder; and the chaps at the door,
Hurra! hurra! the way they'd buss; [3]
Hurra! and carried munanermous—
Munanermous! Aw, tear your shirt!
Nemine commine—that's your sort!
But they had to build a house for him, too;
For there wasn't one at the Lhen would do,
Just a corner of a craft [4]
Of Tommy Tite's, that was lettin' aff [5]—
Sundered-lek from the rest of the farm
That was there, and a terrible mortgage arrim; [6]
And the house mortgaged, too. Aw, bless your mammee!
Your soul to glory! That was Tommy!
And Kelly, of Bigode, you see,
Was goin' bond and security
For the lot. Aw, well the ould divil knowed
The nice bit o' backin' that was in Bigode—

Aye, by gough, and the fishermen
Took a notion to begin
And build a boat for the Docthor; the way
He blackguarded yandher cholera.
Lek grateful-lek; and down at the Bull
Plannin', plannin', to the full—

[1] By. [2] Richard. [3] As if they would burst.
[4] Croft. [5] Off. [6] At him, held by him.

Aw, plannin' regular, but couldn' agree;
And if they could, it's a wondher to me;
For lines is lines, you'll understand,
And allis better to lave it to one;
And did at last, but afore it come
To that, the most of a barrel of rum
Was drunk. Aw, fit enough it's lek
To float her. And Harry Injebreck
Head man agate o' the talkin' still,
And arguin', arguin', terrible!
And "Have a builder!" says Harry, "and pay 'm;"
And "Baem[1] for ever! Give her baem!"
Baem was allis Harry's shout.
And, "God bless me! what are you talkin' about!"
Says another; and cussin'; and "Baem's your call.
But we'll build the boat ourselves, for all—
Build her ourselves!" and down with the fiss,
And "Hear! hear! hear!" and "Yes! yes! yes!"
And how, and when, and would it be batthar
To have a round starn, or a counter at her;
And carver or clinker, and dandy rig,
Or what, and wait for Shimmin's brig,
Or last year's timber? And "What's your hurry?"
And "Strek while it's hot!" and "Furree![2] furree!"
You know their way; but left the job
At last to Dicky-Dick-beg-Dick-Bob.

Now, Dicky was a mortal religious chap,
That never drunk nothin' stronger till pop.
Catch him at Callow's! Aw, the very pick
Of a fine ould Methodist was Dick—
The rael ould sort; the first that was
When Wesley come preachin' on the Cross
In Dhoolish there; and good men, too!
The pity of them is the few,
And most of them gone to Heaven. Aw, dear!
The ones that's now—— Aw, well, I'll swear
Ould Wesley wouldn' know them a bit.
"Ger out!" he'd say: that's it! that's it!
Aw, worldly! worldly! But, Ruchie Fell,

[1] Beam. [2] Easy.

Bless ye! I remember him well.
I don't think it's ten years since he died—
Ten, would it be, for Hollantide?[1]
Aye, ten! Aw, a nice ould man, but streck,[2]
And terrible religious lek.
And *hard to say*, says Molly the Spud,
But there's some o' them is very good.
And that was the way with Dick, for sure—
Aw, good, I tell ye; good thallure![3]

I've heard them sayin' that from his youth
The Lord was with him of a truth—
Aw, a sweet ould craythur, whatever there was in of him;
Aw, a sweet ould man, to the very skin of him.
White and dry, you know, and that;
And all the suck and all the fat
Strained out of him; but as sweet as a bebby![4]
And the face, you know, a kind of a slebby[5]
With the shine, and his breath like a sort of a balsam,
The poor old thing! that sweet and wholesome.
But feeble though, and desperate troubled
With these rheumatics. Aw, I've seen him doubled
Many a time; but patient with such—
Sighin' a little, but not so much.
And a little smile, and a little *hem*—
They're lookin' very holy is them.

Well—Ruchie it was, and never dus'[6]
Put a hand but a fit of prayer over it fus'[7]—
Aw, prayin' reg'lar the Lord 'd give signs
To his soul for to help him with yandher lines.
You're lookin'! Look then! Look again!
Chut! what's the use for me to explain!
Aye! prayin' about yandher lines, d'ye hear!
Prayin' the Lord 'd make them clear—
Lek drawin' the pecther[8] of them for him—
Lek houldin' them there till they're copied arrim[9]—

[1] All Hallows. [2] Strict. [3] Enough.
[4] Baby. [5] Slippery. [6] Durst.
[7] First. [8] Picture. [9] At him = by him.

Lek givin' a list[1] to his soul to go
The way the Lord 'd be wantin' you know,
For him to stretch. And rather dim,
And a sort of far off—lek liftin' him
To see them lek—the way you'll lif'
A child to see the father's skiff
Close-hauled for the shore. But what's the use!
Leave it alone, then; and go to the deuce!
I know what I mean. You didn' doubt it?
Well then let's have no more about it.
But it's on my mind, and look here! I don't care
I'll say it, I will, there's a deal in prayer,
A deal! Why, bless your life, I've heard
A chap on a coach that didn' regard
For God or divil, and cocked up as grand
On the dicky there like a gentleman,
And the whole of the coach there listenin' to him,
And had it all his own way—blow him!
A skinny chap—I know the crew!
Aw, a reg'lar cock-a-doodle-do!
"Dear me!" he says, "and aren' you aware
It's all a delusion," he says, "is prayer?"
"It's settled," he says, "at the head men goin',
It's settled!" And an ould man there gave a groan,
And a woman with a child at the breast
Fie-for-shamed him; but all the rest
Was just like sheep; and me rather tight—
Saturday night, you know—Saturday night!
Tom Cowle was drivin' himself that Spring—
Teetotal, but reason in every thing,
And a drop is a drop; and civil is civil,
And half asleep! So I says to this divil,
"What's that?" I says. "*Delusion*, is it?
Delusion!" I says. "Look out for your gizzit!"[2]
I says: "here's a little delusion of mine!"
And I took the chap, and I sent him flyin'—
What! off the coach? Aye! hove him clear!
I must have broke his neck? Aw, never you fear!
Aw, I wouldn' trust but[3] I gave him a mark—
But I don't know—it was rather dark.

[1] Inclination. [2] Gizzard. [3] Rather suspect.

Didn' he follow? Aw, that'll do!
Aisy! Aisy! The same for you![1]

I was talkin' about Ruchie Fell,
And the prayer that was at him. Well! well! well!
And prayer is stronger the most that jines—
But prayer it was that done them lines,
And Ruchie's prayer; and never a soul
To back him, but all alone, I'm tould;
All alone—and the first he got
Was the *run;* and, by gough! I know the spot—
The Roman Chapel that was down at the Race,
That's where the Lord was givin' him grace
To think the run. And had it as clane,
Aw, bless ye it might have been smoothed with a plane
And ready for boultin', the clane he had it—
And the next was the *entrance*[2]—you'll hardly credit,
But I've heard them tellin' it for a fac',
He was out two tides on the top of the Stack,[3]
And never a bite; but waitin', waitin',
And the head in the hand, the people was statin',
Till the Lord 'd be pleased, and come at last
In a kind of music, like a sort of a bass,
He was tellin', from the very heart of the sea;
And all the water in the bay
Was playing music; and like as if
The floor of his soul was broke in a rif',[4]
Or a chink, or the lek. And he took and stooped
Inside of hisself; and a place lek scooped,
And the bearin's[2] there lek drew with a pen,
And words, and "For Jesus' sake, Amen,"—
And a light goin' sthrooghin';[5] and a A and a O,
Like you'll see in a church. Aw, he had them, though!
He had them, I tell you, as puffec'[6] as puffec'!
And who come by but Masthar McGuffock
(Collecthor McGuffock); and hails him there,

[1] I will extend the same indulgence to you another time.
[2] Lines in boat-building. [3] Rock of that name.
[4] Rift, cleft.
[5] Stroking = movement as of lines drawn with phosphorus.
[6] Perfect.

And aboard with him. And says he, "What cheer?"
And about the wind; and *how was the signs?*
And "Glory!" he says; "I've got the lines!"
Poor thing! like one of them saints in a pecther.[1]
The laugh, they were sayin', tha' was at[2] the Collecthor!
And home to bed. And the wife couldn' tell
What was the matter with Ruchie Fell.
Stiff as a fit he was, and the eyes
All strained with light, and twice the size.
And "I see her!" he says; "she's afloat! she's afloat!
God bless the boat! God bless the boat!
The very lines! the very, very!"
He says. And "Sterry,"[3] he says, "there! sterry!
Wait till Jesus 'll take the tiller!"
He says; and frecknin' poor ould Bella
Most terrible. And "Look! He's gor[4] it!
Crack on!" says Ruchie; "now then for it!
She's true!" he says; "not an inch beyond that!
No she'll not! no she'll not!
I tould ye!" he says, "the speed! the speed!"
And "Jesus! the Saviour! the Friend in need!"

Aw, the poor ould soul! Ye see the hard
They were workin' in him from the Lord—
Them lines. But when she was built, however,
The *Friend in Need* was the name they gave her.
Aye, and couldn' a better fit
Of a name, if you'll only think of it.
A friend in need, as you may say—
The Docthor, you know, and the cholera.

So the boat was built. Aw, they wouldn' be hoult;[5]
And every trennel and every boult
The best of stuff. Aw, clubbed together,
And bound to have it, and didn' considher
The 'spense nor nothin'—not a fig!
And three lugs at her—that was the rig—
And raked a bit, three reg'lar scutchers,
And carried her canvas like a ducherss.[6]

[1] Picture. [2] The collector had. [3] Steady.
[4] Got. [5] Held = restrained. [6] Duchess.

Aw, the Docthor could handle her like a Briton!
But the beauty of that boat was the sittin'—
Like a duck! Aw, none of your trimmin' sort—
This way, that way; a pig[1] to port;
A pig to starboard; shiftin' aft;
Shiftin' forward! They're makin' me laugh,
Them chaps with their yachts, the onaisy they are!
And the delicate and the particular!
Chut! the trim is in the boat!
Ballast away! but the trim's in the float—
In the very make of her! That's the trimmin'!
And, by gough, it's the same with men and women;
For, look here! if a man—— But, bless my soul!
What's the odds! I'm runnin' foul
Altogether, and no time to lose;
But "Forge ahead!" says Billy Baroose.

So the Docthor come to live at the Lhen,
Where I tould ye there, just at the end;
Lek in the varginity[2] of the shore;
And the mortal[3] brass plate upon the door,
And "Docthor Bell"—aw, a foot at laste—
Chut! I tell ye, a credit to the place!
And a lot of letters statin' what
And who, and a *member* of this and that!
Bless ye! I don't understan'
Their capers! Where's the divil that can?
But the brass plate—— I think I should;
Didn' I stick it all over with mud
One night, and took at[4] the Docthor and hauled
In at him there, and roared and bawled!
But had to take it howsomdever—
My gough! the bitter!—but took it clever.
And out in the street, and cussed tremindjis!
Aw, cussed the very door off the hinges!
Cussed, I tell ye, aw, all I had—
Through the keyhole, you know. Aw, very bad!
Well, the next thing the boat was goin' a presentin';
And then our chaps was rather for slantin',
Bein' very bashful for a job like yandher.

[1] Pigs of iron for ballast. [2] Vicinity. [3] Splendid. [4] By.

And a man they were callin' "Nicky the Gander"
Was for havin' a tea-party over it,
Bless your sowl! And the whole of the kit
Of the farmers' wives to be givin' trays!
And a band from Dhoolish! He couldn' never take aise,[1]
Couldn' that chap, with his capers—no!
A fuss-rate man for the talkin' though!
But I've heard the all he got for his pain
Was "Nicky again! Nicky again!"
And laughin', roullin' off the settle;
And "Give Nicky his tea!" and "Where's the kettle?"
Poor little divil! a weaver he was:
Small—aw, small; but as bould as brass!
But it was the Pazon for all that done the deed,
And christened her the *Friend in Need:*
And a bottle of wine, and all correct—
And somethin' stronger I'll expect—
And signin' her there, like a baby! And then,
"Hats off! my lads!" "Amen! Amen!"
Says the clerk, very sollum. "Hip! hip! hip! hip!
Hoorah!" says the chaps. "Let's give her the dip!"
And "One—two—three," and swings the boat;
And in the water with her like a shot.
And "Make way for the Docthor!" and a desp'rate crowd,
And the young wife steppin' as proud as proud,
And linkin'[2] there; and the chin goin' cockin',
And heisin[3] the perricut to show her stockin',
Like any lady; and a plank, and pretendin'
The freckened, you know; and goin' a handin'
Over the side at the Pazon; and a beautiful cushion
In the stern-sheets there, and sittin' and blushin'.
Aw, happy! I tell ye. And Harry Corrin
Aboard for a skipper—sailin' forrin,
Bless ye!—and sets the lugs, and away!
And sails her up and down the bay.
And ould Kelly, they were sayin', was standin' there;
And they could hardly hould him but a bit of prayer;
But houldt;[4] and groans, and goes his ways;
And "All is vanity!" he says.

[1] Be quiet. [2] Taking his arm. [3] Raising.
[4] He *was* held, or prevented.

Well childher come to the Docthor though,
Mary, the ouldest—a gel you know;
And then a chap they were callin' Will;
And then Miss Katty—that's with him still—
Much younger though, for Will and Mary
Was close together; but the little faery—
A name they had for Miss Katherine—
Was years behind, just lek she'd bin
Run lek off another spool
Altogether; and the yalla hair like gool—
Aw, the Lord's own gool in the very warp of her,
Like strings, lek He'd tuk and made a harp of her
For th' play up yandher, the way it's sayin'
In Revelations—playin', playin',
And the lovely twang goin' *pling—pling—pling;*
And "Hallelujah to the King!"
And all the sweet and all the wise
Blowin' out in two big eyes
As blue—and the little stalk of a body at her
Lek it's put to a flower to hould it batthar[1]
Up to the sun; but stoops for all,
And hangs the head, and natheral;
For the sun is a bould thing anyway,
Aw, bould enough, and coorse at the play—
But the little body! bless ye! the slandharst[2]
You ever—like these polyanthars—
Convolv'lars—deep in the throat, you know,
And the honey guggling down below;
And the bumbees snugglin' there, and pokin'
Their nozzles in, and soakin',[3] soakin',
And clartin'[4] their legs as sticky as glue;
And a pleasant sound they're makin' too—
And sip and sip—what they call egsthractin'—
Bless me! the pretty them critters is actin'!
But *bumbees—bumbees!* and in and out,
And soakin'—— What am I talkin' about?
Little Miss Katty! Aye! aye! aye!
Little Miss Katty. Aw, well I could cry
To think of that little thing—the forsaken
She was at them there, and the way she'd be takin'[5]

[1] Better. [2] Slenderest. [3] Sucking. [4] Dirtyin'. [5] Going

Far over though to the end of the sands;
And the feet, and the little ankle-bands—
Slip—slip—slippin', or gettin' stuck
Altogether in the muck,
And scoopin' it out with some shell or another,
And freckened she'd be took at[1] the mother.

Aw, dear the little lonely thing,—
Just like a bird with a broken wing;
And the lookin' up, and the little eye,
Lek axin' the for[2] it cannot fly,
And divil the one of the rest 'll stay with it—
The dirty things—that used to play with it.
Fowls is very bad at that;
I don't know about gulls, but lekly not,
That's a dale more innocenter altogether,
Bein' strong, and free, and used of the weather.
Poor little thing—the droopin' lek,
And the wondrin' why! It 'd 'a made ye sick,
The servant was tellin', the way she was knockin'[3]
About at them there—aw, boosely[4] shockin'!
At the Doctor? No! but the mother! Aye!
The mother—bless ye! aw, never say die!
You were talkin' of blood—then what's your shout[5]
To kickin', I wonder! Chut! Ger out!
Kickin', and givin' her over the head
With a rowlin'-pin—that's what the woman said—
And lookin' like it. Bruk[6] complete—
Reg'lar bruk! And was she gettin' mate
I don't raelly know—the little bud!
Aw, the withered—yes! You were talkin' of blood!
Well, that's the woman! *Strict!* Not her!
Treacle turned to vinegar—
That's about it! Strict 's no fool;
There's stuff in Strict, that's got a rule
And works it, eh! But yandher woman!
Doeless, doeless, aw, doeless uncommon!
Bless your sowl! it wasn' in her

[1] Punished by.
[2] The reason why.
[3] Being knocked.
[4] Beastly = abominably.
[5] What do you say.
[6] Broken.

To *be* strict; and, of a manner,[1]
The stupidest people 'll be the cruelest.
Reggilar—just doeless, doeless!
And was from the first, I'm tould; but showin'
Some pride in herself, and for her to be goin'
For a doctor's wife, and lovin' the man,
Aw, I dessay lovin', aw, lovin' him grand!
Aw, aisy to think; and buckin'[2] up,
Aw, ye better believe it! the very top
Of the tree was what she was lookin' for—
The Bishop, aye, and the Gövënor,
The Deemsters and the Clerk of the Rowls,
Archdeacons, and that! Aw, bless your sowls!
The woman was rather short, that's it,
And couldn' put out the talk that was fit
For the lek of them; nor didn' know
When to stop and when to go,
And chatter—chatter—chatter—chatter,
And all the ladies laughin' at her;
And couldn' see the fool she was;
And the Docthor lookin' very cross,
I'm tould; and wouldn' do at all,
And the higher the flight the worse the fall;
And drew the game the soonest he could.
Now, what have you got to say about blood?
Chut! whatever the milk is like the chase[3] is;
So that's your *aequal!* Go to blazes!

But tried, though, hard, and wouldn' give in—
Aw, obstinate astonishin'!
And I'm tould when she was puttin' a sight[4] on Bigode,
She was fit enough to sweep the road,
The grand, aw, bless ye! Feathers flyin',
Like a paycock, all over her; and eyin'
The midden, and sniffin, and houldin' the scent[5]—
Disagusted, you know, and lek to faint.
And if a pig was killin', though,
Or a sheep—the way with farmers, you know—
Or dung puttin' out, or the lek of yandher,

[1] As a rule. [2] Sticking, pushing. [3] Cheese.
[4] Visiting. [5] Holding her nose.

Aw, bless your soul! it was fit to send her
In 'vulsions, aye! And "my narves!" she'd say;
"My narves!"—and the divil and all to pay.
And the mother and her had words, I belave,
About it there, and *what would she have?*
And "ger[1] out!" And raisonable too,
And wouldn' stand it; and gave her the sthoo[2]
Over the street, and "away with ye, then!"
And might have heard her at the Lhen.

Now, all the Docthor was wantin' was only
Fair play for the woman, that 'd been very lonely—
Sundherd from her own people, you see,
And makin' no friends with the quality.
Fair play! fair play! and had it plenty;
Fair play! fair play! and hardly twenty—
Aw, had it enough, but wuss and wuss,
Till it's lek the Docthor saw he muss,
And dropt it altogether—straight[3]
Lek you'd do with a dog that wouldn' fight,
Or fightin' awkward, and havn' a chance;
Aw, under your arm with the lek at once,
And pay the stakes, and cut away!
You've drew the dog, that's all they can say.
And the divil looks foolish, but he knows what he's at,
He'll eat his supper, I'll bet you that.

Well, the Docthor drew his dog, for all;
But very cheerful, I've heard them tell,
And kind; and thinkin' how would it be
When she'd have a little family:
Aye, and puttin' his heart in it.
But yandher bogh[4] took a sulky fit,
And wouldn' care for nothin', I'm tould;
And wouldn' laugh, and wouldn' scowl;
And wouldn' be sorry, and wouldn' be glad;
And wouldn' be pleased, and wouldn' be mad;
But just like a log of wood in the house—
Aw, bless ye! Give me any trouss,[5]

[1] Get. [2] Drove her. [3] Just.
[4] That poor (creature). [5] Slut.

That's got a taste of somethin' at [1] her—
I don't regard is it sweet or bitter,
Or what ; but these pin-janes [2] of women,
That'll hardly look up when they hear ye comin',
And when ye'll kiss them, 'll put their cheek
Lek a stone, and hardly ever speak,
And never quick, and never slow,
Nor never even a bit of jaw
To freshen a man ; but goin', goin' ;
And what they're thinkin' you're never knowin',
But smoothed all over in sulks ! Aw, dart ! [3]
It's like a slug going creepin' over your heart.
Aw, avast with the lek ! Aw, give me a fight—
A reg'lar rattler every night !
And make it up ; and happy again !
A man can't live upon pin-jane.

And there wasn' a thing the woman hadn'—
Aw, he didn' spare, the Docthor didn',
To plaise her at all,—aw, no, I'll swear !
A most beautiful parlour at her there ;
The teens of pounds, I tell ye, the teens ;
And mahogany, like any queen's,
And a chandeleer just like an assimbly,[4]
And a lookin'-glass against the chimbly,
And the best of chayney ; and silks and satins,
And a gool watch, bless ye ! and a pair of pattins ;
And all complete, I've heard them sayin'—
And how the divil could she complain ?
And didn' ; but you know their way—
And the Docthor workin' night and day,
And had enough to earn a livin'
Betwix' the Lhen and Derbyhaven :
And fo'ced to be away from home
For days ; and the far [5] wasn' nothing to him,
But a horse, of coorse, and can't be kep'
On priddha [6]-peelin's ; and havn' slep'
A week at a time, the Mountain Third [7]

[1] In, about. [2] Curds-and-whey. [3] Drat it.
[4] That of an assembly or ball-room. [5] Distance.
[6] Potato. [7] A division of land.

And Ronnag way; aw, workin' hard.
And there's not much jink at the Ronnag chaps,
Nor the fishermen nither, but a goose perhaps,
Or a sheep, or a string of callag or blockin';[1]
Just on the chance, and never knockin',
But in on the back-kitchen, you know,
And down with the lot, and away you go;
No count nor bills, no tally nor check;
But take your change out of yandher lek.
Aw, aisy ways; the most you owed,
A ridge of priddhas, or a load
Of turf, and lave it at the door,
All right! And musn' be hard on the poor.
But had it, aye, and parfact willin',
Aw, value to the very last shillin'.
No doubt of that; and swop is swop,
But you can't take a sheep to a draper's shop,
Nor yet a goose. D'ye hear him, Bill?
The lek[2] goin' kankin'[3] into the till—
Of coorse, of coorse! That would be a caper!
"Kank, kank!" says the goose. "Ger out!" says the draper.
Aw, dear! aw, dear! you'd be lookin' silly—
"Ger out!" says he. Eh, Billy, Billy?

But it's aisy obsarved that over yandher,
Sheep or shepherd, goose or gandhar;
And paid like that, the Docthor couldn'
Have very much over to go for puddin'.
But done his best; and goin' still,
And as comfible as comfible!
And no doubt the fish out of yandhar boat
Would be lek to be puttin' somethin' to't.
I tould you the Docthor could manage her splendid;
But pleasure mostly—the way intended.
Then the childher come, you'll understand!
And takin' in a bit of land—
About half an acre—from Tommy Tite.
Aw, it's himself could fix it right—
Cabbages and harbs, ye see,

[1] Fish. [2] Such a creature. [3] Kank = note of the goose.

Convenient for the 'spansary ![1]
All as nice, with painted rails,
And a limpy gull to work the snails,
And the Docthor delighted ; but Misthress Bell—
Well, you know, you couldn' hardly tell ;
Just souldjerin' [2] up and down the walk,
And the foot like lead and the face like chalk.
Aw, I mind her myself, the long, and the skin
All drew [3] at her, but ouldher then.

But yandhar two imps—aw, Lord deliver !
Was the two most desp'rate divils that ever !
Aw, the cheek of the two ! You'll mind them Ned ;
And all the tricks and the capers they had ;
And the blackguard talk, and the imperince.
Aw, many a time I've thought of it since,
Where did they get it, for it wasn' cussin'
And swearin' only till they were bussin' ![4]
I don't know for the cussin' was the gel so bad,
But I believe in spert [5] she was wuss till the lad.
But it wasn' the cussin', for all, so much,
Nor the blackguard talk—bein' used of such—
But the imp'rince, and the monkey tricks,
And the mockin', aye ; and 'd cut their sticks
Like the mischief, and the innocent face,
If you caught them ; but give them the smallest 'crease,[6]
My gough ! the abuse ! and then "Three cheers ! "
And the stones comin' flying about your ears ;
And laughin', and away they goes,
And cockin' the finger to the nose !
Aw, nath'ral divils, brew or bake,
Aw, natheral ; and no mistake !
Natheral ; so who's to blame ?
But there was terrible little done for them—
Terrible ! for the Docthor couldn',
Bein' much from home ; and the misthress wouldn'—
Just starin' at them like a cow,
And them carryin' on goodness knows how.

[1] Dispensary. [2] Lounging (languid, dawdling).
[3] Drawn = stretched tightly. [4] Bursting.
[5] Spirit. [6] Increase = start.

And stealin', I tell ye, all over the place,
And darin' the woman to her face.

And when they had nothin' else to do,
They'd stick to and pinch one another black and blue,
And rag and fight, and the crockery flyin'
Like dust betwix' them ; and the mother eyein'
The pair, and "Stop your noise!" she'd say,
And never mindin', and tearin' away,
That should have been took across her knee,
And whipped of coorse immadiently.
Aw, I've hommered that little chap, I have,
And the hard and the tough, you wouldn' belave ;
And never give in, but out with the tong,[1]
And hiss like a serpent, and as strong as strong,
Like iron on the anvil just.
And I tould the mother herself I must ;
For the little divil was at me still,
And "If you'll not do it," I says, "I will"—
And bedad I did, and before herself too,
And hommered him well ; but, all I could do,
The very next minute he was over the wall,
And cussin' as hard as he could bawl ;
And sticks and stones and sludge and muck,
Aw, the two of us, I tell ye, had to duck ;
And says she, "It's all your fault," she says!
"Why couldn' you leave him alone at the fess?"[2]

But the Doctor wasn' knowin' half
The bad they were ; for they'd plenty of craft
Them two ; and the mother wouldn' tell :
And he was terrible fond, was Doctor Bell
Of the childher, and makin' some sort of life
In the house, and a kind of a change from the wife,
That'd sit like a block, and them all springs,
And lookin' little innocent things
Enough, but artful, artful still,
And takin' advantage terrible.
Aw, well, I've nothin' to say agen' him,
For the blood of a rael man's heart was in him ;

[1] Tongue. [2] First.

And that's the thing to make others good—
Aw, never spare it! heart's blood, heart's blood!
That's the stuff, I tell ye then,
That'll search the souls of the sons of men;
More preciouser till any pearl,
Or ruby—the very juice of the world,
That keeps its veins from runnin' dry,
And tickles its ould ribs with joy,
And sin and sorrow, but never mind!
A power to make us sweet and kind—
In Jesus' heart the stream began,
But it's in the heart of every man;
Isn' it, boys? Am I preachin' now?
Aw, well; I'll drop it, but you'll all allow
The Docthor hadn' much chance to order
Them childher aright; so I'll not go furder.
But that wasn' much of a nest, you know,
For a little thing to be born into,
Like yandher[1] I was tellin' you of—
The youngest—eh? Not very soft
Nor warm, it's lek; no moss, nor wool—
Bless my heart, the beautiful!
Goolfinches, you know, and the lek of them;
Yellowhommers, too, is much the same.

But aisy! aisy! What am I talkin'?
Poor little Kattie. Before she was walkin',
Them two was at her—just like from heaven
A little angel took and given
To them two divils a purpose to treat her
Most boos'ly![2] Aw, the little craythur!
She hadn' no life with them from the fess;[3]
And the mother encouragin' them in it—yes!
Encouragin'—for, as I'm a sinner,
Aw, there was something woke a spirit in her
At last, I tell ye. Let be! let be!
But a spirit of hate and misery—
A spirit that crawled in her soul, and spat—
God save our souls from a spirit like that!
Hard! it was hard—very hard for some,

[1] That one. [2] Beastly = abominably. [3] First.

But I tell you how the spirit come.
A week or two after Miss Katty was born,
There was a letter, you know, that was evident for'n [1]—
And the Docthor from home ; so opens it,
Bein' curious. And what was there writ,
Do ye think now, in the letter there ?
It was from his ould sweetheart ; aw dear, aw dear !
It was though, sure enough ; aw, 'deed ! [2]
It was from her, the very screed.[3]
And Sir John was dead ; and—*was he the same*
As ever ? and willin' to change her name
Torectly ; and off'rin' heart and hand—
The talk they have, you'll understand.
And the money, bless ye, and the proppity,
And everythin' ; but that wouldn' be
Wrote there of course. The gel 'd know better—
Aw, a modest, lovin', beautiful letter !
And maybe there's women that 'd 'a seen the thing,
And pitied the two, and took the ring
Off their finger, and said—" I know
All ! Take this ! take this, and go ! "
Not him ! but on with it again,
And swears *for ever and ever, Amen ;*
And clasps her to his heart, Good Lord !
And not another word ! not another word !
But trust, and hope, and confidence—
Some people you see has got the sense.

So the Docthor came home, and in from the stable,
And the letter a' purpose on the table,
Open, you know (she'd took and read it
To the servant—aye ! you'd hardly credit !
Never was a lady, and never would be.
To the servant, I tell ye, as nice as could be :
Aye, and tould her to watch him, too,
To see whatever he would do).
But the Docthor had shut the door, she found ;
And listened and listened, but never a sound
For hours ; and tried the door at last,
But locked at [4] him, bless ye, and boulted fast.

[1] Foreign. [2] Aw, indeed = yes, really. [3] Handwriting. [4] By.

It 'd be daylight when he came out of yandher,[1] though,
And up the stairs, but very slow;
And in on the room where the wife was lyin',
And fast asleep, and the baby cryin';
And put the letter on her breast;
And took the child and kissed, and kissed
The little thing, and hushed it grand;
And put it back to the mother again—
And out and down, and saddled the hoss,
And away with him, like an albatross:
And up to the Mooragh, and seen at[2] a chap
That was cutting turf, and "Stop! man, stop!"
But never a word, but on and on,
And his face was fixed on the risin' sun—
The straight you'll see a pigeon flyin',
Lek drew to the art[3] where his love is lyin'.
But when the day was rose, he turned,
And the fire that was in his heart had burned
Itself away, and dropped the rein,
And very slow, and home again;
And up to the wife; and just one look
Betwixt the two, and the nither spoke,
And the letter crumpled in the clothes,
And her eye that hard the way a man knows
She knows—the look that leaves no doubt,
The last dead light of love gone out.

So he left her straight;[4] but from that day
He wasn' the same man anyway.
But as for her, she didn' bother
Much about him, bein' able to smother
Her soul complete, or maybe for spite—
I don't know, and it's hardly right
To condemn the woman. She done her part
The best she could. God knows the heart—
God knows the heart, but only one thing,
She shouldn' ha' took it out of that young thing;
But did. Aw, did; and shameful to her,
And wouldn' give her suck no more,
Lek wantin' the very milk that was in her

[1] There. [2] By. [3] Point of the compass, place. [4] At once.

To turn to stone. And thinner and thinner
The little darlin', and cries and cries,
And the dead light in the mother's eyes—
Lek stupid with the heaviness
Of hate that was swimmin' in her breast,
And cloggin' her head, and turnin' the strain
Of love, till it was bitter again.
Aw, she did hate her though, she did ;
And them two imps as glad as glad.
And pettin' them, and cockin' them up,
And encouragin' them ; and that young pup—
Aw, it's well he's a head on his shouldhers now,
If so be he has, for I've made a vow
Many a time, and swore it hard,
I'd have his life, and didn' regard
If I'd be hung for the pleasure it 'd be
To sarve him out for his villany.
Aw, 'deed it 'd 'a [1] been well if he'd been took in time,
For the divil had the seed of every crime
And every wickedness deep within him !
Aw, if ever the ould sarpint brewed his venom—
But wait a bit ! You'll hear before long.
And a say is a say, and a song is a song.

Now, this foolish mother she stuck to them
Through fair and foul, but special him.
I don't know did she think they were more of her own,
Flesh of her flesh, and bone of her bone,
Because the two of them come to her
When she was what you might call happier ;
At laste, you know, lek enjoyin' her helf,[2]
And havin' her husband to herself :
And little Katty was lek she'd been sent
To mind her of the different.
Lek sayin'—" Look ! I come the year
The letter come ! " Aw, dear—aw, dear !
Whose fault, whose fault is things like these ?
Well, I suppose, they're nobody's.
And very likely it wasn' that,
But just lek brewin' in a vat

[1] It would have. [2] Health.

For years—the stupid and the cruel—
Till somethin' 'll stir this divil's gruel,
Lek the letter, you know, from the Docthor's ould lover,
And frothin' up, and boilin' over.
Not much lek the pool that's wrote
In the Bible there, and porches to't—
Bethesda, wasn' it? And an angel comin'
Down on a slant, and the water hummin',
And if you could get a chap to put you in,
You were healed directly of anythin'.
Aye, but Mrs. Bell, I'll swear,
There wasn' much Bethesda in her;
But rather like one of these mucky dubs,
Where there's nothin' takin'[1] but worms and grubs,
Or maybe a leech 'll bite for a change.
Aw, some of these women is very strange!

And now it was, as you may think,
The Docthor took very hard to the dhrink.
Aw, hard enough! And fell, and fell,
The way I tould you. Poor Docthor Bell!
And agein'! You wouldn' believe the agein'.
And them two divils, lek their name was legion,
Was wuss till ever,[2] havin' nothin' to hould them,
And goin' to destruction; and I've often told them,
But cockin' the head as proud as proud,
And as saucy, and talkin' very loud.
And her like a flint. Aw, bould most horrid,
Ye might have struck fire out of her forehead.
And when they grew up the boy was a rael
Unwholesome lookin' thing; but the gel—
Aw, 'deed she was handsome, 'deed she was!
Handsome, you know, like a vicious hoss,
And a fire in her eye that was never straight,
But sideways lek, lek goin' to bite.
And built to a dot. Aw, a splendid craythur
I tell ye, if it hadn' been for her naythur;
That was the divil itself. Aw, the tearin'
They had, them two; and the mockin' and jeerin,
And every trick. They got a gun

[1] Living. [2] Worse than ever.

Betwixt them, and what do you think they done?
Climbed up our roof—aw, she could do it nimbly—
And took and fired it down the chimbly.
And the soot comin' down in sheets; and the broth
All spoilt; and mother fit to froth
At the mouth with rage, and took a hatchet.
"By gough," says I, "it's now you'll catch it."
But charged [1] so quick as they were able,
And let drive again behind the gable.
"Come here," says mother, "and I'll give you your lickin's!
Come here," says she, "ye divil's chickens!"
"Good evenin'! Mrs. Baynes," says they,
And laughs, and laughs, and cuts away.
And no chance with them; and took in their head
They'd hev some rael shootin', bedad.
And started one of these misty nights
To shoot the turkeys at Tommy Tite's,
That was goin' a roostin' in the trees.
Aye, they did; and one apiece,
And the other—well, I'll not be denyin',
Sure enough the other was mine.
Coaxin' hard. And "Don't be cross!"
And fond enough of a lark as it was,
Let alone a turkey; but chased at a dog,
And had to hide for hours in a bog,
Where the sallies [2] was growin' very thick.
And out come Hal, and out come Dick;
And lights goin' flittin' around the farm,
And the three with a turkey under their arm.
But stuck to them. My gough! the cheek!
And turkey for supper for a week.
And the lies that was tould over yandher. Well!
And nobody knew but the servant gel,
That was a bit of a divil herself, I belave,
And kept it as secret as the grave.

And once they took up with some gipsies there,
Sthroullers, you know, that come to the feer [3]—
And tents goin' fixin' on the Head—
A stinkin' lot as ever was bred—

[1] Loaded again. [2] Osiers. [3] Fair.

Your reg'lar boosely, thievin' tramp—
Till the village took and mobbed the camp,
And wouldn' have them. That's the surt!
And them to take up with such abslit dirt.
Aw, if that wasn' the very high road to ruin!
And nobody noticin' what they were doin',
Nor their hours, nor nothin', except me indeed,
That was took for a time to clane and feed
The Doctor's horse, that was bad to keck,[1]
And runnin' arrins[2] and jobbin' lek—
And mindin'[3] me how yandher divil
Come in the stable one night as civil
You wouldn' think what was he schamin' there,
And me just rubbin' down the meer,[4]
And a jenny nettle, and poppin' it
Under her tail, and turned and bit
Most savage, just in the thick of the shoulder;
But, before he was a minute ouldher;
I let him have the curry[5] hot
In the ribs, and down with him like a shot.

Took up with the gipsies, didn' I say?
Yes, by gough, and stayed away
The best part of a week, and carryin' on
Like the very deuce—aw, the divil's own fun—
Cards and dancin' there, and raggin',
And a bottle at him and shoutin' and braggin',
And her with her face all painted lek,
And her hair goin' flying about her neck,
That she wouldn' be knowed, and actual stopped
The Doctor hisself! Aw, well, that topped
Everything! aw, certain! certain!
And axed him would she tell his fortune.
You'd hardly believe! and a pipe in her cheek—
Aye, staid with them there the best part of a week;
And me that freckened, for I couldn' tell what
Would ever come of work like that—
Knowin' gipsies, and the tricks they have—
Tricks! aw, bless your soul—you'll get lave;[6]

[1] Kick. [2] Errands. [3] Which reminds me.
[4] Mare. [5] Curry-comb. [6] You may say what you like.

Tricks indeed—and went up to try
Could I coax them home ; and fit to cry.
And him as drunk he could hardly stand,
And her with a face as black as tan,
And the eyes the wicked stuff they were brewin',
Like mixin' pison with the moon,
That was very clear and full that night.
Aw, it wasn' no use, though I had a fight
With a gipsy chap, and fair play showed—
Aw, there's no mistake ; and took the road
Clane bet, and feelin' rather rummy,
Aw, a smart lad that ! and my face in mummy—
He could work the fist, that devil, he could ;
But another round—but where's the good ?

And the Doctor was terrible on the spree
That time ; so it's only the mother it'd be,
And her, well—of coorse ! and maybe thought
They were at Bigode ; but, whether or not,
No notice taken till the neighbours cryin'
Shame on such conduct, and was he blind ?
And this and that, till at last the father,
Poor man, was forced, you know, to gather
His wits the best way he could, and go
And had them home immadient though.
But that's the time the men gave chase,
And druv them vagabones out of the place.
And not much better, you'll be thinkin', bedad,
For a spree like that. But the talk they had
When they come back, and the gibberish !
Aw, well really I would wish
You'd heard them—another speech, by jingo !
You couldn' understand the half of their lingo—
Not the half !

But poor little Kitty !
Bless me, the divil would have felt some pity
For that little craythur, that was natheral sweet
And good, the child ! And the mother 'd see 't,
Aye plain enough, but wouldn' regard.
And all the bad things she shouldn' have heard

She had to hear, and trimblin' then—
Aw, God is good to such, my men!
And angels puts their wings around
The lek of yandher, I'll be bound;
Aw, there's some sort of music playin' in them
That's got a power to defend them
And makin' that they're hardly knowin'
The sin and wickedness that's goin'.
And the biggest rascal you ever knew
I believe 'd been freckened of them two.

And Miss Kitty 'd often be coming to me
In the stable, and puttin' her head on my knee,
Like a little lamb, and I'd coax her there
The best I could, and sthroogh the hair,
And comfort her lek, and her goin' sobbin'
And shiv'rin', and the little heart throbbin'
Against my leg. And I'd be tellin' her tales
I was makin' about little boys and gels—
Just some little bit of a story—
Quite simple—how they were took to glory
Urrov[1] all the trouble; or about the sea,
And the fishes—just comfortin' her that way;
And the lovely flowers that was growin' down
The deep no line could ever sound;
And the mermaids, and the way they were singin';
And the little bells going ding-a-lingin'
On the Flakes.[2] And then she'd lift the head,
And the wond'rin' baby eyes all spread
Like primroses when the air is sunny,
And draws them out. Aw, it's then the bonny
She looked, and forgettin' all the sorrar.
And then I'd be makin' cat's cradles for her,
Or the like of that. And she'd play as nice,
And laugh; and tamin' little mice.
Aw, she could do well with the lek o' that,
And terrible watchful of the cat!
Or she'd take my hand, and away she'd trot
To a little meadow the Doctor 'd got
On the river; and the questions she'd ax—

[1] Out of. [2] Patches of sand among rocks under water.

Astonishin'! Aw, fit to perplax
The Pazon; and gath'rin' yalla lilies,
And these little kittlins[1] that's growin' on the sallies,
Like velvet that smooth—Aw, you couldn' tell
The putty,[2] and liftin' for me to smell.

And, now and then, of a Sunday, you know,
We'd get lave at[3] the misthriss; and off we'd go
To the Brew, for her to be with Betsy
Just for a bit—*our little Petsy*
We were callin' her; and sittin' beside the river,
Aw, bless ye! the loveliest thing you ever—
The pecther![4] Well I've got behind
A tree I have, but never mind—
Just to look, and them not knowin'.
And I tell ye the slush of tears 'd be goin'
Down my cheek, and laenin' my face
Against that tree—Aw, the lovely peace,
And the holy lek, till were we livin'
Or dead, and the lot of us in heaven,
It was hard to say—the love, the love!
Oh, the beautiful—Oh, Father above!—
Wrapped in her very heart, and she'd rock
Her to sleep, and smooth the little frock,
And put her down on the nice soft moss—
And then it was my turn, it was—
Mine—Aw, the years! but every kiss
She'd turn to see was there nothin' amiss
With the child, and her as fast as fast;
And the shaddhers dapplin' on the grass—
And the still, the still; and sweet Sunday light
All siftin' through the place, and the light
To my heart; and hope and happiness
In every breath; but God knows best
What *is* the best; and, as it's sayin',
He'll make it plain—He'll make it plain!

Well, at last the mistress took and died
On the sudden; and the Pazon tried
What could he do with the Doctor, for all,[5]

[1] Kittens, catkins. [2] How pretty. [3] From.
[4] Picture. [5] However.

And very willin' for him to call—
And talkin' and reasonin' a dale—
Aw, he was good company was Pazon Gale.
And sober enough, and much respec'
For the Pazon, and humble and quiet lek.
But afore they were done, he'd work it, you know
Till the Pazon was terrible put to,
And couldn' manage the Doctor, however,
For bless ye, ye see, the man was clever;
Aw, it's clever shockin' was the man;
And the Pazon 'd rather for him to go on,
And wonderful talk, and glad to listen—
He said it was *mortal interestin'*,
The Pazon said; and that tender-hearted,
And come to convert; but liker converted.
Not the drink! chut! not the drink;
But the Doctor had notions you couldn' think,
And strange, and off the common rather,
And beat the Pazon altogether.
But for all the proud and the clever as well,
He sent that very night for Fell—
Ruchie, you know—the ould man I tould ye;
Aw, he did, sent for him, behould ye!
And prayer at the two, and left him prayin—
Anyway that's what the people was sayin':
And lek enough, for the head 'll be high,
And axin' for and axin' why;
But the heart 'll be sad, and longin' for grace,
Or anythin' that 'll give it aise—
Lek you'll see a mountain with the bare bould rock
Goin' up to meet the tempest's shock,
And the night is on its head lek a crown;
And the sky all frost; but lower down
He's got the kerns,[1] and he's got the firs,
And the veins that's in his big heart stirs
With the strength of streams, and the soft sweet air—
Well, that was like the Doctor's prayer.

I don't know did it last till Monday,
But they got him to church on the mournin' Sunday

[1] Mountain ashes.

Very nice, and the childher too ;
And the best of mournin', and all of it new ;
And if ever there was a black snowdrop in,[1]
That's what Miss Katty was favourin'[2]—
Nice little things peepin' out of the grass—
But the other two was as bould as brass,
And cockin' the nose, and tossin' the book,
Till the Pazon himself begun to look,
And his vice all trimblin', and his eyes all wet ;
And then they tried to behave a bit.

Well, then, the Doctor got terrible bad,
And the life yandher little Katty had,
And growin', you know, for they will, aye, aye !
But very awkward lek, and shy.
And the Doctor says to me one day,
He says (we were fishin' out in the bay),
"Tom ! you're a dacent sort of a chap—
Would you mind givin' a look if yandher sthrap
Of a sarvint is puttin' too much upon
Little Katty," he said ; and then he begun—
And the brother and the sister, too ;
And the knockin' about and the black and the blue
With the thumpin's at them. And would I, then ?
So I said, *Yes, and he might depend.*
Never fear ! So it's a bite he had,
And hauled. And nothing more was said.

So many a time when the tide 'd be flowin'
Up to the boat, I'd be takin' and goin'
In on the back-kitchen at them[3] there,
And never the one of them down the stair
But little Katty ; and at it hard,
And scrubbin' and scourin' out the yard.
Aw, scrubbin' to the very scraper,
And the little knees just wore to paper.
Or down in the cendhars,[4] and the little back
Just broke at her, and as black as black.
And the bellows in bits, and puvvin'[5] and puvvin'
With the little cheeks. Aw, you couldn' help lovin'

[1] In existence. [2] Like.
[3] Their back-kitchen. [4] Cinders. [5] Puffing.

The boghee veg.[1] And never a string
Tied in her frock—the little thing—
Behind, you know. And the little stays
And all to that ;[2] and the little ways,
And rubbin' her eyes, the full of sleep.
And the shamed ; and "Dear ! I'm like a sweep !"
Aw, the neglected. Aw, scand'lous, though !
Scandalous ! And me turnin' to
To light the fire ; and gettin' some sticks
Out of the stable. And her to fix
The tay. And me with a besom sweepin'
Fuss-rate. And the trouss[3] of a sarvint creepin'
Down, like a cat ; and the imp'rint ! Aye !
And the sauce ! And laughin' fit to die.
And little Katty, turn'd to the shelf,
And pinched but[4] laughin' a bit herself,
The foolish I'd look, but maenin' well !
Aw, she was a darlin little thing, was Katty Bell.

And the lot of them snorin' overhead
Like bulls of Bashan, and their tay in bed !—
Took to them, you know. And 'd roor
That sudden, and hammerin' on the floor.
And *Quick—quick—quick !* And catchin' up
And flyin'. And "Give us yandher cup !"
The dirts ! But when they were satisfied—
Of coorse dependin' on the tide,
And no hurry, you know—I'd be takin' a smook,
And little Miss Katty 'd be havin' a book
And readin' to me. Aw, beautiful readin' !
Beautiful ! And never needin'
To do the big spells. And eyein' me
O' one side, now and then, to see
Was I listenin'. And that big slut
Hookin' herself, and bitendin'[5] not—
The sarvint, you know. And the dirty mob
Of a cap that was at her—aw, a reg'lar slob !

Well, that's the way she got that free
And trustful lek, you know, with me,

[1] Poor little thing. [2] So forth.
[3] Slut. [4] Almost. [5] Pretending.

That there wasn' no trouble at her whatever
But Tom must know. "Aw, Tom is clever,"
She'd say. And 'deed I was, surprisin'—
I was though: and mortal[1] for advisin'.

And now I'll tell you the way it was,
And what them divils came to at last.
You see, this Willy Bell was bad
To the very backbone; and the schoolin' he had
Done him no good, nor like to do—
Just a quarter, or maybe two,
At the Cullige[2] there; and sthroullin' about
All hours, and goin' a turnin' out
At[3] the masther, that wouldn' have the lek;
And no raison he would, for you couldn' expec'.
That was the schoolin'; but nathral sharp
And clever. And only for the warp
Of the divil that was in the very stuff of him,
They'd have made a handy man enough of him.
But the dirty turn-out;[4] and must try and look big,
And up and got the Bigode's ould gig,
And a coult that had hardly a shoe to his foot,
And the Docthor's mare, and to they were put
The way two hosses[5] 'd be goin' a yockin'
To a cart, and smackin' the whip, and cockin'
The hat o' one side; and her with a thing
Like a bugle, and blowin' astonishin'!
And the pair like brass; and the fuss-rate it 'd be
To go down to the Cullige, and *let them see!*
And started, I tell ye, from the Lhen,
And into the hedge and out again,
And scorin' all the road like a herrin',
Till they come to the Ballabeg; and gerrin'[6]
Locked with the Port-le-Moirey car.
Aw, then the cussin' and the war!
And capsizin' in the ditch; and—chat![7]
There 'd be pounds there—depend on that!
And the little 'stasha[8] under the nose,

[1] Wonderful. [2] College. [3] By.
[4] Disgraceful expulsion. [5] Tandem.
[6] Getting. [7] Chut = tut! [8] Mustachio.

And, my gough! the tasty about the clothes,
And gettin' them from Douglas—aye!
Aw, wouldn' be bet. Aw, as high as high!
Just tip-top; and a weskit there
Like these divils of play-acthors you'll see at a fair—
All colours, I tell ye! Aw, the chap had notions,
'Deed he had; and the talk, and the motions,
And the ring on the finger—aw, complate!
The buck all over—fuss-rate! fuss-rate!
And often over in Dhoolish:[1] and snakin'
About the Barracks, and goin' a takin'
In at[2] the officers, and lar[3] him
Drink hisself blind, and laughin' arrim[4]—
Just for a fool; and not satisfied,
But 'd be more till that—aw, the divil's pride!
And *who he was, and who he knew*,
And *what he 'd done*, and *what he could do*,
And hintin', and *allis stand by his fren'*,
And *the sthrappin' gels there was at the Lhen;*
And intarmined,[5] you know, he'd make them confess
He was wicked enough whatever he was.

So one of them divils come over to see,
Just for a bit o' curosity,
It's lek; and, for all the capers he had,
I believe the lad was a dacent lad.
But they nailed him—aye! Aw, they worked him well—
He was the boy that could do it, was Willy Bell.
And terrible rich, and the money flyin',
And in at the Bull, and all enjoyin'
Theirselves though, grand; and him with the puss[6]
Standin' trate for the lot of us.
And Miss Mary soon got agate of him
With her gipsy tricks. Aw, well she could trim
The bait; and I tould ye, didn' I?
The beauty she was; aw, ye couldn' deny—
But, aw dear, such beauty! where do they gerrit?[7]
Lek it would be an evil sperrit
Had stole a body that was goin' a makin'[8]

[1] Douglas. [2] By. [3] They let. [4] At him.
[5] Determined. [6] Purse. [7] Get it. [8] Being made.

For a pious pessin, and so it'll be takin'
All the sweet and all the gud
Urrov [1] things, and soakin' them into the blood,
And growin' and lookin' lovely, but still
It come from hell, and it'll go to hell—
But maybe not—aw, lave it alone!
It's lek the divil knows his own;
And anyway we hav'n' got no call,
For God Hisself is workin' all.
And there's odds of beauty, and for all the brazen,
You couldn' help it—aw, amazin'!
For she 'd keep the eyes upon you, ye know,
And the deep light gatherin' there as slow,
Like tricklin' into a bowl, till she'd fill it
Full to the brim, and then she'd spill it
Right in your face. Aw, ye'd need to be stones,
For she'd melt the marrow in your bones—
The divil! Aw, many's the time she 's made me
Trimble all over—lek she'd flayed me,
With the fire of her look—aye! aye! my men,
And me, that hated her like sin!

But this young Captain—well, of coorse!
And the Doctor gettin' worse and worse
Them times, and up to Bigode for the hay
Lek he was used; [2] and the best of a month away—
And terrible talk, and *every wheer!*
And *up the gill*, and *did ye see her?*
And *bless my soul!* and *bad work!* *What?*
And *where would it end?* And this, and that,
And desp'rate work in the Doctor's house,
And carryin' on, till this little mouse
Of a Katty was freckened altogether,
And come to me, and not a bad job either—
The boghee veg! [3] and the little bress [4]
Like choked—aw, terrible distress
At the child—and *would I come up? aw, do!*
And oh, if I knew! *Oh, if I knew!*
And *oh, would I come up to-night?*

[1] Out of.
[2] As he was accustomed.
[3] Poor little thing.
[4] Breast.

And—*it isn' right, it isn' right!*
"No, it isn'!" I says. Aw, the red
She got and the shamed, and the little hands spread
Against her face, and turns the quick,
And the sobs goin' ruxin'[1] up her back!
Think of the shame! aw, the beautiful shame!
Aw, dear! there should be another name
For the lek. When an angel 'll be flying past
The gate of hell, you could fancy a blast
Of the brimstone—eh! and him shakin' his feathers—
'Deed they've got to be out in all weathers,
Them angels, aye! and seein' hapes
Of sin. And I wouldn' trust[2] but they scrapes
Their feet middlin' careful at the door,
Comin' in and steppin' on the floor
Very dainty, for not to be silin'
The lovely polished gool, and smilin';
And—*glory, glory to the Lamb!*
Aw, when I think of that the happy I am!
Well, well, let's hope—and the sea all glass—
But the shamed she was! the shamed she was!
The putty[3] shamed; aw dear, the sweet,
In a little thing. Aw, I love to see 't.
I was guttin' our herrin's that time, and I talked
A dale of comfortin' things, and calked
The seams of the little bustin' heart
The best I could. And *I'd take her part*,
And "Look here!" I said, and I showed her my knife;
"Look here! I'll have that captain's life
This very everin'," I said; "and what's more,
By gough! it should ha' been done afore"—
Just comfortin' lek, the way she'd see
The friend she had. "No, no!" said she,
And the white as death. "Oh, make him promise!
Oh, Mrs. Baynes!" "Ger out there, Thomas!"
Says mawther. And *well to keep clear of a quarrel*,
And rammin' the herrin's into the barrel,
And sniffin' greatly, but looked over her shoulder
At little Katty, and sniffin' loudher,

[1] Pulsing convulsively. [2] I should not wonder.
[3] Prettily.

But wouldn' let on[1] for any sake,
But in and got a botter[2] cake,
The thick with sugar, and sthrooghed the head,
And "Go home now! millish![3] Go home!" she said.
And I went with her as far as the gaery;[4]
And then she axed me to speak to Mary.
And the sense she had, and her so small;
And the way she knew nothin', and the way she knew all!
And—"Is she—is she a wicked gel?"
And—"'Deed, Miss Katty, I cannot tell,"
Says I; "but lookin' like it rather."
And *how would it do to tell the father?*
And *no!—aw, no!* And grippin' my hand,
And beseechin' lek; and *who was her fran'*[5]
But me; and *the good I was, and the nice,*
And the big and the strong, and the ould and the wise.
Aw, dear! "Well, well!" I said; "all right!"

And up to the house that very night;
And not in much notion what to say,
But felt like a fool, though, anyway.
So I in on the back, and I axed the gel
Was Miss Mary in; and—"Will I do as well?"
Says this trouss, and cockin' the cap, and tossin'
The head o' one side, and semp'rin', and saucin'.
"Hardly," says I. "Can I see her?" I says;
"I want to spake to her, if you plaise."
"Indeed!" says she; "you're very high!"
And—"Spakin' is spakin'!" "Go and tell her," says I,
"For all—and look sharp!" Aw, by gough! she went.
You see I was never givin' no encouragement
To the lek—no, no! A dirty thing!
Her to buck up[6] to me, by jing!
Well, she soon came back; and "Go in!" says she,
"And I'd rather it 'd be you till me."

So I into the parlour; and there she was—
The handsome! But "all flesh is grass,"
It's sayin'. But the beauty and the craft

[1] Let it be seen. [2] Butter. [3] Honey!
[4] Uncultivated field. [5] Friend. [6] Make up.

Of the craythur! and just the tail of a laugh
Left curled on her mouth; and never lifted
Her eyes from the book, nor never shifted;
But aisy to see little Katty had tould them
I was come up o' purpose to scould them.

And—"Good everin'," says I, "Miss Bell";
But rather hesitin'. "Aren't ye well?"
Says she. "A cowld, it's lek," she says;
And "ye seem rather shaky"; and *the key of the chess*[1]
Was away with the Doctor, and the eyes as straight
On the book, but just a slit o' light—
A kink;[2] and the sparklin' silver devil
Runnin' along it like the bead in a level
You'll see at[3] these masons. "Look out," says I
To myself, "Tom Baynes! Stand by! stand by!
It's comin'," says I—"it's fight she manes!
Batten down your hatches, Misther Thomas Baynes!"

And I drew a long breath, and I said, "Miss Mary!
I'm sorry now; I'm sorry very"—
And the tight in the throat. "But it's lek it's no use,"
I said; and "I must, and I hope you'll 'scuse—
And it's makin' very free," I said;
"But I'm bothered shockin' in my head,
And all the talk——" "If I had the keys,"
Says she. "Aw, Miss Mary! if you plaise,
Will you listen to me?" I says—"will you listen?
It isn' my stomach!—no, it isn',"
I says. "No, no!—it's my heart that's in."[4]
"Love!" she says; "oh, that's differin'.
How interestin'!" she says; and "Come!
Tell me all about it, Tom!
Your heart," she says, "poor Tom!—your heart!"
Then all of a sudden she gave a start,
And "It isn' me! Oh, Tom! hush, hush!"
And her eyes flew round at me in a rush
Of fire. "Miss Mary! Miss Mary!"—I strove
To get a word, you know. But—"Love!
Love, is it, Tom? And your heart, poor lad,

[1] Chest. [2] Peep. [3] With. [4] In question.

Is bleedin'!—is it, Tom?" she said,
And the sigh! "Oh, God in heaven!" I shouted,
"Miss Mary!" and the red lip pouted,
And the foot went tappin'; and—"Well," says she,
"You're a handsome fellow; but Betsy Lee!
Betsy, Tom! Oh, Tom! for shame!"
Aw, her eyes was like the livin' flame!
And the smile!—aw, the divil's smile was warpin'
Like a leech on her lips. My gough! the sarpin'![1]
The sarpin'!—and me with the ribs just stove
With houldin' my heart, the way it hove
Against them. Aw, I couldn' have stood much more;
And if I'd struck her to the floor,—
Struck her dead—struck her dead,—
It'd been better for herself it had,
And a wonder I didn'; but I hoult[2] very strong,
And I said, "Miss Mary, it's very wrong
The way you're actin'." I said, "Try, try!
To speak to me like a lady," says I,
"Like a lady," I says, "aw, do! aw, do!
You know what I mean. It is for you,
And for all my heart is sore this night,"
I said. "Aw, dear! the weight! the weight
Of trouble that's fell upon ye all,"
I said, "that's fell, and goin' to fall.
Aw, Miss Mary!" I said, "be nice!
Be studdy," I said; "aw, take advice,
And give yandher captain a clout on the head!
He's after no good—not him!" I said;
And *wouldn' she be happier far*
If she was keeping more respectablar?
And wasn' it God that gave her the beauty
And the figgar? And wouldn' it be her duty
To try to be sweet, and pure, and good
The way the Lord was intendin' she should?
Aw, try; and all would be for the best,
"And everybody 'll love you," I says.

And I kep' the eye upon her still—
The blue on the black! Aw, aisy, Bill!

[1] Serpent. [2] Held, restrained myself.

The cowld on the hot, if you like ; and the hand
Went up to the head like a shootin' pain—
"Try!" I said, but very low,
Just like whisperin', you know—
Aw, then she was done, and only raison ;
And her face in her hands, and her hands like a bason
For the full of tears that couldn' help splashin'
Through her fingers like a pessin [1] washin' ;
And the catch on her breath ; aw, it's then the Lord
Was strivin' with her very hard.

But I heard a foot goin' on the stair,
And I turned very quick, and who should be there
But Willie ? We looked at one another
For the best of a minute ; aw, studdy, rather,
Studdy ; but he couldn' hold on,
And the eye fell slant. And then he begun
And *who the this, and who the that !*
And *what in the world was she sniv'lin' at ?*
And "What have you been talkin' about,
Tom Baynes ?" he says. And "Just get out !"
He says, "get out of here !" he says.
My gough, the tinglin' in my fist !
"Now, I'll be plain with you, Willy Bell,"
I says, "I'll be plain ; you know right well
What was I talkin' about, for you were standin'
The whole of the time upon the landin'.
Now, then," I says, "you're a gentleman,
And I'm—— However, that's your plan—
Listenin', is it ? You snake ! [2] And you heard
All that was sayin'—aye, every word !"
Aw, he turned his back, and he goes to the sisther,
And says he, "look up," and he took and kissed her.
"Judas !" I shouted, "Judas ! traitor !
Devil !" I said, "let go the craythur !
The Lord is with her." "Oh, no doubt,"
Says he, "but we know what we're about."
And I looked, and she just give one long shiver,
And the face was as hard and as wicked as ever.
"Help, help ! my God," I cried, "help now !

[1] Person. [2] Sneak.

She's lost! she's lost!" "Come! blast this row!"
Says he. Aw, I made a step, and I put
My face into his, and fut to fut,
And "Devil! Devil! Double die
Of a devil! I can see it in your eye!
I know it! I know it!" "What?" he said.
"What, indeed! What, indeed!
Will I kill ye now?" I says. Aw, he shook
Very bad. And I took and stuck
My fist in his handkecher, and I gave
Just one good twiss. "Come, lave then! lave,
Lave go!" he says, and the teeth goin' chatterin'.
"By gough," I says, "you're a beautiful patterin[1]
Of a gentleman." And her as quite[2]
All the time; but the soft, good light
Of God was gone out of her, and starin'
Lek a kind of stupid, the way its appearin'
With people that's drunk that sleepy stuff—
Laudanum, is it? Lek enough:
But didn' offer to help him at all,
And the divil pinned against the wall;
And puffin' and cussin' what would he do.
"Come out!" says I. "No, I won't, for you!"
Says he. "You coward," I says, and I ground
My knuckles in his windpipe, and down
He went like a sack of potatoes though!
"You're a murderer!" she said. "No, no!"
Says I; "there's twice too much life in him yet."
Aw, you might as well ha' talked to a idiot
As to her, the way she was then. So I went,
For I was intarmint[3] to be off immadient
To the Bigode to see was the Docthor in trim
To be fit to come down and spake to them.

And afore I got to the end of the street
I heard the click of a horse's feet,
And a Douglas car. And "Wuss and wuss!"
Thinks I. "And now it's who'll be fuss!"[4]
And I ran like the mischief. And there he was
The poor old Docthor, and a staemin' glass,

[1] Pattern. [2] Quiet. [3] Determined. [4] First.

And the one tum[1] over the other, twiddlin',
You know. And middlin' sober—middlin'.
And—*For all the sakes to come at once,*
Or lek enough we'd lose the chance—
And the work that was in.[2] And "Docthor come!"
"Stop," he says, "till I finish this rum";
And suckin' it sweet, aw, the last grain of shugger.[3]
And then this stupid ould hugger-mugger
Of a Kelly, the grandfather, you know,
What would hould but he must go?
And huntin' for his stick, and wrappin'
His stupid ould neck. And—*What might happen,*
And—*The Lord over all.* And—*Wouldn' it be well*
To begin with prayer? "Eh, Docthor Bell?"
"No," I said, "Mr. Kelly," I says,
"There isn' no time for this foolishness."
"You scandalous rapprerbate," says he,
"For shame!" he says. And down on the knee,
And by gough he gave tongue that all the glen
Might have heard him. "All right! Amen, Amen!"
Says I. And glad they warn'[4] in liquor,
But half out of my senses they wouldn' come quicker.
And the hummin' and hemmin'; and *the death of cowld,*
And "Be careful, Kelly!" and "Bless my soul!"
And, "What's become of yandher stick?"
Aw, enough to make you sick.
But off at last; and slow, though, very,
And groanin' and prayin' like ould Harry!
And "Yes, Docthor Bell," and "No, Docthor Bell,"
And "It's lek it's better to go, Docthor Bell?"
And "Are ye there?" and "Wait now, wait!"
And "It's very coorse,"[5] and "I'm all in a heat";
And me like disthracted. And, *was I suttin?*[6]
And stoppin' and strugglin' with a button—
And "D—— it! Mr. Kelly," I says,
"It's too bad altogether, it is."
"O," he says, "young man, I see!
I'll have a little talk with you," says he.
"What is it sayin'," he says, "in John?"

[1] Thumb. [2] There was. [3] Sugar.
[4] Were not. [5] Rough (weather). [6] Certain.

"Good Lord! Mr. Kelly! come on! come on!
Come on!" I says; so he come; but sighin'
Very bad, and lek to plyin'[1]
A text to hisself. And got them down
To the Lhen at last; and people round
The door o' the Bull, and 'cited rather,
And nudgin' when they saw the father;
And over to the house, and there—
Of coorse! of coorse! Aw, never fear!
Gone though! and no use to be frettin';
And Pazon Gale in the parlour sittin'
As patient; but thinkin' very deep,
And little Katty fast asleep
Before the fire, or *was* a fire,
But this beautiful servant was off to enjoy her
Talk with the neighbours; and just a rakin'
Of dust in the bars. Aw dear, the forsaken!
The miserable! the miserable!
And the Pazon with his elber on the table—
The Pazon, aye; for when the child
Seen their actin', she run like wild
Up to the Church, that nothin' couldn' stop her;
And *was she too little to reach the rapper,*
Or couldn' work it, the Pazon was sayin',
She put her face to the window pane,
The Pazon said, *like a little ghose*,[2]
He said; and the flat of her little nose
Just like a peep-show, he said it was,
Don't you know? a bit of glass
And flowers goin' squeezin' under it;
Eh? and a little mossel[3] of spit,
And *give me a pin*
To stick in my chin—[4]
What? of coorse! of coorse! you know—

Aw, the Pazon was funny though.
Well, he took the little sowl in his hand,
And away the two of them went to the Lhen
The quickest they could, but it was all up then.

[1] Repeating. [2] Ghost. [3] Morsel.
[4] Words used in a childish game.

But still the Pazon thought he'd stay
A while on the chance. So that 's the way,
Her on the mat, and him on the chair,
The time the Docthor and Kelly got there—
And me? Aw, yes, I went in with them;
And the first thing ould Kelly give a hem
And "Peace be to this house!" he says,
And somethin' chapter, somethin' vess,[1]
And behoulds the Pazon, and "Oh," says he,
"Oh, what a opportunity
For a little improvement," he says, *aw dear!*
And would we objec'? Just a little prayer?
Or how would a taste of exhortin' do?
And "Pazon Gale, I'll lave it to you"—
And "This young man," he says, and cockin'
His eye on me, "is given to mockin'—
Yes!" but the Pazon didn' regard him;
Lek enough he never heard him,
But he had a hould o' the Docthor's hand,
And if ever a man looked into a man
With love and power it was him that minute:
Aw, the very shiver of love was in it—
The long long love, the healin' love,
The Comforter, the Heavenly Dove;
Aw, the white without a stain,
Lek you'll hear the praechers—"Return," they're sayin',

"Return, thou Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sin that made thee mourn
And druv thee from my breast."

And then little Katty woke from her sleep,
And she looked around and she gave a leap
At the father; and hung, and hung, and hung—
"You'll 'scuse her," says Kelly, "she's very young"—
But the Pazon said—"Mr. Kelly," says he,
"We'd better be goin'"—and turned to me—
"Come, Tom," he says, just whisperin' lek—
And out with the two of us as quick

[1] Verse.

"That's the salve," he says, "that'll heal
His wounds." "I purtess,[1] then, Pazon Gale!"
Says Kelly, very sharp, "I purtess!
It was a opportunity, and it shouldn' ha' been missed."
But the Pazon coaxed him very nice,
And they went, and I could hear the sweet ould vice
Like music hummin' through the night,
And I strained to hear for the joy and delight,
And strained till I couldn' hear no more,
And urrov[2] the glen, and took for the shore,
And in; but my heart was very sore.

And only off with my shoes and jacket,
For I was intarmined[3] to see would they be at the packet.
And gave the ould woman slip fuss-rate,
And never touched a mossel o' mate,
And got to Douglas middlin' arly.
Aw, by gough! but they bet me farly,[4]
For where must they be off to all the while
But Ramsey, and sailed with the *Mona's Isle?*
The *Mona's Isle!*—I wish she'd ha' sunk!
I was just that mad that I went and got drunk,
And I couldn' tell ye when I got home—
But I saw yandher driver, and I gave it to 'm—
As innocent there upon the Cross![5]
Aw, I had to do it, the mad I was.
So that was Misther Willy Bell
That sould his sisther. Still!—keep still!
Sould her! Didn' I see the notes?
Didn' me and Tommy Oates
See him crispin' them in his fingers
At Callow's? Didn' we, by jingers?
And didn' I tell him *he had his wages,*
And he'd burn for it, through all the ages
Of hell, I said, and the dirty sniggle
On his face—aye, just like a worm 'll wriggle
Under your calker;[6] and didn' we take them
Urrov his hand, and didn' we cake them
Together, by gough! and soak the whole o' them

[1] Protest. [2] Out of. [3] Determined.
[4] Fairly. [5] Market-place. [6] Heel-tip.

In a pint-jough [1] there, and make him swallow them ?
Aye, did we ! and a goodish few
Made it up to kill him, too,
And tould it wasn' safe at the Lhen ;
And cut, and never come back again.
No, no !—by gough ! he's not such a fool,
And he's for a bully now in Liverpool.

And did this Mary ever come back ?
Yes, she did. She tried that tack,
Maybe about a two years after ;
But of coorse this fellow had took and left her
Long afore that. She came about
Of a summer's everin' ; and the Docthor out,
And Katty with him, and the new sarvint they had
Come runnin' down the shore, and she said
The *free she was, and the condescandin'*,
And the lovely drest, and there was no dopandin'
To the talk with people. "Aisy, Bess !"
Says an ould fisherman there. "We know what she is ;
And, by gough !" he says, "she'll pack her traps
This very night !" and calls the chaps,
And gets a cart, and away with them though,
And me a follerin' rather slow,
And thinkin' a dale ; for, for all the sinner
She was, the door shouldn' be shut agin her ;
It shouldn', I tell ye—it shouldn' be,
If she's anyways took in her conscience, ye see—
Aw, no !—and done with her wickedness,
And longin', longin', longin' for rest.
"God help the lek !" thinks I ; and the cart
Goin' rattlin' on. "Will I take her part ?"
Says I to myself. "Well, well ! I'll wait" ;
And the cart goin' stoppin' at the gate,
And "Come urrov [2] that !" says Bobby Brew ;
"Come urrov that !" says all the crew ;
"Come urrov that !—come urrov that, will ye ?"
And says Bobby, "We're not goin' to kill ye ;
But we know very well how your bread is arnin' [3]—

[1] Ale-mug. [2] Out of. [3] Earned.

So you'll off by the packet to-morrow mornin'.
Now, come!" says Bobby—"come, and make haste!"

So she come—she come! My God! the face!
Just a graven image cut out of stone—
The tight and the glazed; you'd hardly ha' known
Was it a livin' woman you'd got,
Or some figgerhead for the divil's yacht!
And goin' a heisin' at[1] them there,
Straight[2] like a coffin upon a bier,
And a cross-board at them, and a wisp o' straw;
God bless ye! the lek you never saw!
And givin' in, and noways vi'lent,
And because she was silent, they were all of them silent;
Aw, you might ha' heard a pin—
For all the world like a buryin',
But the pitiful! the pitiful!
And along the street, and past the Bull;
And, "Aw!" I said—"aw, give her a chance!
Aw, just this once!—aw, just this once!
And wait for the Docthor! aw, do! aw, do!
Aw, Masther Brew!—aw, Masther Brew!
Can't there be no mercy?" I said;
But ould Bauvy[3] only shook his head,
And over the shore; and then the women
Come out, and one by the name o' Shimmin
Up with a clew of goss[4] to strek[5] her,
And others tryin' to draw the kecker;[6]
But some was shoutin', "Where are ye goin'?"
And—"Aw, the poor thing!" and "Lave her alone!"
And just when we come agin[7] the well,
Who was there but ould Ruchie Fell?

And—"Come, then, Ruchie! give her a prayer!"
And the innocent ould soul that was there
Stuck to at once, and prayed away
Till we got to the other side of the bay,
And keepin' up, and peggin' along
By the side of the cart, and prayin' strong,

[1] Being lifted by. [2] Just. [3] Bobby. [4] Bunch of gorse.
[5] Strike. [6] Kicker, for tilting a cart. [7] Over against.

And the two hands clasped before him like this;
And at last he took and gave out a vess[1]
Of the "Buryin' Psalm," and middlin' right,
But then they hushed him for th'[2] be quite,
And tould him he hadn' got the tune,
And left him standin' in the moon.

But Mary Bell! oh, Mary Bell!
What she was thinkin', who can tell?
Sittin' there as firm and straight
As a crowbar; and all the lovely light
Shinin' off her like a block—
Lek you'll see it shinin' off a rock.
If it wasn' the sittin', you couldn' have tould
Was she dead or alive. And—"Is there a sowl
At her,[3] is there?—or a body just?"
Thinks I to myself. Aw, *dust to dust.*
Bless ye! we might ha' been agate of a biler
On the Foxdale road[4]—when, behold ye! ould Smiler,
The Pazon's horse, and the Pazon's trap,
And the Pazon himself! And—"Stop, men! stop!"
We were about the Ballayonna, you know,
When we met him, Ned, and turnin' slow
On the bridge that's there. "What's at ye[5] at all?"
Says the Pazon, backin' agin the wall;
And—"Hullo!" he says, "Thomas! is that you?
Aw, dear!" he says, "and Robert Brew!"
And *what were we afther?* and *we gave him a start,*
And *who was that we had in the cart?*

So they tould him; and the Pazon tried
Hard, but they wouldn' be satisfied.
"Let her see her father!" he says;
And *the wrong,* he said, *and the wickedness*
They were doin', he said, *it was awful! awful!*
"And more till that—it isn' lawful."
"We'll chance the law," says the fellows then;
But, by gough! the Pazon was at them again.

[1] Verse. [2] To. [3] Has she a soul?
[4] Carrying a steam boiler up to the Foxdale mines.
[5] What have you?

And *who were they to judge the why*[1]
The gel come home? lek[2] *enough to die,*
Says the Pazon. Says Brew, "She's not the surt!
And I tell you, Pazon, we'll have no such dirt
At the Lhen," says Brew; "so there now—there!"
Aw, he was the chap to spake. "You were allis severe
And hard, Robert Brew! But listen to me!
I've nussed this child upon my knee;
I've christened her in the church," he says;
"And now—and now—she's come to this!"
And, "Oh, our Father in heaven!" says he,
"Look down on her in her misery;
And melt, oh, melt! these hearts of stone!"
And, "Havn' you childher of your own?"
He says to the chaps. And there wasn' a word
For a minute maybe, and all that was heard
Was the river, cryin' down the gill,
And houldin' their breaths—aw, very still.

Then says the Pazon, "Mary Bell,
Have you come home to be a good gel?
In God's name, Mary! in God's name!
Is that, is that the for[3] ye came!
Answer!" he said; but she wouldn' spake.
Then says Bauvy, "I know the sake[4]
She come well enough: it was for the little sister—
Little Katty—to try could she get and 'list her
In the same sort of work." "That's it! that's it!"
Says the others; "little Katty—to get
Little Katty!" they says. "Little Katty—aye!"
And, "Stick to it, Bauvy!—that's the why!"
And *Miss Katty was the darlin' of the shore,*
And she'd been knocked about enough before—
And they wouldn' have it, they said, *and 'd rather*
See her in her grave! and *the father*
Was a very nice man, but he wasn' able
To take care o' the child; and gettin' feeble,
They said, *with the drink, and far too soft;*
And it was Katty—Katty they were thinkin' of—

[1] Reason why. [2] Likely [3] The reason why
[4] Reason why.

Little Katty! Aw, then the head
Come down at last. "I'll go!" she said—
Yes, but sulky-lek, you know;
"Drive on the cart!—I'll go! I'll go!"
Then the Pazon gave a terrible sigh,
And he says, "The Lord is always nigh!
I'll go with her myself, I will!"
And out of the gig, and on to the till,[1]
And into the cart. And, "Thomas, good lad!
Take care of the gig!" And—*the bad!—the bad!*
And a mortal trimblin' in his vice,
And sittin' beside her as nice as nice.
So on we druv, with the cart in front,
And the gig behind, and just a grunt
Now and then at[2] Bauvy; but me that beat
I was nearly fallin' off the seat—
And the Pazon talkin' very low,
But what he was talkin' we'll never know;
But it's lek[3] *to repent*, and *the aisy yoke*—
The way they're talkin', and right to talk—
Pazons—yes!

So that's the way
We got her down on Douglas Quay;
And we waited till the packet started;
And the hobblers[4] there was terr'ble divarted
With the Pazon! And, *What a stunnin' old limb!*
They were sayin'; *and a gel with him!*
Aw, these Douglas hobblers is shockin' rough,
Though there's some of them dacent chaps enough,
But free o' the tongue, aw, 'deed they are,
And ready for any sort of war.
But the Pazon didn' mind them, no he didn',
Just like an ould angel, the way he was spreadin'
The peace around him, lek shook from wings
Round and round and round in rings—
The holy, the holy, and the true!
Aw, the beautiful and the lovely too!
Aw, bless him! bless him! He'll wear the crown,
Will Pazon Gale! And up and down,
Up and down on yandher pier,

[1] Shaft. [2] From. [3] Likely. [4] Boatmen.

And that stubborn thing that was at[1] him there,
Whatever he could do or say—
But she broke with the breakin' of the day—
Broke when the day broke! Well, raelly now
Them's the only words—I don't know how—
Was it the Prince of Darkness was put to flight,
For he couldn' stand the sting of the light;
Or was the red that ript the East
Like a finger pointin' to the place
Where she had to go? Or did God look out
From the pillar of fire, lek when He was about[2]
Yandher Pharaoh, and all his host
That come tearin' there along the coast,
And braggin' that Moses couldn' help but laugh,
Chariots! had they? and the wheels comin' off!
Aye, but, however, she sobbed a dale,
But what she said to Pazon Gale
Was never known; but you could see like a shot
The Pazon was aisier after that
For her to go. I can't tell if she hadn'
A godly sorra—for tears 'll be sheddin'
Very bad, and even prayin',
But a godly sorra, the Bible is sayin'—
Of course, and—*lek never to do it again*—
Do ye see the thing? We'll drop it then.

And so she was put aboard at last,
And ould Bauvy says—"Will I make her fast
To anything?" But the Pazon went
To ould Captain Craine, bein' well acquent,
And—*would he give an eye to this young pessin?*
And—*the 'spectable*, and *very distressin'*—
"All right!" says the Captain, but middlin' gruff,
"All right!" "And is it goin' to be rough?"
"No!" he says; and "Now for the shore!"
And turns his back. I belave he knew her.

Well, that's all I've got about Mary
And home with the Pazon, and terrible weary
The two of us till the Pazon heard
A lark that was singin' very high,

[1] With. [2] Engaged with.

And all like quiverin' with the joy—
Then said the Pazon—"You'd hardly belave
There was sin in the world, to hear that stave—
Sing on, my bird! sing on!" he says,
"Your song of love and happiness!
Sing on, brave bird!" and the ould head dips,
And I seen the prayer on his lips—
Aye—but didn' spake again
At all. And so we come to the Lhen.

Now, I don't know azackly[1] the years it would be,
But it was once I was home for a while, you see,
With the ould woman, bein' in two minds
Would I stick altogether to the lines,
And give up the sea; and I'd had my sup
Of troubles, you know, but mortal took up
With little Simmy, that was growin' grand—
Eh, Simmy! Are ye asleep, my man?
Look at him! rolled up like a ball!
Ha! pretendin'! Aisy all!
Well, I think it was a-everin'[2] in May,
Or June, a yacht come into the bay,
A terrible beauty, schooner rig,
Fore and aft, you know; and big
Tremenjus—two hundred register
At laste, I'm thinkin'; and they anchored her
Inside of the Carrick. And a boat come in,
And a sarvint, and orders at him to send
A Docthor aboard, if so be there was one
At the Village, and then for him to go on
To Douglas, and get them Docthors too—
Idikkilis![3] as if Bell wouldn' do!
But that's the way! and a gig at the Bull,
And yoked in a crack,[4] aw, a gig to the full—
Aw, it's Callow's could do it, and off like a shot,
And then, ye see, Docthor Bell was got;
And the boat that come had to stay behind
For stores, and so he went in mine.
The sun was settin' when we fetched,

[1] Exactly. [2] Evening. [3] Ridiculous.
[4] Horse put to immediately.

And there was a lady lyin' stretched
On a bed on the deck, for she wouldn' stay
Below as long as it was day.
So that's the raison they satisfied her.
And the son and the husband standin' beside her,
And the awnin' furled, and the last bit of light
Shinin' full on her face—Aw, the white ! the white !
And "Here's the Docthor !" and makin' room,
And the young man leaned his head on the boom ;
But the old man took the Docthor's hand,
And led him to her, you understand—
But when she seen him she gave a cry,
And, "Oh, you're come to see me die !
Oh, Edward ! oh—perhaps it's as well—
Oh, Edward Bell ! Oh, Edward Bell !"
And he fell on his knees, and he bowed his head,
"Harriet ! Harriet !" he said ;
But the Lady Harriet was dead.

Yes ! it was her. You *knew it was comin'?*
Aw, the very woman ! the very woman !
For when the Docthor wrote to her
To say he was married, she didn' care
For nothin' at all, but only to go
Somewhere out of the way, you know—
Lek a craythur that's goin' a runnin'[1] over
'll creep in the hedge to try and recover—
Aye, but a taste of pride with it all,
Aw, pride no doubt ! and natheral !
For what had she done but axed a man
Would he marry her, and the fella ran—
Well, not azackly that, but still—
Aw, she was feelin' it terrible.
And went and took a little house
In the counthry, and just a couple of cows
And a little land, and a lady's maid
She was used of lek, that could make her bed
And that, and this man they were callin' James,
You'll mind, that was tellin' me all the games.
Wasn' it him that came ashore

[1] That gets run over.

In the boat to send the Docthor to her?
And off without a bite or a sup
To get the Douglas Docthors up.
Wasn' he tellin' me over our tay—
We'd been whitin' fishing in the bay
That ev'rin'—aw, a dacent chap,
And the fond of the whitin's he couldn' stop
One after another—and *aw*, *the delaycious!*
And him and me was very gracious.

Well, she come to live in this little place,
But she couldn' get a mossel of peace;
For of coorse the rich she was and the beauty,
There was hundreds comin' to pay their duty,
Lek makin' application, lek sportin'
Their figgers afore her. I doubt it's coortin'
It 'd get[1] with us, but the quality
Must have a differin' name, ye see.
So I believe at last she was fairly fo'ced
To take a husband. And like a ghost,
They said, the day she was married. Aye!
But a rael good man, and tervil high;
And a splandid scholar, you'll be sure,
And kind, and givin' a dale to the poor;
And wise and careful all the same—
Lord Brockley they were callin' him.
And she never had no child but the one—
A boy, you know, and reared at them grand;
But the mother took very much to failin',
So the docthors thought a little sailin'
Would do her good. So every year
They were havin' a trip in the *Vivandeer*,
They were callin' her. And sixteen hands
All tould, and sparin' no expense.
Aw, a splandid vessel, splandid, though!
And that fitted up, you'd hardly know
Were you standin' in a ship or a shop.
And stewards there—aw, just tip-top;
And the paintin' and the gool—you never!
And the lookin' glasses; but, however—

[1] It would be called.

So it seems this time they 'd been over to Dublin,
And rather rough, and the sickness troublin'
The lady bad. And bound to shake her
Roundin' the Calf. And waeker and waeker,
Till at last they got freckened, and had to give in,
And come to an anchor at the Lhen.
So that's the way, the very fit.[1]
And wasn' it nice now? Wasn' it?
And her ould sweetheart, and all! Just so!
Aw, beautiful! Aw, lovely, though!
And the wonderful for him to be nigh,
Lek it'd be a pleasure for her to die.
Yes, yes! you're right! Aw, 'deed, for sure![2]
The woman was dyin' happy thallure.[3]
And coffined there at Masther Cowle—
Rosewood—rosewood! Bless your soul.
Satin linin', satin trimmin',
Just like a pianna, I heard some women.
And put aboard the Douglas boat,
And Masther Cowle himself attendin' to 't.
And the proudest day of his life, I'll bet.
Aw, poor Lady Harriet!

Now afore she was married she tould the Lord
About the Doctor, every word.
And hard to do it's lek it 'd be,
But "Bless ye! What's the odds?" says he.
Aw, thrumps the both, and 'd out and spake;
Aw, the rael breed, and no mistake.
So this Lord Brockley seen at once
What was up, and capital friends—
Capital! Chut! The man had sense.
There was a sayin' of his the people had
When the two was ither side[4] of the dead.
Then says this Brocolo—"Poor dove!
I had her truth, and you had her love."

But the young chap never knew nothin' at all
Till now, and it sunk in his heart like a ball

[1] Exactly. [2] Most certainly. [3] Enough.
[4] One on each side.

In the teak. And the pecther in him he'd drew
Of his mother—ever since he knew—
Shivered. And had to put it together
The best he could; but differin' rather.
Aw, differin'. And the very next day
He took to the mountain straight away.
I don't know did he think some angel would stand
On the cairn with the pecther in his hand
For him to copy; but there's no accountin'—
There's queer things seein' on the mountain—
Aw, queer enough. And the air, you know,
That keen; and no accountin' though.
But I know a bird that 'll whistle ye down
From any mountain, I'll be bound.
A little bird. A hen or a cock?
No matter. "Come down from yandher rock!
Come down!" it's sayin'. And, by gum,
When that chap pipes, you'll have to come.
Aye, will ye. Aw, it's thrue, it's thrue!
Do I mean little Katty? Of coorse I do.
Little? No! But a woman grown,
And a joy for your heart to think upon.
For whenever she was gettin' fair play,
With them two divils goin' away,
She took a body, and she took a chin,
And a figger there astonishin'.
And very careful of the father,
Aw, terrible, that was difficult rather;
Bein' studdier, but apt to get dry,
And slippin' into Callow's on the sly.
But she had a way to keep him in
Of a night. And grog, but 'lowancin'.[1]
Did she water it? No! God bless my sowl!
Do ye think she'd ever be that bould
To water the father's grog? Aw, dear!
Water? No! Did ye ever hear?
No, but 'd play with him, and coax
To get the bottle from him. And little jokes.
And he'd reach out his hand, all shaky lek,
And she'd put her arms around his neck,

[1] Putting him on allowance.

And kiss him, and laugh, and look in his face ;
And all the little lovin' ways—
And the hand goin' fumblin'. And then, I'll be blowed,
If she wouldn' be shovin' a pipe in the road,
And grips and sucks, and it lighted at[1] her
In a crack. And "No matter," he'd say, "no matter!"
Aw, the grand ould man. And a bit of a smile,
And knew what she was up to all the while.
Hav'n' I seen them? And the proud she was
When she got him to bed with only a glass!

But, bless ye! that was years before ;
For the Docthor come urrov[2] it more and more,
Like urrov a drame, like urrov a fog.
And the man could sit and take his grog
Like a Christian. Moderate lek, that way—
Moderate—that's the time o' day.
Just with the glory he was takin'
In the daughter, and the happy she was makin'
The heart of the man, and the beautiful
She kep' the house. And never dull,
But as bright as bright. And then, for all,[3]
He began to see the lusty and tall,
And the handsome she'd got, and the full in the hips,
And the sweet talk runnin' off her lips
Like water off an oar on the feather ;
And the sensible ; and altogether
The woman she was, and knowin' a dale.

So, by gough, he spoke to Pazon Gale,
And the two of them stuck to like fun,
And taught her everythin' under the sun—
Taechin'! Bless ye! reggilar!
Aw, they loved to be taechin' her.
And books and copies, and sayin' and writin',
And the ould pianna—aw, just delightin'—
That was it, delightin' you know—
And the terrible fast she was larnin' though,
And all about doctorin' and bones,
And a hommer at her choppin' the stones,

[1] By. [2] Out of. [3] However.

That they're sayin' is rather suspicious o' meltin',[1]
And showin' the lines the world is built on.

So you see the gel was just in her bloom;
And no chance but Misther Harry Combe
Would be seein' that—just a puffec[2] flower,
Lek the sun 'll be shinin' after a shower,
Puffec, you know, in every part—
Aw, the little spot was in his heart
Afore he left the Island—yes!
Chut! Bless your sowl! he couldn' miss—
But didn' say a word, but back
The very next month! Aw, he wouldn' be slack,
Wouldn' yandher lad! Aw, very keen,
And as handsome a chap as ever was seen—
Aye, Harry Combe they were callin' him,
And still it wasn' the father's name—
Curious! And lookin' bad,
Not havin' the name your father had—
Lek somethin' wrong, you know, but wasn';
And there's plenty of them 'll have a dozen.
But I don't know. But, however, it come,
And not long about it, the way[3] with some;
But out and spoke, and axed her straight
Would she be after marryin him. "All right!"
Said Katty, at least—you understand—
Well, of coorse—aw, a very nice young man.
And it's lek there'd be a dale of blushin' goin',
And *what did he mane?* And *hardly knowin';*
And all to that;[4] but come at last,
The little word that makes all fast—
The little word—and whenever he gorrit[5]
He'd put a kiss upon her forrit[6]
Like on a queen—at least I'm tould—
The quality!—But bless your sowl!
And it was beautiful to see
Their little ways—aw, love-ely.
'Deed I've been hidin' in the goss
A' purpose to see how happy she was,

[1] Show symptoms of having been melted. [2] Perfect.
[3] As it is. [4] So forth. [5] Got it. [6] Forehead.

The darlin'! And hardly right, you know
But still for all—just so, just so!
Of coorse, and the world is full of slandher;
But angels might have looked at yandher.

One everin' I seen them on the How—
Christmas Head they're callin' it now—
Yes, yes! you're right; that's the name they hef,[1]
And the one taken and the other left—
The Bible is sayin'—but lower down
Just under the cairn where the Rose was found
And an ould well there the people was thinkin'
Very holy, and goin' a drinkin'
For cures, or maybe laevin' a pin
Or a halfpenny for luck to be in,
But rather lek them Romans, eh?
With their 'dolatry; but hard to say—
Sittin' there beside the well,
Aw a pleasant spot and peaceable,
And these penny-walls[2] and little ferins[3]
Has got a very putty appearance;
And the water that's in tremenjus cowl'[4]—
So I was takin' a little sthrowl,
Bein under orders to jine a ship
The very next day, and a longish trip,
And you never know, and—aye, man, aye!
Lek it would be a sort of good-bye—
So of coorse pretendin' not to know them,
But blest if they didn' call me to them,
And then they tould me the way it was,
And *goin' to be married for Michaelmas.*

And "Tom," she says, "you've been a brother
To me," she says, and a kind of a smother
In her throat, you know, lek she couldn' refrain,
And the tears come rushin' like the rain,
And she caught my two hands with the two of hers,
And she looked the long look in my face.
And "I'm so happy, Tom," she said,—
"Thank God," says I, and I bent my head,

[1] Have. [2] Wall pennywort. [3] Ferns. [4] Cold.

And she pressed her hands against my lips,
And I kissed the little finger tips.
"Thank God!" I said, but I couldn' say more—
And I went, but when I got down on the shore
Thinks I, "This 'll never do at all—
Boin' away like a funeral—
And, by gough, I don't like to see her cry,
And, by gough, I'll put her in heart," says I.
So I turned, and stood, and I gave them a cheer—
I did though—terrible sharp and clear—
"Hoorah! Hoorah!" and up with the cap
Agin the wind, and down with a flap
In the water; but seen her laughin' there,
Laughin', laughin'—never fear!

God bless her—she's a married woman
Now, and a little family comin';
And livin' in England, and got the father
Very nice though living with her.

So that's THE DOCTOR. And now, my men,
I think it's time to be turnin' in.
Good night! It's feelin' to be rough.
You liked little Katty? Well, that's enough.

II

KITTY OF THE SHERRAGH VANE

PART I

THE Sherragh Vane
Is up Sulby glen,
High up, my men—
High up—you'll not see a sight of it
From the road at all,
By rayson of the height of it—

Terbil high ; and a little skute [1]
Of a waterfall,
Slip-sloppin' from the root
Of an ould kern [2]—
You know the turn
At the Bridge, and the Chapel ?
Well, in on the gate,
Behind there, that's the road, like straight
For Druid-a-whapple ;
And just you're passin'
The School, and up you go—
A track—a track, you know,
On the side of the brew,[3] criss-crassin',[4]
Till you'll come out on the top like a landin',
And the house standin'
Two fields back—
And all that steep
You can't see the river, not the smallest peep,
Nor the gill, nor nothin' ; but lookin' right over
At Snaefell,
By Jove ! or
Barrule, or Slieu Core—
'Deed, you'll have to be cayful [5]
With cows and the lek ; and no road for a cart
Up yandher place,
But comin' in from another art,[6]
About nor'-wes',
Ballaugh way ? Yes.

That's the road they were doin' the haulin'—
Tear the people was goin' a callin'—
Nicholas Tear—that's Nicky-Nick-Nick—
And his wife a Gick of the Ballagick—
Down in Kirk Bride—you know them, what ?
And a son and a daughter, that's the lot—
Saul the son, a name he got
From his grandfather on the mother's side—
Rather big people down in Kirk Bride.
But the daughter was Kitty—so, aisy then !

[1] Squirt. [2] Mountain ash. [3] Hill.
[4] Zigzagging. [5] Careful. [6] Point of the compass.

That's Kitty of the Sherragh Vane—
Kitty, Kitty—sure enough—
Kitty—Kitty—hould your luff![1]

Nice-lookin', eh?
Aye, that's your way—
Well, I tell ye, the first time ever I seen her,
She wasn' much more till[2] a baby—
Six years, maybe,
Would have been her
Age; and the little clogs at her,[3]
Clitter-clatter,
And her little hand
In mine, to show me the way, you'll understand,
Down yandher brew,
And me a stranger too,
That was lost on the mountain;
And the little sowl in the house all alone,
And for her to be goin'
The best part of a mile—
Bless the chile!
Till she got me right—
And not a bit shy, not her!
Nor freckened,[4] but talkin' away as purty[5]
As a woman of thirty—
And—"That's the way down to the School," says she,
"And Saul and me
Is goin' there every day;
You'll aisy find the way"—
And turns, and off like a bird on the wing,
Aw, a bright little thing!

Isn' it that way with these people of the mountain?
No accountin',
But seemin' very fearless though—
Very—not for fightin' no!
Nor tearin',[6] but just the used[7] they are
Of fogs and bogs, and all the war

[1] Sail close to the wind: here = take care!
[2] Than. [3] Which she had. [4] Frightened.
[5] Prettily. [6] Making rows. [7] Because they are accustomed to.

Of winds and clouds, and ghos'es creepin'
Unknownst upon them, and fairies cheepin'
Like birds, you'd think, and big bugganes[1]
In holes in rocks; lek makin' fren's[2]
With the like, that'll work like niggers, they will.
If you'll only let them; and paisible
Uncommon they are; and little scraps,
That's hardly off their mammies' laps
'll walk about there in the night
The same as the day, and all right—
Bless ye! ghos'es! ar'n' they half
Ghos'es themselves? Just hear them laugh,
Or hear them cry,
It's like up in the sky—
Aw, differin'
Total[3]—aye; for the air is thin
And fine up there, and they sucks it in
Very strong,
Very long,
And mixes it with the mould
Of all their body and all their sowl—
So they're often seemin'
Like people dreamin',
And their eyes open like a surt of a trance,
You know, like Balaam, that had plenty of sance,[4]
And knew the will of the Lord, and could spake it clever
But wolloped his dunkey—but—however—
And come from the mountains too did Balaam,
And freckened, it's lek, the angel would whale him,
And gave in like winkin'—
Rather a rum surt of prophet, I'm thinkin'—
Aye—but these mountain people—well—
That's the surt—*like Balaam?* no!
Like Balaam! what are ye comin' to?
But the gel——

All right! all right! I never seen her
For years, no, not till she'd grew
A splendid craythur, keener,
You'd see, and bouldher, and bigger,

[1] Hobgoblins. [2] Friends. [3] Quite. [4] Sense.

But few
That had such a figure,
Such a face, such a look, right at ye—
Drat ye!
Take it or lave it!
She gave it
From the arch of her eyes
Like a bow, and the fringes
Treminjis—
And—*her nose*, you'd suppose?
Never mind her nose!
But black hair—
There!
And Saul's sister; and Saul and me
Was mates at sea,
Aboord the *Mermaid*, Captain Lear,
And axed me theer,
Whenever we'd be home,
For me for to come
From the Lhen,
And see them up at the Sherragh Vane.

Oulder? me?
Sartinly.
Summer-time—so up I goes,
And goodness knows
The fun I had—
With Kitty? Well, no, my lad—
No, no! that wasn' her way,
Rather silent, as you may say,
Silent and thoughtful, and kept you off—
Nothin' soft
About Kitty, nothin' for ye to make bould of,[1]
Nothin' that a chap could get hould of—
Stiffish rather,
And me that might ha' been her father—
Chut! ger out![2]
What are ye both'rin' about?
Eye to eye
Like sea to sky,

[1] To presume upon. [2] Tut! get out!

Like sun to moon,
That's the tune—
Stared it into ye,
Dared it into ye,
Shoved you back—
Aw, it's a fack[1]—
The eye, of coorse—
My gough! the foorce![2]
Till you'd had enough—
Splendid stuff
Is eyes like that—
What?
Like a pushy cow?
Well, now,
That's just lek ye—I'm list'nin' to it—
But stow it! stow it!
You'd ha' tried it on with her? ate your puddin'!
No, ye wudn'.
Yes, ye wud? ah, ye didn' know Saul,
It's lek, at all?

Aye—Saul, the brother that was at her?[3]
Jealous? jealous? well, no matter!
Not Kitty—no, no! but gels about,
Of coorse, and plenty of them, stout
And hearty and free, bless ye! turf-cuttin' sayson—
That's the rayson—
And rushes too; and the farmers comin' in carts
From all parts—
And the sarvant gels—
Who else?
And Joan and John,
And coortin' and carryin' on—
And pies and priddhas[4] and cakes and broth,
The best on the No'th,[5]
Up theer,
Like a feer[6]—
Or what is it the quality is callin' it, Mick?
Pick-nick!

[1] Fact. [2] Force. [3] Whom she had.
[4] Potatoes. [5] On the North side of the Island. [6] Fair.

Just so,
And plenty of it though.

Now a little north of the farm there's a dip,
And some rocks, and a strip
Of plantin' ither[1] side,
And not very wide;
And a sthrame that can just pass
Through the long grass,
Slishin'—just a slock[2]—
You know the thing when a lump of a block
Houlds up the soil, till it'll spread
In a bit of a bed,
Or a lap, and then—
Steeper till[3] ever down the glen.
And in the slock there's ling
And everything—
Shut in—that's it,
Every bit,
Except a slit
To the aesthard[4]—and all these rocks and trees around him—
There's where she found him.

Found who?
Says you—
Don't ate
Your mate
So fast, Hal Rat,[5] wait, wait!
Don't be stretchin' your neck like a gandhar.
Well, for a good many days,
If ye plaise,
We noticed she was over yandhar,
Not once,
Nor twice, but every chance.
As for goin' to the turf—hullo!
One day she wouldn' go.
She was sick, she said,
Pains in her head,

[1] Either. [2] Dip. [3] Than. [4] Eastward.
[5] Henry Radcliffe.

Or the lek ;[1] and when we come home
In the everin'—the Pope was in Rome !
But Kitty was nowhere ; the cows
Was milked, and everything in the house
As comfible, and supper, ye know,
And spoons and basons all in a row—
But Kitty ?

Well, I went to bed.
But Saul was watchin', and, nothin' said,
But watchful, jealous, suspicious lek—
That was Saul—he'd ha' twisted the neck
Of a chap that dared to look at the gel,
The fond of her you couldn' tell ;
And still that sharp with her, and that glum,
And boosely[2]—it's rum,
Rum enough the way with such—
Lovin' so much,
And for all the lovin', the way they're traitin'
The ones they're lovin', it's more like hatin'.
Couldn' spake, couldn' Kitty, wuss or better,
But there he was growlin' and grumblin' at her.

And that's the way,[3] I'm fancyin',
She tuk to be[4] silent, but never gave in—
Kept her own notions, that's what she done,[5]
Her own notions, that was allis[6] right,
Right, and clear as the sun—
A light
Of truth that was in the craythur, eh ?
Truth—not hard, not hard ; the day
Is truth—the night
Is nothin' : she hadn' no need to hide
A mortal thing ; and so this Saul
He hadn' no call.
But that's what made her silent—pride ?
No, not pride ; she was just the same
Sweet innocent thing, that hadn' no shame
And hadn' no fear,
That everin' many a year

[1] Something of the sort. [2] Beastly = surly. [3] The reason why.
[4] Took to being. [5] Did. [6] Always.

Before, when she put her hand in mine,
And led me down the field : it's desthry'n' [1]
All pluck and spirit
In many a soul,
That 'spicion and dirt—
No scope [2] with the rowl
Of the long dead sea.
Out with your cable, and ride her free
Don't look to be wantin' every motion,
And every notion
To be comin' from you.
Is she good ? is she true—
Blood and bone ?
Then d—— it, lave her alone !

What was I say'n' ?
Aye, Saul, this chap, it wasn' cru'l
He was, and he wasn' no fool—
Rather hard to explain—
But expecting lek quite nathral, ye know,
That him and the sisthar 'd allis go
Like two clocks, tick—tick ;
Lek if he'd be sick, she'd be sick,
And if he'd be well, she'd be well,
And if he'd go a sneezin', she'd go a sneezin',
For no other reason,
Or coughin'—or, it's hard to tell,
There's people that's demandin' [3]—what ?
And terbil loving for all that.
And still, to be out
So late, no doubt,
It wasn' surprisin', perhaps, my men,
That the brother 'd [4]
Be bothered,
And wond'rin' what was in.[5]
So watch ! watch !
And the door on the latch,
And—fire and slaughter !
Caught her !

[1] It destroys. [2] Giving no length of cable.
[3] So exacting. [4] The brother would. [5] Going on.

What was betwix' them he didn' tell me,
But wouldn' take rest
Of the thing, but on it and on it,
North and south, east and west,
Boxin' the compass of doubt in his brain.
You've heard of a chap with a bee in his bonnet?
Well, Saul had a wasp in
His, that fierce;[1] there's people can't look
At a saucepan
But the lid must be took
Off at them straight[2]—just curious.
But that wasn' Saul—Saul was furious;
Must know!
Just so.
Must!
And be cussed
To the lot![3]
Very hot.
Allis
Jallis,
That was it—
Every spit.[4]

Next day was Sunday, and he was up very early,
And watched her through the oats, and watched her through the barley—
Watched her there,
And saw when she was slantin'[5]
Over to this plantin'
I was tellin' you, in the holler
Of the slock, you remember; and didn' foller
At all, not him, but back
To his breakfast, but marked the track,
And knew he harrer,[6]
Whatever there was arrer.[7]

And Kitty come into the house,
Like from the cows,

[1] He was so fierce. [2] Immediately. [3] Curse them all!
[4] Every bit = exactly. [5] Making off. [6] Had her.
[7] At her = whatever she was after.

Or the lek, and then—
"Look here," says Saul,
"I don't know the when
I've been over at the gill,
Or whatever ye call
That slock," he says.
"Come, Tom, let's ques'[1]
With the dog over yandher, aye;
Come along!" Well, never say die.
Over we went
Immadient.
"Come on!" says he,
Very free.
And him with a gun, and a belt round his waist,
And a marlinspike in it, and—"Make haste! make haste!"
And his brass buttons, and his white ducks—
Aw, reg'lar bucks,
The two of us—
Him fuss.
Ye see,
That's the man,
Spick and span,
Every spar;
And me
To bring up the r'ar.[2]

That's the way, but little I knew
There was another beside, that flew
Like a pewhit there from rock to rock,
Keepin' an eye on him, takin' stock
Of all our actin', like a pewhit 'll do,
When she's freckened[3] that somebody's goin' to discover
Her nest, you know them—pewhit, or plover,
All as one,[4] and wheelin' and wheelin',
And squealin' and squealin',
Like a pessin[5]—
Disthressin'!

It was Kitty that kept us in view,
Slippin' along, with a stop, and a rush

[1] Quest = hunt. [2] Rear. [3] Afraid.
[4] All the same. [5] Person = human being.

From bush to bush,
From stone to stone—
But sound there was none
From Kitty, like pewhits, for pewhits is vi'lent
Rather, but her quite silent—
Silent—and then we come upon him
Quite sudden, lyin' in the middle of the firs,
And a quilt and a blanket on him—
Hers—
From her own bed—yis, yis![1]
And his head
As claver[2]
On a pillow, ye wouldn' belave, and a shawl
About his neck. "Well, this
Beats all
The cockfightin' I aver!"[3]
Says Saul.

And—"Hullo!" he says, "hullo! hurroo!
Who are you?
Where do *you* hail from, and what do ye mane[4]
A-trespassin' here on the Sherragh Vane?"
And then a jabber,
Slibber-slabber,
From the cráythur—I couldn' tell what,
This or that—
And his throat all gritty.
And then Kitty—
Kitty lek swoops[5]
From the top o' the rock, and scoops
Some water in her hand,
And stoops,
And gives it to the man.

The man? Yes, *man*,—why, what did ye think?
A monkey? ye donkey—
A man, and got him to drink;
And then he spoke,
But it wasn' no joke

[1] Yes. [2] Clever = nicely placed. [3] Ever.
[4] Mean. [5] Swoops, as it were.

That lingo,
To understand it, by Jingo!
Understand it we cudn',[1]
Or wouldn'. "I 'spec'[2]
It's the dialec',"
Says Kitty, "and I'll spake for him."
"Jean myghin orrim!"[3]
Says Saul,—"You've larnt very quick."

So then she began,—
And me standin' starin' at the man
With all my eyes,—
And a dacent size
This chap;
But a rap
Of his lingo!—but aw! poor soul!
He looked like death, and no wonder, the cowl'[4]
And the damp,
For all she was feedin' him reggilar,
Like a baby there—
Like a baby, and as thin as a lat',[5]
For, to spake of his body, and that,
He was worse than a tramp—
And a tramp, when he's done,
Is a terbil thing for to look upon
(My gough![6] the lean!)—
And his face all gray, and grizzled, and green,
And nearly all eyes—and the eyes all glassy,
And glazin' lek, and, Lord, ha' massy![7]
His jaw was all drabbin',
And slabbin',[8]
Like a man's that's just died,
Afore it's tied
Up with a string,
Or the lek—d'ye see the thing?
And, by gough! I'll swear
The half of him was hair—
There!

[1] Could not.
[2] Expect.
[3] Manx = Lord, have mercy upon us!
[4] Cold.
[5] Lath.
[6] Good gracious!
[7] Have mercy!
[8] Dripping and slopping.

Wantin' washin' terbil—yis!
'Deed[1] it wouldn' ha' been amiss,
If, besides bringin' his victuals to 'm,
She'd tuk some soap, and a brush and comb,
And titivated him a little—but dar'n',[2]
And 'd thought o' the barn,
But no use—
Stuck to the Slock like the very deuce,
Bein' freckened, you know, for all the kind,[3]
And hardly in his right mind,
With the[4] starved and the hunted—
And a surt of[5] grunted
Somethin' about his freedom, his *freedom!*
Aye,—so all she cud do was to feed him,
And keep him alive, and just a bit warm,
Till such times as this divil could be persuaded
To come to the farm;
And no harm,
Nor no danger,
Would happen him there, no matter[6] the stranger;
Though it must be conceded
He was a despard sobjec'[7]—
I mane—objec'.

And she'd tried him hard, and *Would he go*
Over to the farm? and "No, no, no!"
That was all she could get—
And "Let me tell them,"—and him to[8] fret
And carry on, till she had to drop it.
Well, a poppet
He wasn', nor yet a dandy—what?
But the whole of that
She didn' tell us
Just then—no, no! and jealous, jealous—
Saul? aye, Saul—
"This won't do at all,"
He said. "Why didn' ye spake to me
First thing?" he said. "What's this sacresy,

[1] Indeed. [2] Dared not. [3] Although treated with such kindness.
[4] With being so. [5] Somehow.
[6] Although he was a. [7] Subject. [8] And then he began to.

This humbuggin' and hidin',
This sliddin' and slidin',
This pin-pannin'[1]
This musco-dannin'?
Who is the fellow?
D—— him yellow
And green and blue!
Has he tould *you?*
What?
That!
Who is he? what is he? You know, I guess,—
We'll have no saycrets here," he says,—
"Chapter and vess;[2]—
Out with it! out with it!
I'll have no doubt with it."

"It *is* a saycret, then," says she,
And he's trusted it to me,
And I've promised I'll tell it to nobody.
It's *his* saycret, not mine."
"Very fine! very fine!—
Promised?" says Saul—
"And d—— it all!
(And blast and blow!)
And a nice craythur to be promised to!"
And—"He couldn't force ye—could he? chat![3]
A hurdy-gurdy rubbish like that"—
Dyin' too! and *promised she had!*
Jallis?[4] mad!
Aw, holy Paul!
That was Saul.

But Kitty didn' answer a word,
Only you could aisy see
The sthrong she was in her honesty—

[1] = Unintelligible proceedings. In counting for the *tipper* at the game of tip or tag, the Manx children chant the following doggerel:

"Wonnery, twoery, dickery, davy,
Hollabo, crackabo, tennery, lavy.
Pin-pan,
Muscodan,
Humblin' bumblin', twenty-one."

[2] Verse. [3] Chut = tut. [4] Jealous.

In her conscience—stirred, yis, stirred,
And vexed lek enough ; but the pure sweet blood
That was in her—stir her the wuss [1] ye could,[2]
And that's the best—
Never no dhrop of bitterness
In yandher gel. So—"Come!" says I,
"We'll have him over to the house, and try
What can we do to clane him a bit,
And see if he's fit
To live with Christian people," I said,
"Or some haythan naygur forrin-bred,
And nathral dirty—and his hair lookin' frizzy,"
I said ; "and ye can't tell well what is he,
Black, or white, or yallow, or green, or blue,
Till he's washed, and a good wash too."

"Yes," I says. "All right!" says Saul, and heaves the gun on his shouldher,
Like a souldjher.
Him fuss, then the chap, then me—and away we swings,
And Kitty all around him just like wings—
Stoopin', cowrin', wrappin', shelterin' him,
That was that wake he could hardly stir a limb—
Aye, and studdyin' [3] him, and houldin' him by the arm—
Bless ye! and all the way to the farm,
Yes, from the very minute we come upon him over there,
Who was he lookin' at? at me? at Saul Tear, Exqueer,[4]
That was shoutin' at him like a bull of Bas'n?
Was it? no, it wasn'!
It was Kitty he was lookin' at—lookin'! what's lookin'? good lord!
Devourin', worshippin''s more the word.
Like drew to her, like gript to her with graplin's—
This craythur—couldn' take his eye off her—
Not him, like takin' his live or die off her.[5]

And so on through the saplin's,
And the field, and the hedge, till we come on the street,

[1] Worst. [2] However much you stirred her. [3] Steadying.
[4] Esquire. [5] Depending upon her for life or death.

And his feet goin' strooghin'[1] greatly,
And beat complately,
And his poor body all curled in a hump,
And—"D'ye see yandher pump,"
Says Saul,
"Against the wall?
Sthrip!" he says, "and wash!" he says,
"From head to foot," and heaves him a lump
Of soap—
And Kitty to jump
Like an antelope,
And in on the door—
Well, to be sure!

But the craythur hadn' the strength of a clout;
So—"Get under the spout!"
Says Saul, "and never mind for your rags—
I'll pump," and pumped till the divil fell flat on the flags.
Then out come Nicky-Nick-Nick,
The father? yes, and as quick as quick—
Aw, a hearty ould chap!
And—"Stap![2]
Stap!" he says, and lifts the sowl![3]
Like a shot; and—"Is it washin'?" and—"Bring us a bowl;
I'll wash him," he says, and turns to
Like a woman with a baby,—and "Ho, ho!"
And "Ha, ha!" and "He, he!
Such a spree!"
Says Nicky; and tervil comfortin'
To the craythur, no doubt; and—"See the skin!"
He says—"Look here—the white!
All right! all right!
He's comin' to! this chap'll do—
Hurroo! hurroo!"
And rubs and rubs,
And scrubs and scrubs,
Like Waterloo.

"Now then, we're done,"
He says, "my son!

[1] Stroking = trailing. [2] Stop. [3] Poor soul.

And I declare
It's a reg'lar beauty you are!
First-rate! first-rate!
But—mate! mate!"[1]
He roors—
"Come indoors!
Mate! mate! where's the women?"
And his heart was brimmin'
With the joy and the fun, and "Hie-cockalorum!"
And shovin' this poor thing before him,
That was trimblin' very much,
And made a clutch
To see could he keep his trowsis[2] on,
And all but gone—
Aw, dear!

But Misthriss Tear
Met them theer;
And says she, "What's this,
Nicholas?"
She says;—
"Is it dacency?"
Says she:
And surely he might have ast[3] *her!*
But he made a run, and got past her,
And had the chap on the settle
Close to the big kettle
Afore she could wink;
And him to sink
All of a heap there,
Lek goin' to sleep there,
Or faintin' or somethin'—and Nicky to go
And catch the wife around the wais',
And looks up in her face—
The little monkey—just so—
And smiled and smiled, till she could hardly chose
But smile herself, and slacked the screws
Of her mouth a bit; and then he kissed her,
At laste, missed her,
But done his best, bein' small,

[1] Meat. [2] Trousers. [3] Asked.

And her tall.
And then she said, "No foolishness!"
But—"Let the craythur stay," she says.

Aw, the joy of Nicky! and caught a gel,[1]
And spun her round till she nearly fell;
But the misthriss frowned—but Nicky looked middlin'
'Larmed;[2] and Kitty with the cups and saucers fiddlin',
And tay for this chap, bein' understood
The best for him, lek[3] it wouldn' be good—
Lek nothing more substantialler
Wouldn' do for the like—aw, they wouldn' dar';[4]
And Kitty fed him, houldin' the cup
Agin[5] his mouth for him to sup,
And moppin' the drabs[6] with a towel at[7] her;
And he tried to spake, but—*chitter-chatter!*
The teeth and the tongue, and nothin' clear.
So when he was fed, we studdied[8] him theer
Upon his feet;
And out on the sthreet,[9]
And up on the laff[10]
Over the stable, and a tickin'[11] of chaff,
And blankets and piller—
Bless ye! couldn' ha' been comfibiller.

And Nicky head man, and would hardly lave him,
Rejicin', ye know, and Kitty gave him
Her hand to hould for a little bit,
The same's a baby 'll[12] hould his mammy's.
But Saul began with his "blow me's," and "d—— me's";
And so we quit;
And just on the step
Goin' in says Saul to his mother,
"There 'll be bother
About that chap!"
That was all! that was all!
Just like Saul! just like Saul!

[1] Girl. [2] Alarmed. [3] As if = on the ground that = because.
[4] Dare. [5] Against. [6] Droppings. [7] Having a towel.
[8] Steadied. [9] Pavement at the door of a house.
[10] Loft. [11] Mattress. [12] Will.

"But how about the dialogue—
Dialec' is it? lek a pessin[1] in grog"—
Says Nicky then—
"Lizzen,[2] men!
Wawky, wawk![3]
Squawky, squawk,
Caw, caw,
Craw, craw—
For all the world like a jackdaw—
And Kitty 's understandin' him, eh?
Kitty, Kitty, what does he say?
Here 's Saul declarin' you can 'tarprit[4] him clever:
'Tarprit, 'tarprit, Kitty! whoever!"[5]
Aw, Christopher![6]
Not a word from Kitty, not her.
And the ould chap prittin' and pratin'
And imitatin',
Fit for to frecken[7] the crows,
So, I suppose,
That's the raison ould Nicky was plannin'
For me to spake to him—
Me that was understannin'
Most lingoes, of coorse, and seemin' to take to him
Kind rather—aw, Nicky thought of it
All night, I tell ye, and the how and the what of it,
And nudgin' the misthriss that she couldn' get a wink—
And think and think and think and think.
And—"Tom Baynes," he says, "Tom Baynes will do 't"—
"Aisy, ye brute!"
Says Misthriss Tear—
Wasn' he tellin' us theer?
Aw, a rum ould boy,
If ever there was, and bound to try;
And up very early, and called me to come
And "have it out with this fee-fo-fum."

[1] Person. [2] Listen.
[3] Onomatopoetic attempts to imitate the "dialec'."
[4] Interpret.
[5] Expletive of delight: *q.d.*, "Who ever saw such fun?"
[6] St. Christopher, a mere expletive.
[7] Enough to frighten.

But the poor thing was asleep when we come on the laff,[1]
Dead beat,
That's it.
So we waited a bit—
And ould Nicky whisp'rin' agate of[2] his chaff,
But wonderin'
Astonishin'—
"Do ye think he's a Turk?" says Nicky to me,
"Or a Jew? or some surt of a Feejee—
Or a Moabite,
Or a Perizzite—
Look here!" he says,
"Chapthar and vess!"[3]
"He's a Welshman," says Nick—
"A Welshman! a Welshman! that's the stick!
You 're done, Tom, you 're done!" he says—
. . . "How's this
It's goin'? aw, Tom, crid nish?[4]
You 'll never make out his gibberish—
Welsh, for a shillin'!" Then he woke,
And looked about him, and then I spoke.

"How are ye this mornin'?" says I; says he—
"Wawk, wawk,[5]
Squawk, squawk,
Gimmell, gammell,
Wimmell, wammell"—
Couldn' make out a word, I'll sweer[6]—
"Welsh, for a shillin'!" says Nicky Tear;
"Welsh, for a shillin'!" Then I tried him in French—
"Howee dooee dissee mawnin'?"
But there wasn' no sign; when in comes this wench,
Kitty, you know, like a rose of the dawnin'—
Aw, 'deed[7] she was; and—"Spake to him, Kitty!"
Says the father—
"Mumbo-jumbo! smitty-witty!

[1] Loft. [2] Intent upon.
[3] I can give you chapter and verse for it = I am certain.
[4] What, or how now?
[5] The "dialec'" very imperfectly represented. [6] Swear.
[7] Indeed.

Is that it, eh? Tom is failin' rather—
He knows a dale, but he don't know enough—
And sailors, you know, is very rough."

I was middlin' mad ;[1] but Kitty stooped
Over the piller, and the craythur scooped[2]
His eyes in scollops—you never saw—
And the two of them they worked the jaw
Like the mischief. *English?* English, no doubt,
But English turnin' inside out—
My gough! the English! "What is he sayin'?"
Says Nicky. "What, what, what, what? spake plain!'
Aw, you couldn' hould him![3]
"Spake plain now! 'tarprit!"[4] So she tould him,
But still I suspect
She only told him what she lekt.[5]
Why, here was these two
With their parlee-voo ;
And no thanks to you,
And no thanks to me,
They could talk to all eternity—
And nobody knowin' what they were talkin'—
Aw, it was shockin'!
But Nicky didn' care a scrap,
He tuk a notion to the chap—
Aw, bless ye! he was just the sort,
And not heedin' for 't[6]
But Kitty was tellin' him every word—
Good Lord!
"It's a dialec'," says Nicky theer,
"A dialec'," says Nicholas Tear—
"A dialec'—of coorse they will—[7]
These dialec's is terrible."

[1] Rather angry.
[2] Opened his eyes until they looked as big and as round as the shell-fish called the scollop.
[3] You could not restrain his impetuosity.
[4] Interpret.
[5] Liked.
[6] Not observing but that.
[7] People *will* talk in dialects.

And rejicin'. And Saul, and the mother—eh?
Well, of coorse, Saul
Was off to say,[1]
And me too; so that's all
You'll get this haul.

PART II

JUST two years after, being home again,
I went to see them at the Sherragh Vane.
But Saul was away, when I got there fuss,[2]
Bein' second mate of the *Arquebus*
That vi'ge,[3] and me aboord of the *Hound*,
Captain Forster, China bound—
Long vi'ges them days, despard,[4] aye!
But home at last, and up for a try
At the harvest theer, and a moonlight night,
And met ould Nicky, that was all right,
And as hearty as ever. And—"See yandher barley!"
And see this, and see that; and "Agate of it[5] early
To-morrow," he says. And up through the goss,[6]
And up the gill—the delighted he was
And the hot, and his head goin' bibbin' and bobbin',
And a chirpin' there like an ould cock-robin.

"And how is yandher card?"
Says I; "is he here with you still?" "Hould hard!
Aisy! aisy!" says Nicky Tear—
And, lo and behould! the two of them theer
Quite close, and walkin' very slow
On the top of the rocks; and the moon like snow
Upon her head and upon her neck,
And no bonnet nor nothin', and never a speck
Of cloud nowhere, and her face turned full
To the moon that was risin' over Barrule—
And the look—by gum! love's brew's a-brew'n'
When a gel looks like that in the harvest moon—
Special[7] coortin'—and coortin' it was—

[1] Sea. [2] First. [3] Voyage. [4] Desperately.
[5] We shall be going at it. [6] Gorse. [7] Especially in a case of.

That's what I said to Nicholas.
"Them two is coortin'!" I said. "They've got
My leave," says he. "Why not? why not?
Why not?" says Nicky. And then he tould
All about it—aw, a hearty ould sowl!
And this chap he was callin' him Ned—d'ye see?
Ned—and shuited him to a tee,—
Ned—nothin' else—he wouldn' tell them
What else was he callin'; but, all the same,
A fuss-rate sarvant, 'deed for sure![1]
And the way he larned, and clever thallure![2]
And a grand head arrim;[3] and the strong he'd got—
Aw, bless ye! shuited him to a dot—
And ploughin' and sowin', and buyin' and sellin',
And cypherin' theer, there wasn' no tellin'
The useful; and handy with cattle and sheep,
And all about breedin',
And "shockin'[4] for readin';
And costin' me nothin' but his keep,"
Says Nick; and the clanest chap and the nicest,
And civil; and knowin' all about prices;
"And studdy[5] uncommon, uncommon!" says Nick.

"And how about the dialec'?"
Says I. "Aw, bless your mammy then!
He's talkin' just like other men
Now," says Nick; "but still they can slant
Into that, you know, whenever they want—
Them two—aw, yes! remindin' me—
My gough!" says Nicky, "look here! the spree!"
He says, and he laughed; and then he stopped
Quite sudden, you know, lek freckened,[6] and dropped
His merry ould vice. And says he, "Aw, dear!
The happy if it wasn' for Mrs. Tear—
The happy!" "And is she agin[7] it?" I said.
"Agin it? Agin it? Thomas, good lad."
And then he tould me all the jeel[8]
And the work there'd been—*Like steel! like steel!*

[1] Indeed he certainly was. [2] Enough (like Italian *assai*) = very.
[3] At him = belonging to him. [4] Excellent.
[5] Steady. [6] As if frightened. [7] Against. [8] Trouble.

He said, *she was—the sharp and the hard,*
And the keen and the could[1]*—but he didn' regard;*[2]
And he'd have his way; and he shook the fiss,[3]
And he stamped the foot. "Never mind," he says.
And then he saw these two was turned
To meet us; and then this Nicky yearned
To the happiness; and all his trouble
Was gone like a whiff of smook, like a bubble,
That busts in the air, and—"See, see, see!
Machree![4] machree!
See the beautiful! the grand!
Hand in hand—
Aw, ye darlin's!" he says, "it's splandid—
Coort on! coort on!"
And he thrimbled, the man did,—
Thrimbled—and then he 'splains[5]
Who had he with him; and "Thomas Baynes,"
He says, "you're knowin' Thomas, it's lek;
He's not forgot at[6] you, eh?"
And "Hip-hip-hip! hooraa!"

Did she start? did she blush? did she turn away?
Not her!
Like a fir,
Straight,
Strong—
Was she right,
Was she wrong,
Not a notion;[7]
But a motion
Of her head—
Aw, a queen
She might ha' been—
And her hand held out as free.
And "Welcome home!"
And, turnin' to 'm,
"This is Ned,"
Says she.

[1] Cold. [2] Care. [3] Fist.
[4] "My heart!"—a term of endearment. [5] Explains.
[6] By. [7] She had no notion = she never thought.

And Nicky was right; aw, a handsome falla!
He'd got rid of the black and the green and the yalla;
And he stood like a man—
"Ned what?" I began.
But the finger to her lip,
And the father took a grip
On my arm middlin' tight,
And says I, "All right!"
And on and passed them; and says Nicky to me,
"There's nobody knowin' the name," says he,
"Except herself, that's tould,[1] no doubt;
But tell a livin' sowl? gerr out![2]
Tell me! No, no! she's not such a fool
I couldn' keep it for silver nor gool—
It isn' in me—saycrets—chut![3]
Let them that likes them keep them—but—
Aye, aye! the mother—aw, never fail!

And—*a craythur like yandher,*
And not even a name to his tail—
And the goose and the gandher
I was, and the low and demaynin'—
Aye, and the wicked and sinful—and would I be deignin'
To take such a thing for my son-in-law? dirt! just dirt!
From the road, she said; *and the hurt! the hurt*
Her friends would be, she was sayin', *the Gicks, aye the Gicks—*
The Gicks of Kirk Bride! the hurt, the insulted; six,
She said, *six daughters, all married on*[4] *farmers, the fuss*[5]
Of the country, she said, "*but her—aw dear! aw dear!*
The wife of Nicholas Tear—
And her heart would buss.[6]
And what would the daughter be callin'? what?
Mrs. Neddy—eh? aye, Neddies enough for the matter of that—
And well if people'd keep to their station—
And Neddies and dunkeys and dirts[7] *and desperation!*"

[1] Who has been told.
[2] Get out!=certainly not!
[3] Tut.
[4] To.
[5] First.
[6] Burst.
[7] Dirty=contemptible creatures.

That's the way Nicky tould me—dreadful bother !
But, some way or another,
She'd got very quite[1] *of late—*
Very, he said ; and we come to the gate—
And—"Kitty has got some life[2]
Now," he says ; "and a splandid wife
She'll make," says Nicky ; and—*doubts ?* no, he heddin ![3]
And—"We'll have the weddin'
Directly," he says—*yes, blow 'm !*
Directly Saul comes home—
Directly—
"Saul ! Saul !" thinks I ;
"Is it Saul ? Well, never say die !"

So in I goes ; and the misthriss gracious thallure,[4]
But silent, terbil silent, to be sure !
And her mouth like a vice, like a rivet,
Like houldin' on,
Like waitin'—look out, my son !
That's the surt 'll give it—
All or none !

And that night, when the gel come in,
Astonishin'
The nice this Neddy was, and the careful too—
Not a bill or a coo
Urrov[5] him once, and Kitty as quite[1] as quite,
And readin', and not much of a light,
Some surt of a track,[6]
I doubt, and threw her head back,
And looked like she'd look into heaven ; and me
That tould them of Saul, and how long he would be ;
And the mother's eye—just a snip, just a snap,
Just a—bless your sowl ! and the dhrap[7]
Of the thread on her lap—
Aw, aisy enough to see ! aw, bless the woman !
Skaddhin'[8] or skate—
Wait, then, wait !
Saul was comin'.

[1] Quiet. [2] Ease or comfort. [3] Had not.
[4] Enough = very. [5] Out of = on his part. [6] Tract.
[7] Dropping. [8] Herring or skate = no matter what.

And Saul came—
Fire and flame!
No name?
This chap, and coortin' Kitty Tear,
Carryin' everything before him theer,
Cock of the walk?
By the Lord, he'd balk
The beggar, he said;
He'd know his name, and how he was born, and how he was bred—
Nice tricks!
But he'd have to pack from the Sherragh Vane
In quick sticks.
And—"You're my friend,
Tom Baynes," he says. "All right!
And we'll have it out with him this very night.

So I didn' let on[1] what Nicky had said—
What was the use?
And sure enough, when we went to bed
In the garret
He went arrit[2]
Like the deuce—
Aw, the whole bilin'!
By gough! I saw the mother smilin'
When he kissed her;
And the smile was half a smile and half a blister.

But any way she had her desire,
And the fat was in the fire—
Up in that garret—goodness! the row!
And *where,* and *how,*
And *when,* and *who?*
And the ould gentleman's own hollabaloo!
Questions! questions! aw, the brewer's big pan[3] o' them,
And never waitin' for an answer to one o' them.

And—"What's your name?" he said,
And struck the bed

[1] Betray. [2] At it.
[3] Large quantity (expression used in the Anglo-Manx song of "We'll hunt the wren").

Terbil vicious.
"I'll tell you what it is, I'm suspicious
You're one of these runagate scamps
That tramps
The counthry, and 's come to some grief
With the police," says Paul; "a thief,
A thief," he says, "that's what ye are:
A thief, I'll swar.[1]
And the likes o' you don' dar'[2]
Have a name;
And so you came
To the Isle of Man."
Bless me! how the tongue of him ran!

But this chap was patient though, and the quite[3] ye never seen,[4]
Quite[3] uncommon; for it's mad enough he must ha' been
To bear such abuse.
"Hurroose! hurroose!"
Says I;
"Stand by!
Hould hard.
Saul!" I says, "I don't regard[5]
For vagabones," I says, "no more till[6] you—no, not a rap;
But still this chap is seemin' a dacent chap;
And he's worked faithful on the farm, and you've heard the old man praisin'
This Ned, for the honest and the skilful; and no doubt there's a raison
Why he can't be tellin' his name, no doubt;
And the truth 'll come out
Some day," I says, "and there'll be no disgrace in,[7]
Not a bit of it," I says; "just hidlin's[8] lek,
Hidlin's—the way[9] there's plenty, I expec'—
Aye, plenty, and honest chaps enough, and can't help it."

[1] Swear. [2] Don't dare. [3] Quiet.
[4] You never saw such quietness. [5] Care.
[6] Than. [7] In = in existence, superfluous adverb.
[8] Hiding = any outlaw, fugitive from justice, or even retirer from the world only, is said to be "in hidlin's." [9] As.

Aw, he reg'lar yelpit,[1]
Did Saul; *and me to be takin' his part!*
And the two of us would start
The very next morning—aye start! he said—
"Not me," says Ned;
"I'm your father's servant, and not yours."
And he shouts and he roors,
This Saul, like all the bulls of Bashan—
"Then what's your name, and what's your nation?
And what the this and the that are ye maenin'?
Is there to be no complainin',
But just for you and Kitty to go
And get spliced? and no more about it?"
And God d—— him! did he know
There must be a stiffcate,[2] *and a licence, and how'd he get them*
Without a name?
Idikkiliss![3]
Hit or miss,
He'd have an end of this—
Yis![4]
"You dirt," he said, "you common scrub!
You beggar's cub!
You'll be slopin' from here, that's what you'll be do'n',
And precious soon."

Then says Ned, very patient, but his eyes all aflame—
"What would hinder me to take a name,
A false name? d'ye hear?
And marry your sister, Saul Tear,
In that name? What would hinder me, eh?
To do that, if I'm all the villains you say?"

"False name, false marriage—sartinly!
What'd hinder him? what'd hinder him?" says I.
What'd hinder?
Steel and tinder!
Tyre and Sidon!
Saul was blazin'!
Foamin'! "The raison!

[1] Yelped. [2] Certificate. [3] Ridiculous. [4] Yes.

The raison," he says,
"Your name's goin' a-hidin'?"[1]

"That's my business,' says Ned, quite firm.
"So it is," says I; for he wasn' no worm,
I seen, this Ned, nor no weasle, nor no funk,
But tuk his part like a lad of spunk,
But patient—cool—not a mossil[2] flarried[3]—
So I backed him, I did—"We don't mean to be married,"
Says Ned, "all the same,
Till I can claim
My own name,
And hould up my head
In the sight of God and man," says Ned.
"And no more you will,' says I,
"And never say die!
And fair field and no favour!
And braver! braver!"[4]

Saul was chokin';
And no more was spoken
That night. And, bless ye! next day,
When we'd supped our porridge, and a taste of tay
At[5] the women—aye—and out on[6] the work,
This ould Turk,
This Nicky Tear,
Up with him theer
And what d'ye think?
In a clap, in a twink,
Makes the two of them stand
Right out on the floor—
Aye, to be sure!
Ned and Kitty, and hand in hand—
Made them take hands,
And there they stands.

[1] =Is a-hiding: *going* is superfluous, but almost universally used in such constructions.
[2] Morsel, bit. [3] Flurried.
[4] Bravo! (a reminiscence of some Liverpool theatre).
[5] Had been taken by.
[6] When we were just going out to.

And then says Nicky—"Take witness," he says,
"Thomas Baynes, and all the rest,
Friends lek in general,—take witness," says he,
"These two is engaged to be married, and married they'll be,"
And gave a nod—
"Married they'll be, so help me God!
He said it as sharp as a knife;
But his face bust a[1] smilin' directly, and ups[2] to the wife,
And kisses her theer,
All stiff in her cheer,[3]
That said nothin',
But turnin' the tip of her ear,
Like a stone, like a slate—very tryin'!
But Saul gev a leap like a lion—
I thought there'd been bother,
But stopped at a look from the mother.

So out to the shearin',[4] the lot[5]—
And a beautiful spot—
Very nice it's appearin',
Shearin',
That high,
Like reg'lar up in the sky—
And the chimley smookin'
Below, and all that blue and curled,
And just like lookin'—
Lookin'—lookin' all over the world.
Very nice in them places;
And whips off my braces—
Nicky's rig[6] though—Nicky and me,
For 'ciety[7]—
Would hev it!
And as right as a trevit[8]—
Nicky to shear, and me to bind—
But Saul stayed behind—
Aye, the best of an hour,
Did Saul; and *the misthress?* well, she stayed too—

[1] Burst into. [2] Goes up to. [3] Chair. [4] Reaping.
[5] All of us. [6] Division of the field assigned to.
[7] Society = company. [8] Trivet.

But—of coorse, of coorse!—a power[1] to do
In a house like yandher.
Then Nicky tould
All the throuble of his sowl—
"How is it," he said, "they're doin' it—
The women, eh? for they'll sit and sit,
And sew and sew, and never let on,[2]
But they'll watch their chance, they'll watch, my son,
And they'll have ye, they'll have ye! yis, the wife of your bosom!
Or should be—what? aw, the Lord knows 'm—
The Lord knows 'm, but I dōn'.[3]
Not a word, not the smallest taste of a groan—
But all on the look, on the feel, on the spring,
On the hair-trigger—that's the thing.
Yis, even at night—aw dear! aw dear!
Like a barrel of powder in the bed with ye theer."

"But you spoke very plain to her this mornin'," Says I, "very bould, very plucky, like scornin' All oppogician," I says. "Lay high![4] That's your road, Mr. Tear," says I— "Stick to that—keep her at that— Hould your luff[5]—you'll beat her yet— Yis, you will! You're a man with a sperrit; Keep your eye on the thing, and you'll gerr it[6]— You'll gerr it," I says. "But, Saul," says he, "Didn' ye see? He's against it too— It'll never do. Fit to ate[7] me directly I spoke— Ye seen him! hearts of oak— Is it? iron 'd[8] be more lek[9] it— Stiff-neckit! stiff-neckit! Allis kickin' up a dust— And didn' take to him from the fuss."[10]

[1] (She had) a great deal.
[2] Betray themselves.
[3] Don't.
[4] Take the high hand.
[5] Sail close to the wind.
[6] Get it.
[7] He was ready to eat.
[8] Iron would.
[9] Like.
[10] First.

And "Ye seen him, Saul?" and I nodded—Machree![1]
"The two of them! that's too many for me.
Aw, yes it is—I can make a row,
And shout and defy—aw, that I'll allow—
Anything hearty, anything free—
Cussin', tearin'[2]—that's me! that's me!
But saycrets—schaemin'[3]—plannin'—rot me!
No, no! they've got me there! they've got me—
No chance at all—I don't know how to fix them,
Not a hayporth; there's somethin' betwix' them
This very minute, I know there is."
"Have your way with them," I says:
"Have your way with them; chut![4] chut!
You'll aisy do it." "No, I'll not,"
Says Nicky, and gettin' rather hot—
In temper, I mean.
And "Look here!" he says,
"It's ill-becomin' to spake amiss
Of one's own wife; but, if you'll considher,
It isn' azackly[5] that ither[6]—
No, it isn'—it's difference lek
Of people—we're not the one speck,
Nor the one spot, nor the one hide[7]—
Me from the mountains, her from Kirk Bride.
Lek[8] here the air is keen and quick,
And there the air is slow and thick.
And there the soil is heavy stuff,
And here the soil is only a scruff.
So there they're all for calkerlatin',
Schaemin', dodgin', workin' the patin'[9]—
Manure? aye—proud tremenjis,
Proud, man, proud, not willin' of[10] strenjis[11]
Dailin' with them—sartinly—
In business lek accordantly;[12]

[1] "My heart!" Here used as an interjection of sorrow.
[2] Doing something uproarious. [3] Scheming. [4] Tut!
[5] Exactly. [6] Either.
[7] Speck, spot, and hide = metaphor from skins of animals as showing *marks of difference.* [8] For example.
[9] Using patent manure. [10] Liking. [11] Strangers.
[12] In accordance with their business as farmers.

But likin' them? no! just jallus,[1] jallus!
No, I wouldn' call it malice—
But nothin' friendly, nothin' gennal[2]—
And me—my gough! I'd like to spen' all
My life with the like, lek standin' on a rock,
Lek crowin' to them like a cock—
'Come up! come up! and how d'ye do to ye?
And cock-a-doodle-doodle-doo to ye!
I don't disregard ye, and I don't fear ye;
But I like to see ye, and I like to hear ye.'
Strange talk, of course, but pleasant to me—
'Ooze is this aoose?'[3] and fiddlededee—
Not comin' often, nor never knowin'
Who are they at all, just comin' and goin'
And[4] steep, ye know, and a middlin' pull,
And[5] longin' for them pitiful—
The talk and all that differing—
Do ye see the thing? do ye see the thing?
And Mrs. Tear—that's knowin' a dale
About the lek; and used of[6] a sale
Of stock ev'ry year—and reg'lar raps—
Aw, sartinly—these Whitehaven chaps[7]
At the Ballagick, and imp'rin'[8] amazin',
And thricks and lies; so that's the raison—
Aw, sartinly. But lonesome here—
Lonesome enough. So Mrs. Tear
Has got her notions. But me—my gough!
If I'm only hearin' one of them cough—
The change, eh?—and I don't know is it right,
But I'm over the hedge, and agate o' them[9] straight.
Newance[10]—yis—but natheral,
Isn' it? But Saul—aye Saul,
Saul and the mother—suspicious, eh?
Suspicious lek a body might say—[11]
Suspicious, Mrs. Tear and Saul;

[1] Jealous. [2] Genial.
[3] Whose is this house? [mimicking the English (!) accent].
[4] The way up to the farm is. [5] And I am.
[6] Accustomed at Ballagick, her father's place, to have a sale of stock. [7] Cattle-dealers. [8] Impudent.
[9] Get into conversation with. [10] Novelty. [11] As one might say.

But me! aw, bless ye! not at all."
And Ned.

And then he tould me the splendid
He was, till I thought he'd never ended—
Fuss-rate, he said, *the jography*,
The this and that, and as free as free,
And cipherin' lek, and good at the pen,
But tould me before, and where and when
And who—and still for all no harm—
Couldn' be beat on a mountain farm—
And got that 'cited that he swore and swore
It's Kitty he should have; and the more
'Cited he got—the quicker he cut,
Till I hardly could bind for him—foot for foot,
Sheaf for sheaf, and a clip and a toss—
Aw, a 'citable ould chap he was!

But, just lavin' off, says Nicky to me—
"We'll see," he says, "we'll see, we'll see!
Maybe two against two," he says;
"There's no mistake about you," he says.
"All right! all right!
We'll see to-night.
I'll have a talk with her, you'll be bound[1]—
Jinny Clague, from Kirk Marown—
Kitty's cousin," he says. "She's comin'
To-night," he says; "and I'm a rum 'n[2]
If I don't get her to take my side—
They're terbil high, them ones at Kirk Bride.
Jinny, Jinny! that's it!
Wait a bit!
You'll see, Thomas—I'll bet a cow!
But mind you'll be civil to her now—
Civil, civil——" "That's aisy done,"
Says I. "All right! all right, my son!
All right; but rather fond of Saul,
That'll be like a wall
Against me." "Never mind!" says I;
"We can only try.

[1] For a certainty. [2] Rum one.

Is she nice-lookin', Mr. Tear?"
"Wait till ye see her,"
Says Nicky; *and gettin' rather late*—
"Aw well, I'll wait," I says, "I'll wait;
Waitin's no crime."

So Jinny come about supper time.
She was rather squinny,[1]
Was Jinny—
Cross-eyed—just so—
And, whether or no,
Rather undersized,
Rather blackavised—
Aw, 'deed she was; but a bright little sthuggher[2]
This Jenny—sharpish, wantin' shugger,[3]
It's likely—aw, wantin' shugger, no doubt—
But a reg'lar whiskin' turn-about
Of a thing—like spinnin'—like a tee-to-tum—
Finger and thumb—
Tick, tock,
Dickery-dock[4]—
And the eye not so bad, like a keyhole rather—
But, the holy father!
The fire that came out of it—black, black, black—
Skutes[5] of fire.

Aw, a bright little tight little wobbler,[6]
And carried her own little box like a hobbler,[7]
And put it down on the floor. And then
At it the two of them went like sin—
At who? at what? Why, these two madarms—
Runnin' in one another's arms—
It's a way they have, I don't know the why,
But they must, I suppose, and ye'll see them fly—
My gough, the fly! and looks like escapin',
Like takin' refuge from the men, that's gapin'
As awkward theer, and never no notion[8]

[1] Squinting. [2] Thick-set person. [3] Sugar.
[4] Some notion of symmetry and nattiness is conveyed by these words. [5] Squirts, jets. [6] Brisk person.
[7] Harbour-porter. [8] The men have no idea of touching them.

To touch them—what? But such a commotion!
Such a twitter! aw, never belave me!
And clings to each other like—"Save me! save me!"
Or is it—"Ah! ye dar'n'![1] ye dar'n'!
Freckened[2] of ye? no we ar'n'—
And how would ye like to be like this?"
And kiss, and kiss, and kiss, and kiss—
Idikkiliss![3]
But bless them!

So there they sat and sat,
All twisted together like a plat,[4]
Till bed-time; and out and up to their room
Twisted still, like a surt of a bloom
Of a double flower,
"In a bower,
After a shower"—
At laste, . . . I mean. . . .

But, bill and coo—
This went on for a day or two—
And then I noticed that Jinny,
Squinny
Or not,
Every shot
Of her eye
Knew well where to fly—
Straight
As the sun's own light—
Aw, the divil and all!
Never off Saul, never off Saul.

And then this little game began.
Here's the plan—
Saul lettin' on[5]
He was gettin' fond
Of Jinny, that never cared a rap for her,
Never a scrap for her;
But what for? You'll hear, you'll hear!
Never fear!

[1] Dare not. [2] Afraid. [3] Ridiculous.
[4] Plait. [5] Pretending.

Two-and-two was the game to act—
Kitty and Ned on the one tack,
And Jinny and Saul—of coorse they went—
Aw, it wasn' much encouragement
Jinny wanted. Bless ye! she gorras [1]
Happy as happy—all cares and sorras [2]
Was off to Guinea;
She didn' think of the when and the why—
Reg'lar up in heaven was Jinny—
Her and her eye!

But I shouldn' be makin' fun
Of the poor sowl.
Once they're begun,
How can ye conthroul
These despard feelins'? I don't know.
It's hard anyway, and very hard
For them that's squintin'; for they don't regard
For nothin' nor nobody, nor never thinkin'—
They're that driven—
But works the eye away like winkin'.
Of coorse, what else? Isn' it given
For that? It's out of the eye
That love let's fly
His arrows—lookee!
And if they shoot crooky—
I raelly don't know—
It's the fault of the bow,
Maybe; but still,
Perhaps, when you shoots with a will,
With strength and might,
It'll straighten the flight.
Or, like enough, a dale depands
On the way they're tuk; [3] like candle ends,
They're better till nothin'; but I'd rather a lamp—
But light is light—
Lek makin' believe they're all right—
The little scamp.
So bless the woman!

[1] Got as. [2] Sorrows. [3] Taken.

Her and Saul got on uncommon.
And the ould chap tried, aw, he tried hard,
In the house, in the yard,
In the field, everywhere—
Tried a surt of a coortin' there—
A surt, but tervil ould-fashioned, ye know—
Ould-fashioned, ould-fashioned! aw, a bit of a beau
In his time, no doubt, but differin'
With young people. Aye, a chuck o' the chin;
Slips his arm round her waist, whips her up on his knee;
Sings tribble,[1] and rather makin' free;
Looks at Saul, looks at me, gives one of his winks,
And you never heard the compliminks![2]

But no good, not a bit, only apt to provoke
The misthriss to fancy; but saw through the joke—
Did the misthriss—aye, and knew very well
What was he afthar, and aisy to tell.
So the misthriss took all as pleasant as pleasant,
Only like thinkin' it right to be present;
Aw, yis,[3]—just the way lek[4] she studied the plan[5]
Of a sensible wife with a foolish ould man,
And young gels about.

Just so,
And we'd all of us go
Of an ev'rin'[6] and sit on the settle
In the little bit of a garden they had,
Each lass with her lad;
And the poor ould dad
Lek stung with a nettle,
That he couldn' keep quite[7]—
Like a chap that was tight—
And gettin' up a laugh,
And a bit of chaff,
And as well in his bed;
And nobody mindin' what was it he said,
Except me, for I pitied the poor ould file;
And maybe the misthriss 'd give a smile.

[1] Treble. [2] You never heard such compliments.
[3] Yes. [4] Just as if. [5] The best way for a wife to deal.
[6] Evening. [7] Quiet.

But it got that sweet betwix' Jinny and Saul,
At last, that there wasn' no call
For any of us to interfere;
And we'd be sittin' theer,
And them two crept away
Somewhere in the hay,
Or goodness knows—
And these others 'd stray
Away
Out on the hill
As paysible![1]
And the misthriss into the house,
And Nicky as quite as a mouse—
Only a sigh—and—"Thomas, my pickaninny,
We must do without Jinny."

And then I'd turn to, and whistle and whistle.
No trees, not so big as a thistle,
Up yandher, not even a bush,
That 'd shalthar[2] a thrush
Or a blackbird or that, not even a thorn nor a thrammon[3]—
No. And plovers, of coorse, is common
Enough, and curlews; but them things,
If they sings,
It's as much[4]—very far, very wild,
Like for a child,
Lek lost on the hills. "Lost! lost!" they're callin',
When the night is fallin',
And the wind is fair for them—
Well, I don't care for them.
So, ye see, no wood,
So I done what I could—
Whistled and whistled, I'll be bail;
And thought a dale—thought a dale.

So at last the night of the melya[5] arrived;
And that very night this Jinny contrived,
By coaxin' and dodgin', by this and by that,
By laughin' and cryin', and the divil knows what,

[1] As peaceably as could be. [2] Shelter. [3] Eldèr-tree.
[4] It's as much as they do = it's barely singing. [5] Harvest-home.

To get the name—aw, wrong of them both!
But still, for all her Bible-oath,
Not a word to a sowl; and longin' to tell,
To some gel,
The name—the name she loved so well.
Aw, poor Kitty!—there's never no knowin'—
Ye don't see it? Well, lave it alone!
I was only statin'—you're very ann'yin';[1]—
Statin' isn' justifyin'.
And Jinny?
Jinny had only the one notion—
To plaise her Saul, and get him to love her—
Aw, it's the land of Goshen
She thought she was goin' to be in that night,
Or heaven itself, I wouldn' thrus'[2]
Hers, hers, hers—he muss![3] he muss!

But, as far as I can discover,
It's little joy or delight
She got—no, no!
Expectin' though—
Expected sartin: thought she would bind him
To her heart for ever. Slippin' behind him,
I saw her, I saw her—slipt like a snake
To his ear, and a whisper—"Edward Blake"—
The chap's name. Hear I cuddn'[4]—
But it must ha' been that—she done it that sudden.
But the sudd'ner[5] she done it, the sudd'ner Saul
Gave a leap to the door,
And her after him straight; but no use for to call
Nor to run;
He was off like a shot from a gun;
And she spent the night cryin' far out on the moor.

And where was he then?
Wait, wait, my men!
One thing I'll tell ye—
I'll just be that bould[6]—

[1] Annoying. [2] Would not trust = I'm pretty certain. [3] Must.
[4] Could not. [5] However suddenly. [6] Take the liberty.

From the night of that melya
Nither her nor me, nor a sowl
At the Sherragh Vane,
Ever saw Saul again—
Ever, ever—aw, lave it to me!
You'll see! you'll see!

The melya was over, and all gone away,
And everythin' silent, except Nicky snorin'—
And snore he did till he shuk the floorin'—
So at break of day
I tuk my bundle, and started for Ramsey to catch
The Liverpool steamer; and just where a patch
Of fine red ling runs out to the brew[1]—
Behould ye Jinny!
Runnin' to meet me too—
Runnin' to meet me, thought I was Saul she had,
But she swealed[2] like mad—
Swealed urrov[3] her like a ghost—
And I stood like a post,
And stared, and I said—
"Are ye wrong in your head?
I doubt you done some mischief to-night,
Ye nasty thing!"
So she picked a bit of the ling,
And tried to look careless, and tuk to the right,
And me to the left, and tuk the fence,
And never seen her sence.[4]

No—for, I'll tell ye, this
Was Saturday mornin'. On the Wednesday,
When we were at say
Far away,
Me on my ship, and Saul on his,
Comes every policeman they had in Ramsey—aye—
To the Sherragh Vane—aw, never say die!
Billy-Bill-Sil, and Tom—Juan—Sam—Harry—Phaul,
And Dicky-Dick-beg—Dick—Bob, and Lace Clucas and all.
Lace—you'll mind Lace—
Mortal big round the waist—

[1] Hill-side. [2] Squealed. [3] Out of. [4] Since.

Shuperintendin'-Inspector, or somethin' o' that surt—bless ye!
And "Edward Blake, I arrest ye
In the Queen's name," and whereas, and a jag [1] and a jumble,
And—mumble, mumble, mumble.[2]

And he gave in at wance [3]—
That was the sanse [4]—
Gave in; and "I'm ready to go
With you now, if I must." But—*blast! and blow!*
And God d——! and "What's this?"
And quivers the fiss [5]—
Poor Nicky, you know—
But soon as make [6]
As a lamb at [7] Blake—
The way, you see, he trusted the chap.
And *Kitty? cryin'?* not a scrap—
Aw, a wife for a man, and no mistake.
Yes; she kissed him, kissed him dear—
Tuk and kissed him theer:
But no 'sterricks,[8] I'm tould, no nisin',[9] no bother—
Just a look at the mother,
Just a couple of momen's,[10]
And these words
Like swords,
From her mouth, from her eyes, from the woman all over,
"Edward Blake is my lover,
My love, my life;
And I'll be his wife,
Or I'll never be no man's."
That was all—
Eh, Saul?
Just that, and away she goes,
To get ready his clothes.
And what was the row
That Blake was in?

[1] Probably *jargon.*
[2] Imperfect recollections of legal phraseology.
[3] Once.
[4] Showed his sense.
[5] Fist.
[6] Meek.
[7] In the hands; through the interposition of.
[8] Hysterics.
[9] Noise.
[10] Moments.

I'll tell you now—
Chartisin'.
You don't remember; but still
There's some of you won't, and some of you will—
Chartisisses[1]—
Them that don't want the Queen for their missus—
Five pints[2]—what d'ye call it?—
Manward suff'rings,[3] vote by ballot—
A pasil[4] of d—— nonsense, no doubt—
Of coorse, of coorse! and all gone out
Long before now. But the young
This Blake was then he was tuk[5] with the tongue
Of these swagg'rin' scoundhrils that get on a tub
And roor,
To be sure—
And the people dyin' for want of grub,
And ready for anything: and Blake
Turned out with the rest; for he wouldn' forsake
The *Cause*, as he called it. And any ould gun,
Or pistol, or pitchfork, and off they run
To the commons[6] there, and stood to their arms
In swarms.

But the souldiers come
With sword and drum;
And a terbil fight, and thousands kilt—
Long thousands! and the blood that was spilt
Most terbil, I'm tould;
And hardly a sowl
Got away
That day.
Blake didn' tell me—no;
I've heard it from others, though.
Treminjis slaughter, and the lot of them scattered—aw, facks![7]
So Blake made tracks
For the Cumberland mountains; and at Ravenglass
He got aboord one of these smacks,
Or a mackarel-boat, or a lugger it was—

[1] Chartists. [2] The five points of the Charter.
[3] Probably "Manhood Suffrage." [4] Parcel. [5] Taken.
[6] Moors. [7] It's a fact.

Handy anyway, and terbil willin',[1]
And landed him at Maughold Head,
And of coorse without a shillin'—
Without a penny.

The rascal, you said?
At Maughold Head, at Maughold Head—
No rascal at all, divil a bit of him!
You don't know the fit[2] of him—
No—bless ye! in the Isle of Man
We don't understand
These "Polly Tricks,"[3]
And "knavish thricks"—
And "our hopes we fix"—
Lek it's sayin' in the song—
Right or wrong—
And *The Cause! The Cause!*
And *Freedom!* and all about these laws
That's oppressin' the people. Just our own ways
Is doin' for us—and the House of Keys[4]—
Dear me!
They was used to be
Dacent men enough, and put in
At[5] one another, that was answerin'
Fuss-rate, but now I'm tould
They make so bould
To be chised at[6] the people—quite diff'rin' cattle—
And its tittle-tattle, rittle-rattle—
Sleet and hail—
Like a tin pot tied to the Governor's tail—
Poor man! But aisy to talk!
And put in for to make the law,
But better to hould your jaw—
Aw, better a dale![7]

[1] Very willing to take him on board.
[2] The cut, the kind of fellow he was. [3] Politics.
[4] The Lower House of the Manx Legislature.
[5] Elected by. [6] As to be chosen by.
[7] Deal. The reference is to the change made in the mode of electing the members of the Manx Parliament. Since 1866 they have been chosen by the popular vote. Before that they were elected by co-optation.

And take a chap the way you find him,
Particklar if he laves his bosh behind him—
D'ye hear? just so.

Well, Blake had to go,
Under the ould warrant that was out agen[1] him
All the time, and the Demster[2] to send[3] him
"Out of the Isle,"
To Lancaster Castle, to stand his tri'l.

Saul it was, Saul it was,
That done the jeel;[4] he was down on the Cross[5]
At Ramsey straight
From the melya that night,
And, before the day-lift,
Knocked up the High Bailiff,[6]
That couldn' act
Till all was corract—
Writs and that, and kermoonicated[7]
With the Gov'nor, of coorse. But Saul didn' wait
To see the stren'th of his own shot—
It's away he got
To Liverpool, and aboord of a ship
At once; and, that very trip,
He was lost overboard in a squall—
Was Saul!

So Jinny didn' get much good
Of her schames—the price of blood—
That was it—and stayed a week
Longer; but Kitty wouldn' speak
A word with her, good or bad—
And no letter
From Saul. So she had
To go at last; for even the misthriss said
She thought it was better.
I believe she got married on[8] a widow man,
That was keepin' a public-house, by the name of Dan—

[1] Against. [2] Deemster = judge. [3] Sent.
[4] Mischief. [5] Market-place.
[6] Chief magistrate of a town. [7] Communicated. [8] To.

"Danny the Prince"
They were callin' him; but his name was Cregeen;
But I never seen
The woman since.

Now Kitty had to hope and hope
Against hope;
For it seemed a case of the rope
Did yandher.[1]
Aye! And this kind ould goosey-gandhar
Of a Nicky was terbil good to her—
Backed her, stud to her;
Kept up her heart, and kept up his own—
Bless ye! no knowin'
The hot little biler[2]
Of kindness and love that was under the weskit
Of Nicky. Not that the misthriss would resk[3] it
To rile her.
And no naggin', nor both'rin', nor fussin' to
Get her to think of another,
At[4] the mother—
It's time the misthriss was trussin'[5] to.

But now lizzen![6]
In this prison,
Where Blake was put, some rapscallion
Got up a reballion,
And a lot of thieves and murderers,
And such-like curs,
Jined him to set the jail
On fire; and done it—never fail!
The dirt!
And the gov'nor out in his shirt,
And his wife, and his daughter—
And—"Water! water!"
And—"All you men that's men, come here,
And stick to me!" and Blake, I'll sweer,[7]
Was the very first—aw, keen as a knife!
And saved the daughter, and saved the wife—

[1] That did. [2] Boiler. [3] Risk. [4] On the part of.
[5] Trusting. [6] Listen. [7] Swear.

And him and the chaps
That joined the gov'nor, I heard them sayin',
Beat these raps—
Beat them clane[1]—
And—of coorse! of coorse! What'll you take
But—"A free pardon for Edward Blake!!"
Aye down from London the very next day—
Hurrah for Queen Victoria!
That's the woman that can and will—
Eh, Bill?
Hurrah! hurrah!

Yes, he was pardoned, and me to know 't,
And happen aboord the very boat
He was crossin' to the Island on—
My gough! the fun
That was arrus[2] theer—
Ould Captain Creer
And that—the yarns that was spinnin'—
And glasses round,
You'll be bound,[3]
And even the very firemen grinnin',
That's lookin' rather fierce with the shoot.[4]

And ashore—and the cart, and Kitty to boot—
Nicky? of coorse! and him and me
On the till,[5] and bitendin'[6] not to see.
And—this and that, and how we'd prosber'd.[7]
But Kitty and Blake inside on the crossboard,
As happy. And—*look at them?* No, I didn'!
Only the cart made a joult,
Like a boult
Givin' way—and I turned—and her face was hidden
In Blake's breast—
You may 'margin[8] the rest.

And up to the farm; and this ould cockalorum
Of a Nick carried everything before him—

[1] Clean, completely.
[2] At us = that we had.
[3] You may be very sure.
[4] Soot.
[5] Till-board in front.
[6] Pretending.
[7] Prospered.
[8] Imagine.

The deuce!
No use
The misthriss houldin' out—aw, floored
Reg'lar[1]—aye; and what can't be cured
Must be endured.

So the ship was righted,
And smooth water,
And a son and a daughter
Still for all—
And poor Saul!
And I stayed to the weddin', bein' invited.

III

THE SCHOOLMASTERS

WHAT'S he sayin'? God bless the falla!
Love is love even in a sheep—
There's some that takes it middlin' shalla;[2]
But there's some that takes it very deep.

You mind[3] me tellin' of Jemmy Jem,
And the son and the daughter, him and them
Up at the church agate[4] of the carols—
"Shepherds watchin'," "Hark the harals!"[5]—
That night the Christmas[6] come ashore—
Christmas Rose, I tould ye afore—
Christmas, aye.
Three schools in the parish
Them times, I remember, and putty[7] fairish
For the lek, I think. There was one at the Church,
And the little Lhen wasn' left in the lurch—
A school there, and one at the Sandy,
Up the gill, that was terbil handy

[1] (She was) regularly floored.
[2] Shallow.
[3] Remember.
[4] Engaged upon.
[5] Herald.
[6] See *Christmas Rose*, p. 150.
[7] Pretty.

For the Jurby people ; besides the school
In the Town, where none of us went of a rule,
Excep'—aw dear ! poor Tommy [1]—but stop !
And Nelly [1]—eh ? shut up ! shut up !

Now the school at the Church was countin' [2] the head
Of all the three. And Clukish,[3] bedad,
Was a splandid Masther—lek [4] Jemmy Jem
For shortness, but Clukish all the same—
James Clukish ; and sarvin' [5] for clerk
As well as schoolmaster. And Mark
Was the name of the son, called Marky the Bird ;
And the daughter Maggie—they hadn' a third.

But the school at the Lhen was just for childher,
Enfan's in perricuts [6]—Danny Bewildher
Was the name of the Masther, callin' him out
Of his proper name, that was Danny the Spout ;
At laste—I don't know ; but Skillicorn,
I've heard them sayin', the man was born—
Poor old Dan—aw, bless your sowl !—
Now was it Skillicorn, or Cowle ?
Aw dear !

But Clukish (I'm too draggy [7]),
Clukish, that's the man, and Maggie,
Fuss-rate singers, father, and son,
And daughter, lek the three in one,
Tuned to a dot, most parfec' it was.
And him upon the viol-bass—
Treminjis ! noted for the long
And loud and soft and full and sthrong.
And when they were sittin' the whole of the three
Right in front of the gallery,
I've heard the Pazon say they were lookin'
Him like a big ould angel sthroogin' [8]
The sthrings, and them lek [9] God had given
Lek wings to heave him up to heaven.

[1] See *Tommy Big-Eyes*, pp. 242 foll. [2] Accounted.
[3] Clucas. [4] As it were (but nearly superfluous).
[5] Serving as. [6] Infants in petticoats. [7] Slow.
[8] Stroking. [9] Looking as if.

Well, me and Maggie, I'll engage,
Was just about the same age;
And Mark, of coorse, would be younger rather;
And the two of them goin' to school to the father:
But me to the little school at the Lhen,
With Danny Bewildher—poor ould Dan!
The like of a school like that you never—
Aw, Danny thought he was täechin' clever;
But letters—no! the A B C?
And spells, and that? all fiddlededee!
"Latthars!" he'd say, "idikkiliss![1]
Just clap a Testament in their fiss,[2]
And off they go—aw, bless your heart!
They'll read soon enough, if ye give them a start.
Latthars! latthars! bewild'rin' the childher"—
And so they were callin' him Danny Bewildher.

Poor Dan! "a start," he said, "only a start";
But, of coorse, we were gettin' it off by heart.
That was Dan. So we wasn' goin'
To the same school; but still I was knowin'
The two very well. They were just a taste
Shuperior lek, the way they were dressed—
Shoes and stockin's—and me—aw, chut!
Never had such a thing on my fut,
Excep' a' Sunday.

But meetin' them down
On the shore very often or up on a ground
We were callin' the Lhergy,[3] covered with goss[4]
And flowers. And aw, the nice it was
Of an everin'[5] to be up there,
And hear them singin'! Well, I declare
It was mortal altogether.[6] You see
There's nothin' pleasanter to me:
I was allis terbil fond of music—
Not of my own! aw, I'd have the whole crew sick
If once I begun on you—No, no, no!
But this Maggie—beautiful! up she'd go,

[1] Ridiculous. [2] Fist. [3] High waste-land.
[4] Gorse. [5] Evening. [6] Altogether very nice.

Up—up—up, to the very sky.
"Give us the lark!" I'd say, and she'd fly—
At laste her vice [1]—aw, the happy for hours
Sittin' up there among the flowers.

And all the notes that ever you heard—
That's the raison [2] of Marky the Bird—
Imitatin'—bless ye, then!
Everything from a hawk to a wren—
Thrushes, blackbirds—very rum!
"Chit, chit!" he's sayin', meanin' "Come!"
"Come!" and the pewhit answerin' clever—
"Cha jig thy braa!" [3] that's maynin', "Never!"
"Gow smook! gow smook!" as plain as plain—
That's "Take a smook!" the bird is sayin'—
Aye—"Chanel thy pingan ammee!"
"I hav'n' a penny"—obverse,[4] dammee!
Curious, though, very, splainin' [5]—
And everything has got its maynin'.[6]

Aw, Mark was grand—"Curlew! curlew!"
What's that at all? no more till [7] boo—
Nothin' just. But Mark had gorrit,[8]—
"Mirrieu! [9] mirrieu!"—far more horrit! [10]
"Mirrieu," *dead*—lek its mate, you know—
"Dead! dead! she's dead!"—aw, terbil though,
That bird, like left, like feelin' lonely.
And me?—aw, bless ye! one bird only,
Just a rook—they said I dunnit [11]
Fuss-rate; and aisy, once I begun it;
But stopped it soon; and her with the lark;
And—"Mirrieu! mirrieu!" that was Mark.

Aw, little things thim times: but grew,
Till at last the battle of Waterloo [12]

[1] Voice. [2] Origin of his name.
[3] This and some expressions following are Manx, but somewhat corrupt. [4] Obvious.
[5] Explaining. [6] Meaning. [7] Than. [8] Got it.
[9] Dead. [10] Horrid. [11] Did it. [12] An awful row.

Betwix' my mother and Danny, that plied me
With the cane one day till he nearly destroyed me.
And home I run, and—"Mother! mother!"
And—"Dan hev kilt[1] me!" And—"What's this bother?"
And takes and hits me a clout on the head,
And looks me all over, and "Come!" she said.
And away with me there; and in on[2] the school—
And—"What's this," she says, "ye dirty fool?
Ye bogh![3] ye kyout[4] ye! *you* a man?
You sniffikin'[5] creep!"[6] she says to Dan—
"You?" *and just a disgrace*
To the place—
And the Bishop and the Archdakin—
Aye—and she'd be spakin'
To the Pazon—'deed she'd let him know!
She would so!
And pins him theer against the wall,
And turns me up, and shows him all.

"Gerr out!"[7] says Dan; "Gerr out!" says he.
"Is it *out?*" she says, and droppin' me,
"Is it *out?*" and grips an inkstand there,
And ups and lets him have it fair
Betwix' the eyes—aw, the ink and the blood!
And Danny all smotherin' where he stood,
And puffin' and blowin', and spatt'rin' and sputt'rin',
And all the dirt goin' sloppin' and gutt'rin'
Down his breast, and—*his shirt?* my annim![8]
Never had the lek upon him,
Nor the name o' the lek.

"Gerr urrov[9] this school!"
Says Dan, and makes a grab at a stool,
And a run and a drive, and she couldn' recover her
Footin', and down, and Danny over her!
So there they were rowlin', and crish! crash!
And the furrims[10] capsized, and mixed in a mash
Of murder—bless ye! stuck to him manful—

[1] Has killed. [2] Into. [3] Poor (creature).
[4] Miserable being. [5] Insignificant. [6] Sneak.
[7] Get out. [8] (Upon) my soul. [9] Out of. [10] Forms.

Aye, and handful after handful
Of Danny's hair went flyin' about;
And the childher all began to shout,
The boys to cheer, and the gels to cry;
And then I come behind on the sly,
And caught this Danny a clip on the ear,
And he turned, and she saw her chance, and got clear,
And up and off with us—aw, it's a fac'—
And left poor Danny on his back.

Well, then I was goin' to school at the Church,
To Clukish himself, that was usin' a birch,
But very little, or a leather strap—
But mostly he was givin' ye a rap
On the head with his knuckles—and a little *hem!*
Aw, a grand ould man was Jemmy Jem.

Taechin'! What was there he couldn' taech?
Bless ye! aye, and powerful to praech
In the chapel; but taechin'! Mensuration—
Trigonomojough![1] Navigation!
Aw, splendid! Taech it? like a bird!
But ye couldn' understand a word—
Well, ye wouldn' expec'—lek a man, that way,[2]
That never was a week at say—
No, no! A tailor he was to his trade,
And many's the pair of breeches he made
In yandher school,—cut out, you know,
On the desk afore him; and sew and sew—
And—"Come say! come say!"[3]—aw, the little sinners
We were, to be sure! and—"Take your dinners!"
He'd shout as hearty at twelve o'clock—
Aw, a fine ould cock! a fine ould cock!

I didn' larn much, but there's plenty that did.
There was one little chap with a big round head—
Ye never seen the round[4]—by jing!

[1] Trigonometry. [2] Superfluous, like "you know."
[3] "Come up to the desk, and say your tasks," a customary formula: so, "Take your dinners," the form of dismissal at noon.
[4] Anything so round.

That chap was larnin' everything.
And the more he larned, the bigger it got—
This head—and the rounder, just like a pot.
"Look at that boy!" ould Clukish was sayin';
"Fit enough to make your tay in—
That head," he'd say, like a bottomless pit;
There's nothin' that doesn' go into it—
Nothin'," says Clukish. And right, no doubt:
It all went in, and it never come out—
Never—so couldn' be no loss
At[1] yandher chap. It's stored it was
In the big round head. My gough! it's grand
To have a head that'll grow and 'spand,[2]
And never leak a drop—the pride
Of the mother! But, of coorse, he died—
Sartinly—aw, died, of coorse—
Ye see, the workin' and the foorce
Of all that was in him, just like a biler,
And no safety-valve, nor no grease for th' ile[3] her—
Nor nothin'—ye see?

No, I didn' larn quick,
And I didn' larn much. But I got very thick
With Maggie and Mark. And, when I got higher
In the school, they coaxed me to come in the quire,
And I did: and even after I left,
I stuck to it—aye, and made a sheft[4]
To sing somethin'—tannor[5] I was wantin'—
Tannor—aye; but allis[6] slantin'
Into the bass, and—loo-loo-loo![7]
And settled to somethin' betwix' the two—
Rather doubtful, of a manner.[8]
But Mark was singin' the counter-tannor—
See-saw, most beautiful! sixes and sevens—
And Maggie up in the heaven of heavens.

And so we got big: and then—doodoss![9]
I seen the lovely Maggie was.

[1] Nothing could be lost by. [2] Expand. [3] For to oil.
[4] Shift. [5] Tenor. [6] Always.
[7] (Tries his voice). [8] In a way = somehow. [9] Good gracious!

Milk and roses, milk and roses—
That was the complexion—Moses!
The beautiful she was when she threw
Back her head, and the throat came in view,
Round and white and big, the way
It mostly is with singers, they say—
Fine singers—bless ye the full!
Like a belliss![1] like a bull!
And the strings of her bonnet untied, and flung
Over her shouldhers; and the vice of her rung—
Aw, it rung! it rung! and all her breast
Was swelled to the feel of the happiness—
The joy—the glory—the—chut![2] it's no use—
"Be cautious! be cautious!" says Billy Baroose.

But Mark was a terbil sorrowful chap—
Lemoncholy[3]—that's the tap.
And the ouldher he grew, the lemoncholier
He got. And nobody couldn' be jollier,
Nor heartier, ye know, till[4] me—
But Mark was allis for poethry.
But the sorrowful—bless ye! lek[5] it was bred
In the falla—*Mirrieu! mirrieu!*—dead!
Just so. And "Lizzen!"[6] and then he'd repate
Pomes[7] that'd buss[8] the heart of a skate—
His own compozin'—aye, and still
I was likin' to hear him terrible.
'Deed[9] he'd make ye cry—and a lightish slaeper,[10]
And went to the town to be a draper.

And me and Betsy[11] goin' together—
And Maggie keepin' house for the father—
And a good job too—at laste, so it appears—
A widda man,[12] and had been for years.
And Maggie and me would be about twenty;
And me agate[13] o' the fishin', and plenty

[1] Bellows. [2] Tut. [3] Melancholy. [4] Than.
[5] As if. [6] Listen. [7] Poems. [8] Burst. [9] Indeed.
[10] He was rather a light sleeper: cf. The Squire in Chaucer's *Prologue*.
[11] See *Betsy Lee*, pp. 108 foll.
[12] Widower. [13] Engaged upon.

To do, I can tell ye, to keep the pot bilin',
When —lo and behould ye! there came to the Islan'
A terbil man.

Inspector they called him,
Inspector of Schools; and tuk and hauled[1] him
From parish to parish—the work that was in![2]
And so at last he come to the Lhen.
And hed it out with Danny Dan.

"Latthars!" says Danny, "latthars! dear heart!
Bewild'rn' the childhar—give them a start!
Latthars! what's latthars? idikkiliss!
Clap a Testament in their fiss!"—
"No," says the Inspector, "just clap this!"
And whips a book from his starn[3] pocket—
"Now then!" Bless ye! a Congreve rocket
'd hev[4] done just as well—not a bit! not a bit!
Not the one of them—not a line of it!
And the childhar stared—
"They're not prepared!"
Says Danny, and argued and argued away,
Till he was black in the face, as a body might say.
And then he jawed, lek fit to buss;[5]
And then he gave a bit of a cuss;
And then the Inspector brought him up
All standin'—poor divil! and—"Stop, sir, stop!"
Says he. "In all my 'sperience
I never seen such ignorance.
And it'll be my duty to repoort"
Lek presentin' to the coort—
Or whatever it is—coort, or commission—
Something—"total inefficien'"—
Inefficien'—that's their talk.
And so poor Danny had to walk;
And home to his people in Kirk Bride,
And kept at[6] the Pazon till he died.
And the Bishop come, and the Captain[7] there,

[1] He was taken about.
[2] What excitement there was!
[3] Coat-tail.
[4] Would have.
[5] Enough to burst himself.
[6] By.
[7] Captain of the Parish (a Manx official).

And the Lord knows who, and spakin' fair;
And *they'd have the school in proper order.*
And so we were hearin' nothin' furdher
Till one day there come a Scotchman—aye—
For[1] the schoolmaster.

He wasn' shy,
This Scotchman, at all—aw, 'deed be wasn
For the cheek he might have been fuss-cosin[2]
To Ould Harry himself. Aw, the cock o' that nose
And the strut, and the lip, and the tasty clothes!
And snuff and snarl, and snip and snap—
He was what you'd call a pushin' chap—
Pushin', bedad! and a new light,
And come to set us all right,
That was sittin' in darkness and the shadow of death;
And his name was Alexander Macbeth.

But the chap was good-lookin'—that's the pint,
And a tongue in his head like a 'varsal jint.
He could make it bitter, and he could make it sweet;
He could lift a gel from off her feet
With that tongue. And schaemin'! bless ye, the schaemin'!
And plannin' and plottin', and watchin' and aimin'—
Keen though, as keen as a hungry gull,
And still he could look that sorrowful,
And groanin', and hintin', and his eye all brimmin'
With the tears—aw, they're likin' that is women—
Being nath'ral kind, you'll undherstand,
And longin' to comfort every man—
Special if he's handsome, of coorse!
Sartinly; but work the oors,[3]
Work the oors.

It wasn long
Afore Mr. Sandy was at it ding-dong
To get the school from Clukish—aye,
The principal school—aw, never say die!
And he worked and he worked, like thingumagee,
Till the Bishop appointed a commitee.

[1] To be. [2] First cousin. [3] Oars = let us get on.

And a committee, it's like[1] you're aware,
'll do anything; anything, I'll swear,
Committees 'll do—just so, just so—
'Deed they will.

But whether or no,
This Alec Macbeth was at[2] Clukish himself;
And "Time to be layin' upon the shelf":
And cocked him up with humbug and flattery,
And "My exc'lin' colleague!" and *Dear me! the batthar*[3] *he*
Would be with a pension, and *Wouldn' he now?*
And "Eh, Miss Clukish?" and *bow-wow-wow!*
The dirt![4] and gorr[5] it all "arranged"
Grand, I tell ye. And so he changed
From the Lhen to the Parish: but Clukish still
To be clerk—and quite agreeable.
Tired—and lek everything in its saison.

But ould Clukish had another raison,
Another, I tell ye. He seen this rascal
Was gettin' spoony on Maggie; and ask all
The Parish, and they'd ha' tould ye at once
The match was a splendid one, a chance
That wouldn' often come Maggie's way.
I've asked the Pazon, and what did he say?
"Mr. Macbeth is a man of promise,
And a most respectable person, Thomas;
And very interestin', and clever"—
Azackly[6] so! Now, did you ever?
Even the Pazon! *'Spectable?* paff![7]
Clever? aye, too clever by half.
Euclid—that was some stuff he was workin'
With these lumps,[8] that could as aisy swallow a perkin.[9]
High, man! high—aw, bless your sowl!
Didn' a woman come and scowl
And complain; and says she, "We're gettin no rest
Of the night," she says, "with this foolishness.

[1] It is likely. [2] Went to. [3] Better.
[4] The scoundrel. [5] Got. [6] Exactly.
[7] Pooh! [8] Biggish boys. [9] Porpoise.

He's shoutin' most terbil in his sleep,
And me and the father can't get a peep.
And we won't stand it! no!" she said.
And he spoke her so fine; and—"Raelly! in bed!"
And he laughed, and he carried on that plaisin'[1]
That the woman went away amazin'
The satisfied: and sleep is money;
But that chap's tongue was the divil's own honey.

And Mark was delightin' in him, too—
Aw, bless ye! he knew his Mark, he knew
The soft sort of chap—a pote![2] a pote!
Wasn' he one himself? and 'd know 't
In Mark at once. And heaves up the eye,
If ye seen them together, and sigh for sigh,
And groan for groan; and takin' turns
Repeatin' their pomes. And "The Manx Burns"
He'd be callin' Marky—you'll never rag urrov[3]
A Scotchman but he'll take a shockin' brag urrov
That Burns. "Tim Shindy"[4]—aye, just so—
"Catch her a' Saturday," "Scots woho!"
Of coorse! of coorse! You're mortal fond of them
Aren' ye, Andra?[5] Andra's one of them.

So Mark was altogether tuk with him;
And the Pazon too. Aw dear! worse luck with him!
And me? Well, no; but I'd nothin' to say,
And every dog must have his day.
What was my 'pinion worth to be puttin'
Against the Pazon's? Not a button.
And the Pazon was hardly likin' him,
Lek what you call likin'—that's not the trim.[6]
The Pazon, ye see, was allis for pace,[7]
But equal, too, for righteousness,

[1] So pleasingly. [2] Poet.
[3] Never worry it out of a Scotchman = never induce him to do otherwise than brag greatly about. Urrov = out of: to take a brag out of = to brag about.
[4] The reader will recognise adumbrations of three famous poems by Burns.
[5] Are you not, Andrew?
[6] The way to put it. [7] Always for peace.

And justice betwix' man and man—
Aw, he'd work it well if once he began,
But he wouldn' go out of his way for a fight—
Righteousness, the thing that's right—
That was the Pazon. And Dr. Bell
The same : *the chap was maenin' well*,
They thought. " Sincere," the Pazon said ;
And *the* " valable qualities " *he had*—
" Valuable," the Pazon was sayin',
He spoke that sweet, and slow, and plain.

Of coorse the Pazon was diff'rin' from me,
The two of them bein' such schullars, you see,
And knowin' a dale about books and such,
The Pazon was likin' his talk very much—
Likin' his talk ; you see, they were maetin'
On the same floors,[1] and the nither baetin' [2]—
Maetin', not baetin'—and still, for all,[3]
I believe he could give the Pazon a fall
Now and then, bein' slippy and slim ;
And nice for the Pazon, remindin' him
Of the time he was young, and could argufy
With the best of them. And he wouldn' try
To *flatter* the Pazon : he knew like a spit [4]
That wouldn' take the Pazon a bit.
And if he was bould, ye know, and imp'rin',[5]
The Pazon never liked them simp'rin',
Cringin' divils—and nathral kind.[6]
So the Pazon was grippin' him mind to mind.
But heart to heart was rather me,[7]
Heart to heart, ye know, lek it would be—
Enstinct,[8] isn' it, they're sayin' ?
Feelin's lek—lek I couldn' explain ;
Couldn' grip with him, hadn' the head ;
But I could hate him ; and so I did.
But only a boy, and nothin' to shove me

[1] Meeting upon equal terms.
[2] Neither getting the better of the other.
[3] After all.
[4] Easily, at once.
[5] Impudent.
[6] And besides (the Parson) was naturally kind.
[7] My way.
[8] Instinct.

Much in his road, that was quite above me—
Hardly know'n' me, bless ye! no;
Nor me him; and so—and so.

And Maggie, what 'd ye do with her?[1]
Lovin' him like Lucifer.
That was the deuce—no good to fret,
Love's golden net! love's golden net—
Gold! gold! pure gold! but, sink or float,
Iron is only cobwebs to 't.
Caught was Maggie—caught, caught, caught!
No matter the oughtn', no matter the ought.
Aw, I seen it—that was enough for me—
I'd had my doubts; but see is see—
At a stile on a Sunday afternoon,
The stayin', the delayin',
The snatchin', the catchin',
The detainin', the complainin',
The head so sweetly laenin'
On your shouldher—
Don't be bouldher!
On a Sunday, on a Sunday, on a Sunday, on a Sunday,
On a Sunday, on a Sunday afternoon.
Yes, I seen her at the stile,
Such a smile, at the stile,
Bless the chile! at the stile,
At the stile, at the stile, at the stile, at the stile,
Of a Sunday afternoon.

There now! take and make a tune
For my song; they'll print it for you in Doolish.[2]
Dear heart! you'll think I'm gettin' foolish.
But if you'll see that at a stile, my men,
On a Sunday afternoon, why then
You may make up your minds what's goin' to be,
And all the rest is fiddlededee.

Behaved hisself? Of coorse, he done[3]—
Had to behave hisself, my son.
But hang it! give the divil his due,
Just the same as I would to you—

[1] What would you have? [2] Douglas. [3] Did.

Now stow your chaff there, Barney O'Grady!
He traited her like a puffec[1] lady.

So now it's for a Pazon he was goin':
And how he managed there's no knowin';
But got the Bishop to examine him,
And some way or other contrived to gammon him
To promise to ordain him—*ordain*—
Isn' that the word? whatever they mane—
And curate! curate, I'll be bail,
Goin' for a curate to Pazon Gale.
And would have been the very next day,
If it hadn'—— but stay, my lads, now! stay!

That ev'rin'[2] I tell ye, there come a woman,
Along the road though, cryin' uncommon—
Cryin', cryin', cryin' there—
"Where's my Sandy? where, oh where?
Where's my Sandy? my Alexander?
Where is he? where is he?" and had cried like yandher[3]
All the passage from Whitehaven,
"Where's my Sandy, div ye ken?"[4]
And up the pier, and the market-place,
"Where's my Sandy?" and wouldn' cease.
And she didn' regard for none that blamed her—
For of coorse there was people that fie-for-shamed her—
And a pleeceman gev her directions to go;
And "Sandy! Sandy!" she was shoutin', though.

And come upon the village street,
And could hardly stand upon her feet—
And the women about her, and —"Get some brandy!"
But she wouldn' taste it—"Sandy! Sandy!
Where's my Sandy?" And they tried some rum;
And a call for Sandy: so Sandy come.

Yes, he come; and just gave a look;
And then they say the fellow shook
All over; and then his face all fire,
And straightened hisself like goin' to deny her;

[1] Perfect. [2] Evening. [3] Like that. [4] Do you know?

And then a rush, and her arms was round him,
And his round her. "I've found him! found him!"
She said. And he tuk her into the house,
And shut the door, and as quite[1] as a mouse
All night, they were say'n', and plenty to listen,
And fancyin' they were hear'n' them kissin'.
But never a word of any complaint—
It's lek the poor craythur was that content
For to have him again. And before the dawn
They were off, and just a bundle,[2] gone
To Douglas, and afterwards over to Anglan'[3]—
No nise,[4] no bother, no worry, no wranglin'—
Just off. The woman, ye see, was his wife—
I don't know, upon my life,
How they're doin it—hotch-potch,
Lek accordin' to the Scotch[5]—
But lawful, I tell ye; so you'd better look out!
Lawful—not the smallest doubt.

And the chap was poor, and she'd worked like a slave
To keep him at one of these places they have
For preparin' people for schoolmasters,
And pazons and that—St. Bars? St. Burs?
St. Bees—that's it, and hardly fair—
I've heard them tellin' that's seen her there
In a little room, and to brew and bake for him,
And pickin' sticks to bake a cake for him.

Well now—Maggie? Hould your kedge![6]
I seen her spreadin' clothes on the hedge
Of the garden, it wouldn' be more till[7] a week
After that, and I thought I'd speak;
And—"How are tha,[8] Maggie, how are tha, gel?"
"Aw," she said, "I'm very well."
Very well! very well!
Toull[9] the bell! toull the bell!
When ye know what it's meanin'[10]—that *very well!*

[1] Quiet. [2] All their luggage. [3] England.
[4] Noise. [5] Scotch fashion. [6] Anchor=keep quiet.
[7] Than. [8] Art thou. [9] Toll.
[10] It means.

She died next day—quite aisy, they said—
Mirrieu ! mirrieu ! dead ! dead !
Dead ! And Mark ? He dropped the draper,
And tuk to writin' for some paper.
So ye see *there's some that takes it deep ?*
Upon my sowl, the chap's asleep !
All right !
Good-night !

FO'C'S'LE YARNS

Third Series

PRELUDE

First comes Tom Baynes among these sorted quills,
In asynartete octosyllables.
Methinks you see the "fo'c's'le" squat, the squirt
Nicotian, various interval of shirt,
Enlarged, contract—keen swordsman, cut-and-thrust:
Old salt, old rip, old friend, Tom Baynes comes *fust*.

Succeeds our Curate, innocent and good,
The growth of Oxford in her sanest mood;
Dame Nature's child, though bred among the Stoics,
And, if he gush, he gushes in heroics.
Forgive the youth if sometimes he relax
In extra gush of pseudo-dochmiacs.

Last hear our Pazon, reverend and meek;
In unadornèd verse I make him speak,
As is most fit. To him Tom Baynes' rude style
Were "simply barbarous"—I see him smile
His smile—"Poor Tom has thoughts beyond his station,
But language! sir—unfit for publication."
The Curate's rhymes he haply thinks audacious,
Emphatic, overwrought. "But 'twere ungracious
Of me to criticise a gentleman
That is so kind and clever." There again
You have our *Pazon*. So he says his say,
And all my dreams of Manxland fade away.

1889.

I

THE MANX WITCH

A STORY OF THE LAXDALE MINES

THE Pazon that overtook her there
Comin' home from Hollantide fair—
The Pazon? No, but Nessy Brew—
Overtook her at Follieu,
Past Bibaloe—aye, man, aye—
Middlin' near the Never-say-die—
Toplisses—you'll know the spot—
Nessy Brew though, whether or not—
Nessy—her of coorse that had been
At the fair—The Pazon? navar was seen,
Nor navar could be at the like of yandhar—
Pazon Gale! you goosie-gandhar—
What are you thinkin' of? Navar! navar!
Some people's got a notion they're clavar—
Witty—eh? But navar mind.
Cryin'? most despard! cryin', cryin',
Cryin' fit to break her heart,
The Pazon was sayin'; and her that smart,
Of a rule, and noways apt to be freckened[1]
Night or day.
So the Pazon reckoned
She must have got in some trouble, and hauls
Ould Smiler back in the breeches, and calls;
And "Nessy," he says, "is that you?
It's Nessy, isn't it? Nessy Brew?"
Dark, you know, and drizzlin' rain—
But Nessy wouldn' answer again
For a bit—don't ye see? lek didn' want
The Pazon to know her, and made a slant,

[1] Frightened.

And stoopin' there, and in on the ditch.
But the Pazon gave a little *skitch*,
And got in front, and pinned her as nate
As pozzible, and—

"You're very late
On the road," he says—and *wavin' and woin'*—
And—"How are you on the road alone?
Extrorn'ry!" says the Pazon—"What!
Alone!" he says—and this and that,
But kind—aw, bless ye! kind thallure[1]—
And—"Nessy, Nessy, to be sure!"
And—"Get up, and tell me all aburrit."[2]
So Nessy seen there was nothin' for it
But up she must in the Pazon's gig:
And then she tould him all the rig—
Well—maybe not all—not raisonable—
A gel, you know—they're hardly able—
Aisy! aisy with the lek!
All! God bless ye! you musn' expeck—
And talkin' to a Pazon—eh?
And didn' know hardly what to say,
But tould him—Says she, "I didn' lave Doolish[3]
Alone at all"; and rather foolish
She was feelin' of coorse, aw sartinly—
"There was two people tuk the road with me,"
Says Nessy. "Two," says the Pazon, "aw dear!
And did you meet them in the feer!"[4]
"The feer?" says Nessy, "no—at laste
It might ha been—a nisy place
In a field," she says, "there was hosses there—
Is that what people is callin' the feer?
Hosses, and gingerbread, and pop,
And cows, and calves—but I didn' stop."
"Didn' ye?" says the Pazon then;
"And was it two women, or was it two men
You tuk the road with?" Aw, not a word
From Nessy. "I think," says the Pazon, "I heard
Your friends down there on the Whitebridge hill."
"Aw," says Nessy, "are they fightin' still?"

[1] Enough. [2] About it. [3] Douglas. [4] Fair.

"No," says the Pazon, "they warn' together,
One was far ahead of the other,
Shoutin' though, the two of them—
Yes, I think it'll be the same;
And you'll 'scuse me," he says—sittin up like a crowbar
Was the Pazon then—"they were hardly sober,
Hardly," he says; and then his vice
Gev a little *hem!* like puttin' a splice
On his kind ould throat—"a little," he says,
"A little tossicated—yes—
A little, I think; a little queer;
And usin' language, I think they were,
Language—aye—"
"They were fightin'," says Nessy,
"When I left them—aw, messy![1] messy!"
She says, "they've lost one another, that's it,
Lost they have, and 'll hommer and hit
And grab in the dark there, and navar get hould,
And 'll take and get their death of could—
Oh dear! oh dear!" and began a sabbin'.
"I suppose this homm'rin' and hittin' and grabbin'
Is about a young woman called Nessy Brew,"
Says the Pazon. "Oh! they'd come for you,"
Says Nessy, "they'd come for you they wud";
And "Aw, the muck! and aw, the blood!
Yes, sir, aw yes, sir! aw, poor Jack—
And Harry too—" And—"Let's turn back!"

"And why did you lave them?" says the vicar;
And—"The two of them," she says, "in liquor;
And I thought, sir, I thought, when they hadn' me,
It's peacefuller they'd be sure to be,
And helpin' each other, and takin' rest,[2]
And forgettin' me."—"Aw, indeed," he says,
"Forgettin' you then—aw, the poor chile!"
And he smiled, and bless ye! you'll feel a smile
In the dark—"forgettin', and lost the bearin's—
Poor thing! and have you got your fairin's
In your handkecher? And—"Yes."—"All right!"
Says the Pazon, "you'll not see these young men to-night

[1] Mercy. [2] Pacified.

Again," he says; so—"Come up, Smiler!"
And away, and tryin' to reconcile her.

But scoulded a little too, and *How*
Did the father ever go and allow
The like of her, that hadn' no call,
To be goin' to Hollantide fair at all?
But goin' by herself? "I went with my aunt,"
Says Nessy. "She's a woman that's scant
Of prudence," says the Pazon, says he—
"Billy's widow—and where is she?"
"I think she's tuk at these poleeses,"
Says Nessy. "There's aunts that's worse till their nieces,"
The Pazon said; *and indeed he'd spake*
To her father, he said. *Aw, the sake! the sake!*
And beseechin' he wouldn'. "I owe it," he says,
"To your father," *the good-naturedest,*
The simplest man that ever he knew—
"Poor Brew!" he says, "poor Jemmy Brew!"

And then he spoke though, ter'ble nice—
Aw, the beautiful advice!
Delicake though, delicake—
Aw, that was the Pazon, bide or break.
But when they came to the steep hill
At the Cloven Stones, "Sit still, sit still!"
Says the Pazon, and down on his tippitoes,
And a hould of Smiler by the nose,
And leadin', and thinkin', *and how he must warn her,*
And "serious very!" turns Kelly's corner
At the bottom yandhar, and a stip and a step,
And a heave and a plump, and where was this rep?[1]

Maybe a mile aback on the road
By gough! and him that navar knowed—
Tuk her opportunity,
Slipt out, and away, of coorse to see
Could she find these chaps, aw, I'll be bail—
"The little monkey!" says Pazon Gale.
Aw, bless ye! I've heard him tellin'
Another Pazon, ould Pazon Gellin,

[1] Rip.

That was on St. Mark's, I did, I did,
Yes, and shakin' his dear old head:
"And I'm not in the habit of the lek,
Mr. Gellin," he says, "and you'd hardly expeck,
But tuk like that, and the way she'd fled,
I called her a little monkey!" he said.

Little she wasn', no! doodoss![1]
But aw, the funny the Pazon was!
Good though, good; aw, bless your heart!
That's the timber'll navar start.
'Bout ship, sir! aye immadient,
And then this poor ould reverend gent,
Backards and forrards the best of the night
Drivin' there, a most shockin' sight,
If he could ha' been seen; but made up his mind
At last to go on to Ballaquine,
Brew's farm that was lyin' east,
Far beyond the Pazon's place,
And *he'd tell the father and see would he go*
To look for his daughter himself . . . and so

Off with him straight, and hardly awake—
Aw, bless ye! the day was begun to break,
And—Mrs. Gale—aw well of coorse,
And nathural, and shuttin' the doors
Every night at nine o'clock;
And let a man be as studdy as a rock,
And a Pazon too, but still, dear me!
Lookin' ter'ble like on the spree—
Backard and forrard, and niddin' and noddin',
Just like ould Jemmy Ballavoddin—
And the Misthress——

Well, I'll say no more,
But up with him there and slams at the door
With the end of his whip, and *hurroose! hurroo!*
Jemmy! James! Mr. Brew! Mr. Brew!
And Jemmy to put his head out of the windy,
And—*Bless his sowl! and what was the shindy?*

[1] By Jove (or some such expletive).

And—"Is Nessy at home?" says the Pazon then:
Nessy at home! "Why—— Nessy ven![1]
Nessy! goodness grayshers! Pazon—
Nessy at home! a queer thing to be as'in';
D'ye think she's out agate o' the priddhars[2]
As arly as this?" So the Pazon considhars
A bit, and—"Call her then," he said,
"Call her."—"Nessy, ger up urrov[3] bed,
And spake to the Pazon—funny work!"
And shuts the windhar with a jerk.

And then another windhar went down,
And out come a bunch of curls as brown
As a nut, and a face as fresh as a rose,
And just the smallest taste of clothes,
And the sun all dabbin' her like fire,
And looks at the Pazon as modest—"Retire,
Retire," says the Pazon; "that 'll do, that 'll do,
And not another word to Brew
Nor the daughter neither; but turns the hoss,
And home with him. It wasn' cross
He was lookin', no! but sad though, sad,
Lek sorrowful, lek a way he had.

Aye, but Brew was puzzled greatly,
Bless ye! he was beat complately—
The Pazon wand'rin' about in the dark
Of a Hollantide night—a 'stonishin' lark,
Wantin' Nessy before she was up!
Dear me! Could he have had a sup,
Or what? but no! unpozzible—
The Pazon—aye there's some of them will,
No doubt! no doubt! but drinkin'! him!
Aw, bless your granny! sink or swim,
That was the Pazon—
"What cud it ha' been,
Nessy?" he says, "I navar seen
The lek," he says: "was it walkin' he was
In his sleep, or drivin', at laste, and the hoss
Tuk for the Ballaquine on a chance?"
But no! God bless him! there wasn' no sense

[1] Dear. [2] Potatoes. [3] Out of.

In that; and the late or the arly—which?
And beat all conscience and as dark as pitch
The most of the time—and

"Nessy gel,
What could he be wantin'? Was he lookin' unwell?
But my goodness grayshers! just to ax
Were you up, and then to be makin' tracks
Lek immadient there—d'ye see!
And no satisfaction for nobody.
And Smiler—aye—nearly druv off his legs—
What could it be, Nessy?"

"Maybe eggs,"
Says Nessy—"Yes, he's thinkin' a dale
Of our fresh eggs is Pazon Gale—
Tould me so.'—"Aw dear, that's rum,"
Says Brew, "and why didn' ye give him some?"
"Because he didn' ax," says she—
"Ax? is it ax?" and "Fiddledee!
Eggs! woman, eggs! it couldn' ha' been—
Bless my sowl! the man 'd be keen
For his eggs that 'd come that arly—eh?
Nessy, Nessy."—"Well, anyway,"
Says Nessy, "the Pazon's allis talkin'
About our eggs; 'They're nice though shockin','
He was sayin', 'just like wax.'"
"My goodness grayshers! why didn' he ax?"
Says the father. "Maybe he forgot,"
Says Nessy. Then Brew got middlin' hot,
And "You're just talkin' nonsense," he says, "be quite,
Not another word!"

Then he laughed outright
When he thought of the Pazon and the way he cut,
And then he gev a little *chut!*[1]
And "I have it!" he says, "it's Copper, guy heng![2]
Copper! that's the very theng!"
Copper—a mailie[3] cow that was arrim,[4]
Three cows, I think, not much of a farrim,[5]
More like a croft, or the like of that—
"Copper—that's what he was at:

[1] Tut (interjection). [2] A harmless kind of oath.
[3] Without horns. [4] At him, that he had. [5] Farm.

And knew I was wantin' to sell her—eh?
But couldn' go with her anyway
To the fair—that accounts for this scarum-scorum,[1]
Freckened some would be before him—
That's the arly—— dear me!
The anxious lek the man must be—
It'll come in the price, aw 'deed it will—
He's hot upon her—she's very lill,[2]
But good uncommon—twelve I'll take for her,
Twelve pound ten."—"And why didn' he spake for her?
Surely he might have axed," says she.
"I suppose he forgot it."—"Fiddlededee!"
Says Nessy—"Like the eggs," says Brew,
And *he-he-he* and *hoo-hoo-hoo*—
They laughed and they laughed—"forgot!" "forgot!"
"Like the eggs," "like the cow," like the——go to pot!
"Forgot, no doubt, forgot!" and as merry
The two of them there—aw very, very.

That night I was up at the Ballaquine;
And there was Nessy, and Sally Behind—
The aunt, you know, a widow woman,
And a sister of Brew's, that was imp'rint uncommon,
And bad with the tongue; she was goin' a-callin'
Sally Behind, for the way she was fallin'
Abaft of her midships: Manx? yes, Manx,
For all her married name was Banks—
Brew's sister—and the talk that was there!
And the Pazon comin' home from the fair
And as drunk! aw, bless ye! as drunk as rosin[3]—
That was the aunt. "He wasn'! he wasn!"
Says Nessy, "no such a thing!"—"And how
Do you know?" says the aunt; aw then the row!
My gough! they went at it!
But Jemmy Brew
Was smilin' there, and "Hush then! shoo!"
He says; and "Here's a chap with brains—
What's your opinion, Thomas Baynes?"
"My opinion," says I, "it's aisy given—

[1] Eccentric conduct. [2] Little.
[3] Resin (probably an allusion to the convivial habits of fiddlers).

If ever there was an angel in heaven,
It's Pazon Gale. Did ye ever hear,"
Says I, "of angels the wuss for beer?
Gerr[1] out!" I says, "I know his trim,
If you don't, and I'll fight for him,
I'll die for him, I'll be cut in pieces,
And fifty aunts, nor fifty nieces——

"But—as'in' your pardon, Nessy," I says,
"You've tuk his part—all right!—success
To the handsome gel you allis were,
Aye, and gennal[2]—— but that woman there,"
I says, "I think she'd better be cookin'
Her own mate," I says, "and lookin'
To herself a bit both before and *behind* her—
And look slippy," I says, just a lill reminder,
A sort of a dig d'ye see? woahup!
Look out for squalls! My gough! She up
With a clout, and made a drive that vicious
She didn' strike me, but she knocked two dishes
And a pazil[3] of plates there off the dresser;
And the niece to shout *whatavar'd possess her*
To do such jeel with the crockery
Of other people—very free,
Very—and batthar remember the cost—
And it wasn' her house—

And no more it was;
For she lived in a thalthan[4] up the river
Belongin' to Brew that wouldn' have her
In the house with him at all—no, he wudn'!
Not even when the wife died, which died very sudden,
And Nessy only a child—no, no!
So I thought it was just about time to go—
But I stood for the Pazon—aw, cut and thrust!
Ye see, I was lovin' him scandalous—
Aye and everybody—and no thanks!
Only this craythur—this Mrs. Banks—
She didn' love him, and she didn' hate him,
And she knew she couldn' aggravate him

[1] Get. [2] Genial, kindly. [3] Parcel.
[4] Half-ruined cottage.

No more till a magpie, or a sparrer—
But just the dirty tongue that was arrer [1]—
A miser'ble thing, that deserved to be skelpit—
Only it's lek she couldn' help it.

Now what d'ye think this Nessy had done
That Hollantide night, the time she run
And left the Pazon? There was one of these parties
She never seen, for, behould ye! my hearties
Tuk diff'rin' roads, the one to the shore,
And the one to the mountain above Slieu-Core.
So Nessy happened on the track
Of the mountain beauty—and that was Jack—
Jack Pentreath—aw, Manx thallure [2]—
But his father was Cornish to be sure—
Neddy St. Ives they were callin' the father,
But Jack—aw, Jack—that was flighty rather—
Jack Pentreath—well, no, I'll not say
Flighty either; but ye see the way
It was—but hould on, you'll hear, you'll hear.
The other chap was Harry Creer—
From Dalby he came, and so he was gettin' [3]
"Harry from Dalby."
Well, Jack was sweatin'
Up the mountain, and a hullabaloo,
And a quiv'rin' and shoutin' what would he do,
And *where was this villyan?* and—"Aisy! aisy!"
Says Nessy to him, "you needn' go crazy—
Come," she says. "And will you go linkin'
With me?" says Jack. "Aw well, I'm thinkin'
I'd better," says Nessy; "it'll be more safer,"
And offs with him—aw, as tight as a wafer—
Poor Jack! but the plazed, and the tittle-tattle,
And studdied hisself. For they'd had a battle
Who'd she link with? and wouldn' take rest,
And round and round like compasses—
And her goin' duckin' under their arms—
Aw, bless ye! trust these lill [4] madarms!
(Lill she wasn')—and then they'd got gript

[1] At her, was hers. [2] Enough. [3] Getting the name of. [4] Little.

Like the very deuce, and Nessy slipt
To one side, and them two kissin' like mad,
Till they found by the whisker who they had—
And then—hurroose!
But as nice, you navar,
Now—aw, dear! and leadin' him clavar
Down a lane by the Ballacrie,
Just to dodge the Pazon—aye—
That's it, man—*Sithee!* (these cotton-balls [1]) *sithee!* [2]
And comin' out at Lewin's smithy,
And heard the gig, and "come!" and besaechin',
And dragged him in there to the praechin'
That was in the chapel—
Aw, a nice pair!
And the people gave a ter'ble stare—
But Jack was like a cherubim—
That happy—but had to be hoult in the hymn
At [3] Nessy—aye: and the Pazon druv
Past all right. And then to shove
This Jack to the door, that was smellin' of gin,
And makin' faces astonishin',
And the light in his eyes—aw, she stuck to the chap,
And whenever they heard the Pazon's trap,
They tuk for the hedge, or wherever they cud,
And got him home—intarmined [4] she wud—
Intarmined.
It'd be on the stroke of three
When they fetched his lodgin'—not a light to see,
Nor nothin', and all of them in bed;
But a-side of the house a little shed,
For tools and the lek, and not even a door in,
And just a push, and left him snoorin';
And home, and the father in bed since seven,
And thinkin' she wouldn' be after eleven,
But was for all; but navar knew—
Aw, an aisy ould chap was Jemmy Brew.

Well now, I'll tell you about Harry and Jack—
Aw, dacent fellows, that's a fact.

[1] As these factory hands from Lancashire say.
[2] Seest thou. [3] By. [4] Determined.

Jack was lill, and Harry was big,
And sometimes takin' a hearty swig,
I tell ye, but dacent fellows enough.
Harry was tall, but Jack was tough;
Jack was just like pin wire,
Jack was just like made of fire,
Lean and supple, hard as a rock,
A reg'lar little fightin' cock.
Harry's hair was just like tow,
Jack's was as black as the wing of a crow,
Jack was sallow and dark o' the skin,
Harry was red astonishin'—
Red though, red: so that was the pair,
Jack Pentreath and Harry Creer.

Now red or yellow, blue or black,
A passionater fellow till Jack
There couldn' ha' been—aw, desperate!
He'd have it out, he wouldn' wait—
He'd have it out whatever it was—
Have it out—no lip nor sauce
Would do for Jack, no chiffin' nor chaffin';
Navar bothered much with laughin'
Didn' Jack—a word and a blow—
Terrible in earnest though,
Perseverin', if you'll understand—
Jack was like two dogs in one,
The dog to hunt, and the dog to fight;
But still he wasn' takin' delight
In fightin'—no; nor wantin' to be
Cock-o'-the-mine—
Stay—let me see—
Did I tell you they were miners? no?
Miners, miners, just so—
Miners the two of them—Laxdale mines,
That's countin' ter'ble[1] for the finds,
And the big wheel yandhar. But, however,
Jack could work the fisses clever.
Harry wasn' no match for him,
For all the big of body and limb,

[1] Accounted excellent.

Harry'd fight of coorse, if he had to,
But I don't suppose he was very glad to.

But Jack, ye see, if he had a desire
To anything, he was nothin' but fire
And rage and fury—my gough, the sperrit!
And wouldn' give in afore he'd gerrit[1]—
Wouldn'! mortal uncomfible
To have daelin's with the lek, for they will,
And they will and they will, and it isn' no use;
Can't help it, it's lek, houldin' on like the deuce;
Like these bull-dogs, when once they're gript the teeth,
There's nothin' 'll slacken them, only death.

Uncomfible they are though, shockin',
And so is a bull-dog, takin' and lockin'
His jaw like a vice. And special[2] gels—
They can't be thinkin' of nothin' else
Night or day, the whole of the world
Is nothin' but her, and the head goes whirl,
And the heart like a burnin' fiery furnace—
That's the chaps that is in earnest,
And no matter the why and no matter the fur[3]
It's her and her and her and her—
Her they must have—they must, they must,
And all the rest is only dust
And dirt. And the same for everything—
An oar, a pick—but faymales! by jing!
Faymales! aw, bless ye! simply crazy—
That's it—nor they can't nor they won't take it aisy.

Now Harry was a hearty lad,
But ter'ble hard to make him mad
About the lek: he liked a gel—
Very well—very well—
Liked her—certainly; but if he got vexed,
Or bothered, you know, just on to the next—
That was Harry—much the same
Whatever happened—a sort of craem
These chaps has got for blood: it's cool

[1] Get it. [2] Especially. [3] For, wherefore.

And sweet and that, and, of a rule,
It's not aisy put out, but—liquor—well,
Of coorse, of coorse. I could hardly tell
Had Jack any blood in him, but when
The craythur was a fightin', and then
He had plenty of it and to spare,
But difficult to say the where
It was stowed at him. Harry's was in his face,
All over him was Harry's case.

Aye, but Jack—aw, none of your blubber
At Jack, not him—just Indian-rubber
All over, aw, a bird of the game,
None of your buttermilk, none of your craem,
Dry, man, dry—and the springy hipped,
The reg'lar whalebone! See him stripped!
That was the thing—aw, belly or back!
See him stripped, and there was Jack.
He was raelly awful, a sort of a shine
Like shells, like—— aw, it's no use try'n'—
Comin' off him—— lek a kind o' brassy—
Lek these yallar images, aye was he.
Lek the blood, ye see, was a sort of a venom,
Or varnish, or vitriol that was in him.
Quick though, quick—for Harry would swing
His arms like a windmill, but Jack would spring
Like a goose's merry-thought, and at ye he'd come
Like a dart, like a wasp, like a rocket by gum!

So there was two of Miss Nessy's beaux—
Miners, I tould ye—but goodness knows
The chaps that was after yandhar gel—
Respectable? respectable!
I should think so—*respectable* is it?
Eiras,[1] bless ye! would be payin' their visit
To the Ballaquine—yes, eiras, drapers
From Dhoolish, bless ye! with their capers,
Foremen, overseers, a cap'n,
Loadin' there on the beach, would drap in
Now and then—I've seen the lek.

[1] Heirs.

But, just azackly the way you'll expeck,
The young miners it was that was schamin'
To get this Nessy; just like claimin'
She belonged to them whoever'd be
The lucky chap—lek proppity,
Lek shares, lek—— swore together to watch
That none of these dandy divils'd snatch
The prize, the beauty of Ballaquine,
This *rose that had grew at the mouth of the mine.*

That was their talk. And a sort of a club,
Or a saycret 'ciety, and hub-and-nub,
And sentries just lek souldiers placin',
And takin' their turn of a Sunday facin'
The chapel, and up the road, and grips,
And officers, and passes—"Lips"
Was the word, I believe, and the counterword—
Well, I forget; but still I've heard—

But—Lips—that's Nessy—the mouth? just so—
Like a puffeck[1] rose in the full blow—
Eyes, of coorse, and nice they were—
Blue—yes, blue; but the most that was there,
I tell ye, couldn' see nothin' but just
The mouth. It wasn' a sort of a puss,[2]
Puckered and quilted and hemmed and hitched
And gored and eylotted and stitched—
Plenty of it—— reefs and reefs,
And more to come; and then the teefs[3]
All set round—aw, I'll be bail
Drew to scale, drew to scale—
The mouth she had—— aw, hit or miss,
For all the world like a big red kiss.

So these chaps was jealous you navar seen,
And had her for a sort of a queen;
But every miner to have his chance,
And whichever she'd chose, the rest at once
To give in, *resign her*, they said, resign her;
But only she must marry a miner.

[1] Perfect. [2] Purse. [3] Teeth.

Aw, many's the blade has been tuk and ducked
In the big dam yandhar, or clouted and mucked,
And all his fine clothes a soakin' like runnet,[1]
And navar the wiser who was it that done it;
Aye, and caught in the dark, and pounded
At these divils, and navar the one of them rounded
Upon the others—aw, true as wedges,
And huntin' these drapers over the hedges,
And sthoo'd[2] a chap by the name of Jones,
Every step to the Cloven Stones.

Was I in it? ho-ho-ho!
Sailors and miners—bless ye—no!
Wouldn' ha' had me, couldn' neither—
Differn' cattle altogether,
Rovin' divils sailors is,
Navar much in the one place:
Besides these miners is more of a clan,
Keepin' more on the one hand;
And I couldn' for sartin allis agree with them,
But aisy enough for th'[3] get on the spree with them—
Rather too aisy, for the matter of that;
But every hatter his own hat,
And every trade its own tricks,
And its own saycrets—nix is nix,
Wherever you'll be.

But, houldin' their own,
There they had me—— *the rose that had grown*
At the mouth of their mine—— and chaps to be comin'
Sniffin' and snuffin' like bumbees hummin'
Around their rose—— it isn' raison,
And it isn' sense—the same with grazin'
On the commons, the same with fishin'-ground,
The same with everything; and you're bound
To stick to it too. And a gel like Nessy—
Dear me! if it was Dick Quayle-vessy,[4]
He's yours for all; look after the lek—
"Cair![5] cair!" says Billy Injebrek.

[1] Rennet. [2] Chased (with opprobrious shouting).
[3] To. [4] A notorious idiot. [5] Property.

But a splendid gel like Nessy—chut!
It's nothin' but reg'lar poachin': "Cut!"
Says you to this draper from Dhoolish, "be off!
You Ramsey sneak." You'd be middlin' soft
If you didn'—to let them gather your rose
That handy from under your very nose!
"She's ours," you'd say, "and we mean to keep her."
If he stands to it, hit him a tap on the peeper—
They're not much these dandies—down with the fut!
"Cut!" says you, and by gough they'll cut.

So that's the way they 'd all combine
For the honour and glory of the mine.
Supposin' she didn' marry the one o' them
All right, all right! still every man o' them
Had had his chance, and equally
She wouldn' be marryin' nobody.

Friday is pay-day: one Saturday
I was in at Callow's as you may say,
Lek a little sociable or that;
And a hape of miners, and there they sat
Like a Quakers' meetin', no talkin', no laughin',
Not the smallest taste of chaffin',
Till all of them was in the room,
Bless my sowl! a sort of a gloom
Over the lot. It 'd be very near
A week or so after Hollantide feer,
And every chap, as he tuk his place
On the settle or that, you'd see the rest
Lift up their eye as sollum though,
Lek axin'; and him with a sort of a *no*,
And a shake of the head, and out with his clay,
And charges and sucks and draws away.

I was noticin'; and Jack, d'ye see,
Come in, and the shake accordantly;
And Harry last; and the whole of them lookin'
But Harry had a pipe arrim[1] smookin',
And navar no shake o' the head they 'd get,

[1] At him.

But just a little sort of a spit
At[1] Harry.
Now it appears they were signin'
Articles—I think there was nine in—
Rules, is it? I don't care—
Rules then—that they'd run it fair;
No chap to take advantage lek
Over the rest; and the smallest speck
Lek it would be of encouragement—
Lek a word, or a nod—then this here gent
To kermoonicate it to the lot
Under penalties to be shot,
For all I know, or hung as high
As Haman, if he tould a lie.

Honour bright! I seen the book
Years after, and even a look
Was down, and how much was countin' for it,
'Longside the name of the chap that gorrit[2]—
Somethin' like—— Jeremiah Wilde—
Looked at him in the chapel, and smiled—
Two marks; Dick Clucas passin' the farrim,[3]
And Nessy hove a priddha[4] arrim.[5]
One mark and a half—— Nathaniel Fathom—
Nessy held the hymn-book with him
Last Sunday, countin' seven marks—
Lek that ye know—aw dear, the larks!
Nonsense you're thinkin'? Aw, lek enough!
But I hardly think ye know the stuff
Them Laxdale chaps is made of, no—
Curious very, treminjis though.

Now it wasn' a meetin' they had at all,
Lek they're callin' it *special general*,
Of the 'ciety, but just drop in
Anybody, and yarns to spin
And talk to talk. So Harry Creer
Wasn' bound to tell them theer
Why he didn' shake the head,

[1] On the part of. [2] Got it. [3] Farm.
[4] Potato. [5] At him.

Lek meanin' nothin' done or said
At[1] Nessy to him that week, you know,
But Jack was feelin' dreadful low,
For Nessy had spoke to him sure enough,
But ter'ble savage, ter'ble rough,
And the dirty turn-out[2] and sent him flyin',
And he must never come near the Ballaquine—
"Ye nasty thing! you're not fit,
You're no better till a ideit!"

So Jack was mad, and "Come out!" he says—
And ter'ble winkin' at the rest—
"Come out!" he says, and as grim as grim;
So out they went, Harry and him.
Aw dear! when he had him out on the street
The row that was at them! I didn' see't
Nor nobody, but Harry was tellin'—
"What's this?" he says, "what's this, ye villain?"
And a grip of his throat, houldin' on like a ferret.
"That's not azactly the way to gerrit,"[3]
Says Harry, chokin'. "Let go! let go!"
He slackened a bit, but very slow—
Greedy lek—"It wasn' much,"
Says Harry, "bless your sowl! don't clutch
Like yandhar—only a handful of gravel
I hove in the window."—"The devil! the devil!"
Says Jack—"you hove—and—well then, well!
She come, she come—aw, it's aisy to tell,"
And begun a cryin'. "She come," says Harry,
"Yes, she come, but she didn' tarry;
'Harry Creer,' she says, 'the sot,'
And down with the window like a shot."
"Aw Harry, Harry!" and grips his hand,
"Harry, Harry, Harry man!"
And—"Harry, you're a friend of mine;
Keep away from the Ballaquine,
Aw do, la![4] do! aw yes! aw dear!
You're not lovin' her, Harry Creer!
Harry, Harry! just only the pride,

[1] By. [2] Repulse, snubbing. [3] Get it.
[4] Interjection of entreaty.

And lek not likin' to be put o' one side
When all the chaps is sportin' their figures—
Of coorse, of coorse; it's not the biggerst
That's lovin' the most, you know it's not,
Harry, you know! aw, promise to't!
Promise!" and Harry half willin' there—
A good-natured sowl. But—"Swear it! swear!
Swear, Harry!" and an oath like your arm
For the long, most despard, like some charm
At these wutches, awful! "Liver and lights"—
Lek cussin' all his odd jints—
Till Harry got freckened altogether;
But he didn' like to deny him either—
"With blood," says Jack, "with blood, with blood!"
And out with the knife.

But Harry stood
Again' the notion very stiff,
And—*No, and he didn't like.* "Your shift,"
Says Jack like lightnin', the quick he was—
But Harry gettin' rather cross—
"Will you change your shift with Tommy Mawby?"
"Well, what for?" says Harry from Dalby.
"What for?" says Harry—stupid rather.
"Because we'll be up and down together,
And then I'll know where you are," says Jack;
Aw, as straight as straight; no keepin' back,
No sneakin' hoky-poky ways
With yandhar fellow, if you plaze.

Semple, you're thinkin'? that may be,—
Love is just semplicity—
Real love, of coorse—chat![1]
Semplicity! why, bless ye! that
Is love, is, is, is, or oughter—
Is fire semple? is air? is water?
Semple? "Sincere," the Pazon was sayin'—
Sincerity—oh, isn' it plain?
One thought, one thought—aw, through and through,
One in her, and one in you—
Semple, single—isn' it clear?

[1] Tut.

Nothin' else but just sincere—
A great word with the Pazon—*foolishness?*
No, no, my lads! it's the best thing, the best,
It's the only thing, just the one bright flash
That quivers through this world of trash
And make-believe; it's swift, it's short,
It's gone—and we're all the better for't,
Aye, and the wiser—couldn' stay long,
Not like that—you need to be young
To work that horse-power, mind ye, my men!
Aw yes, you can love again,
But not like that—it's only the once—
Aw, give it a chance! give it a chance!
One wave flung in upon the shore,
That bursts and breaks for evermore.

So none of your humbug, backin' and fillin',
But just straight off—*Would Harry be willin'*
To work, you know, on the shift with him,
And then it would be the same trim[1]
For the two of them? "What! navar free
To go by myself?" says Henery,
"And try my luck! lek fastenin' us
Together like dogs"—and he gev a cuss—
"I won't," he says.
Aw, Jack made a run,
And caught him, and gript him, and cryin' like fun,
And beggin' him for God's sake,
And the tears! the tears! like urrov[2] a lake—
Aw, the slush of tears—"Harry, Harry!"
A nice chap for the gel to marry!
The tears then, is it the tears ye mane?
The tears—yes, yes, but comin' like rain—
There's everything in tears—of coorse!
Look at the pressure, look at the force!
Shallow water? go to pot!
There's shallow water, and there's water that's not.
Pumpin'! says you; there's some people can,
But the tears of a man that is a man
Is wantin' no pumpin', nor no tap, nor no cock,

[1] Conditions. [2] Out of.

I know I've got to the real rock
When I see the lek. You may grin like apes,
You may squeeze your face in a thousand shapes,
You may smooth it till it's like pin-jane,[1]
But the tears, the tears that comes like rain—
Then you have him—see! he's cryin'!
That's the chap! aw, there's no denyin'.

And childher—is it only pushin'
Their finger that makes the tears come rushin'
Till they're nothin' but tears, just a livin' spout?
It's because they're turnin' inside out
Easier till grown-up people, being pli'ble,
Aye—but us that's ouldher is li'ble
To get hard and stiff, or else all flabby,
Just a miser'ble sort of drabby,[2]
Lek feelin' nothin', or seemin' we didn',
Like an ould boot upon a midden.
God bless the childher! God bless their wayses!
They're spinnin' no cobwebs before their faces—
Not much like spiders isn' them—
Yandhar David too the same,
In the Bible you've got him, like it appears—
Aw, David was the boy for tears!

I don't hould no more till you
With allis cryin', boo-boo-boo!
Shlishin'-slushin', snittle-snottle;
But "Put my tears in thy bottle,"
Says David, "thy bottle," lek God, it's meant,
Had a bottle arrim,[3] lek fillin' with scent,
And like enough a goold stopper—
Aw, beautiful! but must be a whopper
To hould all the tears—a sort of decanter,
Lek silver-mounted—but I wouldn' vanture
To say it was really that, but just
To give you a notion, the way we must
With the lek, of coorse, bein' what ye may call—
Aye, man, aye—but aisy all!

[1] Curds-and-whey.
[2] Droppy.
[3] At him, in his possession.

So Harry couldn' stand this cry'n',
And promised there, but he wouldn' sign
In blood, no, no! "It's usual done,"
Says Jack, but didn' see the fun,
Didn' Harry, but just to be
On the same shift, and glad to get free
Of this chap and all his hollabaloo—
A day shift it was too,
Comin' off about five in the everin',
And washed, I tell ye, and as nate as a pin,
And no hurry at all, but the smile on the face,
And plenty of chaps about the place,
Souljerin'[1] there, but off on the sly
One after the other—"I think I'll try
Is the troutsis[2] bitin'," they'd say, or bitendin'[3]
To meet the coach, or *had to be mendin'*
Something at home; and 'd walk that slack,
And the hands in the pockets, and the swing of the back,
And the slink and the slouch. But, out of sight,
Up to the Ballaquine with them straight—
Hedges and ditches; but, when they'd get near,
They'd slack again—aw, never fear!
And standin' and starin' very hard
At some oats, or some clover, or a pig in the yard,
Or—anything; or lookin' lek wond'rin'
How they come theer at all, and blund'rin'
In on the back, and in on the front,
Or the barn, or the haggard;[4] and a surt of a grunt,
And a heave, and a start, lek "Bless my sowl!
Is this the Ballaquine?" And 'd rowl
Their eyes most ter'ble, and amazin' to meet
The lot of them theer upon the street.

And the nudgin' and shovin' there'd be in
For one of them to make a begin
And talk to the gel; and whichever spoke,
One of the chaps 'd gev a poke
To another, and then the lot 'd buss
Out a laughin', and Nessy would puss

[1] Loafing about. [2] Trouts. [3] Pretending.
[4] Stackyard.

Her mouth, and give a little shy
With her head; and another chap 'd try,
And then the roor, and "Woa, man, woa!"
And "He-he-he," and "Ho-ho-ho!"

Miners? Miners! sartinly not;
Miners—they're another lot;
Miners' sooreyin'[1]—aw, ye needn' doubt it!
They goes another way about it,
Does miners, aye, bein' chaps that way,
That's rather for turnin' night into day—
Down in the mines—the way you'd expeck—
Fond of the dark, and used of the lek,
Suckin' it just like liquorice-ball,
They can't take up with the daylight at all.

I've heard of people born in a mine,
Poor divils! aw, just as good as blind—
At laste they got no eyes to spake of,
Just a little bit of a strake of
Light, like a groove, like a seam, like a slit,
Livin' and dyin' in the pit—
That's England—that's these "lower urdhers"[2]—
A despard country, full of murders—
But coals, of coorse, most horrid dirty,
And iron very near as clarty.[3]

Aye; but in the Isle of Man
It's lead that's goin', you'll understand—
And a dale claner to work it is,
A dale claner—aw, 'deed yis!
Claner—but still they had to clane—
Sartinly—you know what I mane—
Titivatin'—"In the dark?" says you,
Lek you're thinkin' the differ wouldn' be knew?[4]
Nonsense! where's a fellow's pluck
To coort, if he's feelin' all of a muck,
And sticky and sweaty—no, la! no!
A nice clean shirt and a collar though—

[1] Courting. [2] Orders. [3] Filthy.
[4] The difference would not be known.

It's what you're feelin', not what you're lookin',
That's the style, or you'd better be hookin'.

And sure enough it's dark they hev[1] it
Often enough; but as right as a trevit,
And comfible that way in your clothes—
Aw, it's doin' a dale, and goodness knows
Why, but it does; and maybe two'n
The mornin' at ye, a big strong moon
'll swim out of a cloud, and you to stand there
Lookin' up, and her in the wandhar
Lookin' down—and you like her to see
Your face as bright as a thingummagee,
And your handkecher, and all to that,
Nate, man, nate, and a cock on your hat,
Like a surt of a buck; and look at her—
The clane she is, and the tickelar.

Bless ye! don't I know the lek?
And the little shiver, and wrappin' the neck,
And lookin' at the moon and sigh'n',
And whisp'rin'—aw, the Ballaquine
Wasn' the only place, d'ye hear—
Not it! not it! aw dear! aw dear!
Strainin' out through honeysuckles,
Or ivy, and her hair in buckles
Of coils and coils; and her body stretchin'
Lek far away, lek longin', lek retchin'
To heaven itself, lek tuk and caught
At[2] some angel—and even you forgot—
Yis, and then a sniff and a sniggle,
And just the smallest taste of a giggle
Lek—bless my sowl! you'd think it was sporras
In the thatch beginnin' their little good-morrows.

And then the coolin' of the mornin' air,
And things goin' a seein' everywhere,
And the crow of the cock, and the stir of the cows,
And the dead white light on the front of the house—
Aw, they do'n' like that! aw no they do'n'!

[1] Have. [2] By.

Aw, bless ye! it's just about time to be go'n'
Then; but still you'll not be off
Till she shuts the window; and often enough
It'll be broad day in the garden there,
And she'll see you, if you can't see her.
So mind you'll be smart—d'ye hear me, you sir?
Just take my word—it'll be well to do ser.[1]

Aye, and this Nessy had a way
That lots of them has, to take and stay
A bit behind a curtain or that—
Aw, bless your life! just a bit of a cat
In the whole of them—aw, I'll allow—
Lek seein' how are ye actin' now.
You think her eye isn' on you—take care!
They're rather dangerous, they are,
That way—aye—bein' it's mornin'—
And just, ye know, to see if you're yawnin',
Or the lek o' that; and 'scusable
If you are, you know; but they navar will,
No, not them—no use! no use of ye!
Bless ye! they'll navar take excuse of ye!
Navar! navar! and all the same
You don't want to be slopin'—it's just like a dhrame;
You're greedy of any chance she might come
Back to the window—the way with some—
Back, and back. And you're still as death,
And the honeysuckles seems full of her breath—
And—yes, it is! and—no, it isn'!
She's gone! she's gone! and the sun is risen.
There, there! I couldn' help it, my men—
Aisy then! aisy then!

Well that was Jack and Harry's style,
And lek enough the best of a mile
To the farm, but takin' differin' ways
Reggilar; and Jack 'd ha' 'crase[2]
Mostly of Harry, but couldn' hinder
But the two of them meetin' under the winder.
Jack fuss, and Harry to folla—

[1] So. [2] Would have the start.

And Harry more like a dooiney-molla [1]
For Jack, lek helpin' him to woo,
But takin' his turn at the winder too—
Aw, honour bright! but not much, ye see,
To say for himself, this Henery—
Not him—and puzzled, I doubt,
Puzzled enough to hould out
The time that Jack was givin' him—shy,
And *hum and hem*, and "Aye, woman? aye?"
That was the most she got out of Harry—
Aw, a dacent chap! aw, varry! varry!
But 'lowanced of brain—that's it! that's it!
'Lowanced enough, and navar fit
For the likes of her, that could dance all round him
With the tongue, and altogether confound him—
And—"Aye, woman? aye?" till at last she says—
"It's no use o' churnin' away like this,
And navar no butter." And—"Come! will ye talk
About Jack?" she says, and he wouldn' baulk
The young woman of coorse. "Very well," says he,
And on about Jack, and fiddledeedee—
And what did he think of Jack? was he right
In his mind, did he think? and rather a flight
Of a craythur—what? and no doubt takin' care—
The way she was spakin'—that Jack would hear—
And Jack nearly choked with the rage—good Lord,
But bitendin' not to hear a word.

And then she'd make her note that sweet
And soft and trimblin'—it was like the tweet
Of a young duck. . And—*Wasn' he nice*
This Jack?—aw dear! and couldn' he tice
The arm off a gel? And—*Wasn' he a love?*
And *wasn' he a darlin'?*—and a surt of a shove
With the words, like arrars [2] from the quivers,
Sendin' Jack in the fits of shivers.

And couldn' stand it, poor fellow, of coorse,
And rushin' on Harry, and as hoorse as hoorse,

[1] Man-praiser, the friend who backs, and speaks praisingly of the suitor.

[2] Arrows.

And whisp'rin', "Look here! the time is up."
Then says Nessy, "Suppose I want him to stop—
Time, indeed! whose time? bad 'cess!
You're thinkin' a dale of yourself," she says,
"It's for me, not for you, to tell him to go—
Time did ye say? But I'll have you to know."
And stoops—and—"Listen, Harry, will ye?
I've got something partikkilar to tell ye.
Jack musn' hear. Be off with ye, Jack,
To the apple-tree, and don't come back
Till I tell ye." The apple-tree—that was the place
They had to stand, in any case,
When their coortin' was off, just like it would be
Their watch on deck—aye—the apple tree——

> "Apple-tree, apple-tree,
> Cover me, cover me,
> Branches of the apple-tree!
> While night's shadows drift and flee,
> Fall on me, fall on me,
> Blossoms of the apple-tree—
> Pink-tipt snowflakes tenderly
> Gliding from the apple-tree!"

Aye, them's Tommy's, Tommy Big-eyes [1]—
Ter'ble for rimin'—all surts and sizes,
Tommy, bless ye!

But Brew, the father—
It's lek you're thinkin' it curious rather
He was navar hearin' them at these games.
Well, lizzen to me; that man was the same's
A pig for the sleepin' and the snorin'—
See-saw! Margery Daw!
Roarin', borin'—
No starts, no snarts arrim [2]—studdy he done it,
Studdy directly he begun it—
Say about half-past eight or that
Till maybe four in the mornin'—chat! [3]
Yandhar man! you could hear pretty farrish
The snore of him—fit to shake the parish.

[1] See *Tommy Big-Eyes*, p. 252.
[2] At him, on his part. [3] Chut, tut.

So of coorse. But lek enough you'll be sayin'
Boosely music to be playin'
Lek a surt of accomplamink
To the coortin'—and aisy so to think,
Aisy, natheral; but still
People that's coortin', ye seé, they will;
And somethin' to know the ould chap's safe—
I'd rather trust him snorin' than deaf,
'Deed I would. But you wouldn' sundher
From the gel you love for the roots of thundher.
But couldn' help laughin' sometimes—pirry us![1]
Special Harry, that wasn' that sirrious,[2]
Nor that deep like Jack: but often corrected
At this fellow—*Her father must be respected*
To his very snore, says Jack, as sollum
As avar ye seen a what-d'ye-call-um.

And had they it all to themselves that tune?
What was all the other chaps doin'?
Well, you'll obsarve, it wasn' none
But the miner lads that ever done
The reg'lar sooreyin' that's in,[3]
Lek what they're callin' sooreyin'—
Proper lek—you know the surt—
Them other chaps I was tellin', that dirt
Of shoemakers, and tailors, and jiners
And that, was freckened[4] of the miners,
Reg'lar freckened, and navar dar'd
Show a nose inside of the yard
After the milkin'—no—they dar'n'—
Aw, they're not to be trifled with, miners ar'n'—
You'd batthar belave it! one or two of them
Tried it a bit, but all the crew of them
Jined—these miners down at the Pub,
Members of the "Nessy Club"—
Yis, that's what they were callin' the 'ciety—
And they tuk such urdher,[5] and worked such variety

[1] Pity us, good gracious!
[2] Serious.
[3] Courting that *is* courting.
[4] Frightened.
[5] Order, made such arrangements.

Of ghoses and goblins, and big bogganes,[1]
Like divils growlin' in their dens,
And groanin' ter'ble behind the fences,
That they freckened these fellas urrov[2] their senses.

So that was all right; and Harry and Jack
Had no more trouble with the lek.
But every one their own troughs—
That was the coortin' of these boughs[3]—
Boughs, ye know—yis, that was the name—
Pushin' each other—a rum surt o' game
To plase a gel; and laughin' that rough—
A passil o' donkeys, sure enough!

But still these two had another plan—
Jack, of coorse, the head man,
And Harry was willin' either way;
But Jack persuaded him to lay
The thing before the cōmmĭtteē
Of the club, and—*Couldn' they all agree*
That Jack and Harry had the chance,
And let the others go to France,
Or Jericho? And statin' their case—
And "for-as-much," and "the year of grace"—
And signed and sealed, and *made declar'*[4]
That Nessy was favourin' them far
Above the other chaps; and so
What was the good for them to go
Any more? and the register at them[5]
To stop at once, and just to let them
Settle it theirselves, whichever
Nessy'd chice,[6] *and for him to have her*—
Aw, as true as I'm a sinner—
And fair play, and back the winner!
And tuk their davies,[7] *bein' as't,*[8]
And proposed and seconded, and passed
Umnanermous[9]—and "Do-to-wit,"[10]

[1] The "lubber fiend" of Milton.
[2] Out of.
[3] Poor (creatures).
[4] Declaration.
[5] Their register.
[6] Choose.
[7] Affidavits.
[8] Asked.
[9] Unanimously.
[10] Fragment of diplomatic phrase.

And "Amen," and "So be it"!
Very sollum—makin' motions—
Aw, these miners has their notions.

From that very day there wasn' a sowl
Interferin'; but Jack got foul
Of these tailor-lads and all the rout,
And he wouldn' have them comin' about.
And he went to Brew, and he axed him to act—
"It's puffeck[1] scandalous," says Jack,
"Puffeck scandalous."—"And you,
What are you after then?" says Brew—
"Aye, man, aye? if I may make so bould."
So Jack bucked up to him, and tould
All about it. And—"Bless my life!
And is she goin' to be your wife?
Yours?" says Brew, "engaged, it's lek?
Engaged is it? a purty speck!"[2]
"No," says Jack, "but goin' to be—
Coortin."—"Coortin'! fiddlededee!
Botheration! what d'ye say?
You're coortin' reg'lar? Coort away!
But these collaghs[3] that's comin' about the farm
Of an evenin'—bless my sowl! What harm?
Rather company, lek a surt of a cheerin'."

But Jack was ter'ble perseverin'—
"They're jokin' her," he says, "and provokin' her," he says,
"Till she ups and at them out and in,
And gives them the imperince of sin—
And isn' nathral in her—no!
And it's spilin' the gel; and it's boosely show![4]
And she isn' nice that way a bit,
And it isn' right, and it isn' fit;
And you've got the 'torrity,[5] Masthar Brew,
So give them it! aw do, aw do!"
"'Torrity," says Brew, "gallivantin'!
I'll 'torrity them, if it's that what you're wantin'.
'Torrity!" and as grim as grim—
So this was the way he 'torritied them.

[1] Perfectly. [2] A pretty speculation.
[3] Lads. [4] Very beastly, very bad. [5] Authority.

The very next evenin'—aw, navar fail!
He come upon the street with a flail—
"Clear out of this!" says he, and a slash
Lek every way—"clear out, ye trash!
Clear out!" he says, "ye Skilligalee!
These wayses isn' shuitin' me—
Clear out!" and he made another quiver,
And they cleared that yard pretty quick, however.
Aw yis, I tell ye—and Nessy that white
With the mad, and standin' on her right,
And—"Nice work!" and wouldn' speak
To the father or Jack the best of a week.

But coaxed, did Jack, aw, coaxed her though,
And Harry to help him, and the orchard like snow
That year up yandhar, like snow; you'd see't
The best of a mile—aw, a reg'lar sheet—
Most beautiful. And Lord love ye!
The nice it is to have yandhar above you
And all around you, as you may say—
Apple-blossom in the middle of May.

That's the coortin'! Aw, lave it alone!
The Queen of England upon her throne
Might envy you then. The trees like nets
All knotted over with white rosettes,
Like white ladies standin' theer—
In the spring—of coorse: in the fall of the year
I don't know; but still, for a chice—
But bless ye! an orchard is allis nice:
It's like heaven, I think, and the angels flittin'
From tree to tree, and you to be sittin'
With . . . well, well, well! the Lord can save,
The Lord, the Lord it was that gave,
Gave her, gave her, and tuk her the same,
And blessed be His holy name!
Aisy, lads! it's a finish night—
All right, all right!

So, as I was a sayin'—aye, aye, in the fall
Maybe not so nice; but still the smell

Of the apples—aw dear! they'll do ye! they'll do ye!
Aw, through and through ye! through and through ye!
It's a very lovin' smell is apples—
This stuff the Romans burns in their chapels
Is very sweet! but what is it comparin'
To apples, special goin' a bearin'
In an orchard—all a surt of 'spicion
Of rum things about, like some faery was fishin'
With a smell for a bait—invisible—
Aw, sartinly—but a smell, a smell.

And sure enough the sarpint knew't—
'Deed he did, the ugly brute—
There's no mistake it's that that done
Eve altogether—— I mean, begun,
For ate she did, and so did Adam,
But ate she needn'—this tasty madam,
No—but smellin' she couldn' help—
That's where he had her—this divil's whelp,
Had her for sure.
But what a place
That garden must have been! bad 'cess
To them that lost it for us—aye!
And let them boo, and let them cry,
Had to turn out that very minute—
A garden! Why, God was walkin' in it
In the cool of the day, the Bible's tellin'—
Dear me! the grand it must ha' been smellin'!
Talk of gardens! talk of loss!
But what a donkey that Adam was
Hidin' himself aback o' the bushes,
Him and Eve, like a pair of big thrushes,
And only—but bless me! the foolishness!
But loss[1] the place! loss the place!

The garden, aye! the garden of Eden—
But an orchard too—the way we're readin'
About yandhar fruit, and the ter'ble desi'ble[2]
For food and that, but scandlus li'ble
To die if you eat. But the Ballaquine

[1] Lost. [2] Desirable.

Had a orchard—aw dear! but—never mind!
There's no doubt but God Himself might ha' walked
In yandhar place, and heard what was talked.

Sooreyin'?[1] yes, sooreyin'!
I'll tell ye what it is, my men—
You don't understand—this gel was gud,
And so was Jack: there's love that's mud,
Not love—I know, I know, Bill Mat,
Ah! no need to tell me o' that!
But love that 'll take a gel, and liff her
To the heaven of heavens, that's the differ;
No black disgrace, but pure, man, pure
As the sthrames that gathers in old Ballure—
Why wouldn' God be with the lek?
Walkin', list'nin', I expeck,
Aye, and blessin'—fruits and flowers.
What are they all to the hearts that pours
All their joy and all their love
Into one another? God above!
An honest gel and an honest lad!
Can Thou see them, and not be glad?
Thou sees, Thou knows, Thou loves them—aye!
Every kiss and every sigh,
Every sigh and every kiss,
Even if it's not in Genesis.

Be happy then, my lovin' birds!
God bless true sweethearts! them's the words—
A holier thing, and no mistake in,[2]
He navar made in all His makin'—
True as steel—but don't forget,
God's walkin' in the garden yet!

Queer sooreyin'? you're thinkin', eh?
Well that depends, as one may say,
On who you are, and what you are—
Of coorse! of coorse! my man-o'-war!
There's sarpints in the garden too,
Aw, as common as *how-d'ye do!*

[1] Courting. [2] There is no mistake.

Yis! and howavar the happy you'll be,
It's well to remember Him that can see
Your very heart, and if it's clane,
He'll make you twice as happy again.

Ter'ble religious I got on the sudden?
Jemmy, ate your own pudden,
Do now, do! it 'd be a dale batter;
You don't know much about the matter,
Not much, I think. There was used to be once
A thing they was callin' innocence—
Now then, Jemmy! It's God that picks them,
These lovers, and He stands betwix' them;
Every look, and every breath
Is God's; they're faithful unto death,
Because God is faithful; not thinkin' of Him,
Lek enough, but Him of them
Sartin sure. No saint wasn' Jack,
Nor Nessy ither, lek you'll see in a track—
No! but only the nither 'd ha' seen
The other in trouble for the wealth of the Queen;
And if it had happened, I'll tell ye what—
Jack 'd ha' cut his throat like a shot,
And Nessy's too—bless ye! outragers!
Hot as fire! so that's the relajers![1]

Yes, and still this Nessy was tazin' him
Despard though, aw, nearly crazin' him—
And touch-me-not! and sniffs and snuffs,
And sulks and sulks, and huffs and huffs.
And was the Lord betwix' them then?
Aisy! with them? with them, my men?
With them? with them? . . . and what for wouldn' He?
With them! with them! and what for shouldn' He?
With them! with them!—sartinly!
And d—— it all! don't talk to me!
D'ye hear?

But lizzen now what will folla—
This Harry was chiced[2] for a dooiney-molla,
Chiced complate; and went with Jack

[1] The religious. [2] Chosen.

Every night—aw, he wouldn' be slack!
Givin' up all notion of Nessy,
Aw, aisy-goin' urrov messy![1]
And made up his mind it wasn' no use,
And dooiney-mollain' like the deuce.

Fuss-rate—ye see the chap
Wasn' worth the smallest scrap
At lovin', no! it was dooiney-mollain'
That he was good for, follain', follain',[2]
Buckin' up, lek what you'd call a—
Well, you know—— a dooiney-molla—
That's it—lek semperthisin'
Pirriful[3]—aw, quite surprisin'—
Yis—lek lovin' just to be theer,
Just to lizzen—this Harry Creer—
Aye, and, every kiss that was go'n',
Just to give a little moan
Urrov[4] him, very low and soft,
Or maybe a little bit of a cough
Or the lek; but keepin' as close as close,
That he wouldn' be missin' the smallest ghost
Of a sound or a sigh, and laenin' his chin
On Jack's shouldher, and lizzenin',
Lizzenin'—and his breath goin' pourin'
Agen[5] Jack's ear, and had to be cow'rin'
Rather—stoopin', ye know, for the big
He was compared to Jack; and 'd twig
Every little hitch that was clickin',
And Jack's heart that was goin' a tickin'
Like a clock. And Nessy up in the windher,
But none so high; and Jack to meandher
Some dodge to get nearer, to hould her hand
When she'd stretch it down, you'll understand.

And sometimes he'd get a-top of a tub,
Or anything that was handy, a scrub
Of a trammon[6] that was growin' there—
Aw, lave him alone! aw, navar fear!
Bless ye! he was soople was Jack;

[1] Out of mercy, extraordinarily. [2] Following.
[3] Pitifully, wonderfully. [4] Out of. [5] Against. [6] Elder-tree.

And sometimes gettin' on Harry's back,
And standin' on Harry's shouldher, and flingin'
His arms round Nessy's neck, and bringin'
Her face to his in the very middle
Of the honeysuckles—aw then the thriddle
Of thrimblin' that shivered the back of this Harry—
Semperthisin'—bless ye! very—
Semperthisin'—didn' I say?
Semperthisin' anyway.
"Get down!" says Nessy, "don't ye see
That Harry is tired?"—"Not me! not me!"
And just like a mason with his hod,
As stiff—and beggin' for the love of God
They'd go on; and gevvin'[1] a surt of a coo—
"Aw keep it up! aw do! aw do!"
And as strong as a bull, and wouldn' be beat.
But sweethearts can't be allis like that,
With a fellow to lizzen to all they're say'n'—
Bless your sowl! the thing is plain—
Can't: so sometimes Harry had orders
To stand a bit off aback o' some borders,
Or under the biggest apple-tree.
So there this dooiney-molla 'd be,
Very patient, but strainin', strainin'
To hear the coortin,' and lek enough rainin',
Or snowin', or blowin'—
Dear me! what's the odds? No knowin'
The happy Harry was, just to be catchin'
The smallest whisper; like a hen when she's hatchin',
Sittin' that quite;[2] but the little sweep
Is liz'nin' too for some sign of a cheep
At[3] one of the eggs—aw, 'deed she is.
And so this Harry; and if he heard a kiss,
Which of coorse he did, and raisonable,
He'd moan the softest he was able—
Like a flute he'd moan, like a flute! surprisin'!
Semperthisin', semperthisin'.

So—very well! very well!
Aye—but now I've got somethin' to tell,

[1] Giving. [2] Quietly. [3] On the part of.

That you'll maybe be wondhrin' the change, d'ye hear!
The change that come on Harry Creer
The aunt—the aunt; aye! that's the woman—
Misthriss Banks, and hemmin' and hummin',
And hintin'—— but wait a bit—— a wedda [1]
She was, and lived above the medda [2]
At the Ballaquine—a kind of a 'cess [3]
Up there, bein' rather a boosely [4] place;
And the house like these sheds where the herrin's is saltin'
At Derby Haven—a reg'lar thalthin! [5]
Herself and her son was livin' there,
But how she was livin'—— well, I'll swear
I don't know, and still I do.
Ye see, he was an aisy man, was Brew;
But he wouldn' have her in the house,
No he wouldn'; and the wuss [6] of his cows
He gave her—and just a bit of a crof'
T' other side of the gill that was wallin' off
From the farm, lek separate, more of a Lhergy [7]
Than anything else. And a chap called Curghey
Was jinin' next to her—*Curphey*—says Jem—
Curghey and Curphey's all the same—
Miser'ble land, hafe [8] rock, hafe feerins [9]
And the rest of it cushags,[10] and havin' its bearin's
Nor'-west of the Ballaquine. But she didn'
Live on her land, let alone her midden,
Nor the cow; for the cow was starvin' with her,
And the croft it navar got nothin' ither,
No care, nor 'tintion: not much for work
Wasn' Misthriss Banks. If she'd had the Perk [11]
Of Barrule—*Llewellyn's?* to be sure!
Owned at [12] William Fyne Moor—
She'd ha' been just the same. So how then, how
Was the woman livin'? Don't make a row!
I'll tell ye; the woman was livin' on a pension
From a sartin party we'd best not mention—
She done his work, and she earned his wages,

[1] Widow. [2] Meadow. [3] Recess, nook. [4] Beastly, rough.
[5] Half-ruined cottage. [6] Worst. [7] High waste-land.
[8] Half. [9] Ferns. [10] Ragwort.
[11] Park, large enclosure. [12] By.

Aw, that's the terms the ould chap engages——
He's got his grip o' them—touch for touch—
A wutch?[1] Of coorse she was a wutch,
And a black wutch, the wuss that's goin'—
The white is—— well, I'm hardly knowin'
Is the lek in:[2] but these ould things
That's sellin' charms to sailors, rings,
Papers, ye know—why, bless my sowl!
Here's one at me[3]—it's middlin' oul',
Wore I don't know the teens of years
On my heart here, look, la! Sally Tear's
The woman that sould it—in Castletown—
Queen Street—aye—and half-a-crown . . .
I 'spose the most of ye's got the lek
Somewhere hung around your neck.

But there's odds of charms; for some is just
A surt of a blessin'; but some is a cuss,
Most bitther, brewed in the very gall
Of spite and hate, and 'll creep and crawl
Over your body and over your sowl,
Aye, man! aye! at laste so I'm tould—
And through and through, and makin' you sick,
And makin' you mad—aw, they know the trick!
Cussin' your fingers and cussin' your toes,
Cussin' your mouth and cussin' your nose,
Every odd jint, and every limb,
And all your inside—that's the thrim—
Cussin' your horse and cussin' your cow,
Cussin' the boar and cussin' the sow—
Everything that's got a tail;
Aye, and your spade, and your cart, and your flail,
Plough and harras,[4] stock and crop,
Nets and lines—they'll navar stop—
Treminjis cussin'—*charms?* yis!
But writin'—no! but spit and hiss
And mutter and mumble—that's your surt!
Rags that's tore from the divil's ould shirt—
He'll claim his own. You'll be passin' by,

[1] Witch. [2] Do such exist. [3] In my possession.
[4] Harrows.

And not a word, but the evil eye—
There ye are! you're struck, they've done ye!
They've got ye—you're tuk! they've put it upon ye—
Aw, boosely shockin'! And harbs! they picks them
The right time of the moon, and they'll take and mix them—
I've seen this woman myself goin' pryin'
Under the hedges, and stoopin' and spyin';
And if she seen me, she'd give a gurn
Most horrid at me. Yis, and they'll burn,
And they'll fry and they'll stew, and makin' faces—
What is it they won't do?—Brutes o' bases!
I know their par and I know their mar—
Divils! divils! that's what they are!
And should be tuk and burnt the way
They used to be—by gough, I'll lay
You'd smell the brimstone—you would so—
But no justice now, nor nothin'—no!
Ter'ble changes—takin' and slammin' them
In the Lunertic Asylum—crammin' them
With the best o' good livin', and rates and taxes,
And a doctor, and anything they axes—
At the Sthrang[1] there—aye! and a mortal buildin',
And the money flyin', and carvin' and gildin',
And a fine sittervation, ter'ble airy——
And hip-hooraa for Robby Fairy![2]
"Down with the taxes!" says Robby, "bad luck with them!"
Taxes! aw, Robby 'll have no truck with them.

But the 'sylum wasn' thought of then;
And she wasn' threescore years and ten,
Wasn' Misthriss Banks, nor sixty ither,
But 'stonishin' the way they'll wither—
The lek—aw, a reg'lar flibberty gibberty
Surt of a woman, and liked her liberty,
Aye, and tuk it. And when she was drest
And titervated all in her best,
And her white stockin', and her lastin' slipper,
I tell ye she looked a reg'lar clipper,
Tasty uncommon at Hollantide fair

[1] The Isle of Man Lunatic Asylum at the Strang, near Douglas.
[2] Famed as a nondescript reformer.

Or the lek—aw, the tastiest woman there—
Painted, ye know—aw, lips and cheeks,
Like plaster just, lek goin' in streaks,
Like varnish mostly, like polish, like size ;
And I don't know what the divil she was doin' to her eyes—
Like a play-acthur. So with all this criss-crosserin' [1]
And dabbin' and grainin' [2] and pink-saucerin',[3]
You'd hardly thought, of the whole bilin',
You got the blackest wutch on the Islan'.

But still we hev it in Revelation
And about the *cup of abomination*—
And—*the blood of the saints*—— and goin' a dressin'
In a scarlet frock, like a foreign pessin—
A bad lot that—— and Jezebel,
Lookin' out at the windher—aw, a despard swell !
And *painted her face, and tired her head*—
"Fling her down !" this Jehu said—
"Fling her down !" and tuk and swung her—
One—two—"Fling !" aw, by gough they flung her.
Aw, Jehu was mortal boosely though—
You mind the heads there all in a row,
Seventy of them at the gate,
And kings' sons, and lekly as nate
As a pin, and the hair of them just like silk,
And comin' in in the mornin' with the milk—
Aw, Jehu—— well, I hav'n' a word
To say—but still—— ye see, the Lord—
So lave it alone ; but, of a rule,
Them ould kings was middlin' cru'l.

Misthriss Banks ! Misthriss Banks !
Aw, a big long woman, thin in the flanks,
That, when she was up to these divil's pranks,
It had ha' took Ould Harry himself to hould her—
High in the hips, and high in the shoulder—
Yes, and I was tellin' just now
The stunnin' she looked, and the when and the how,
And round the Cape, and past Bigode,

[1] Some vague idea of hatching (shading) seems meant.
[2] In painting. [3] A primitive dye, or cosmetic.

And cock her up! and clear the road!
And in on the fair—*The Hills?*[1] eh, what?
Sartinly! the ould spot.
And rings and rings, and silk and satin,
Aw, as grand as grand! and goin' a traitin'[2]
At[3] the lads, of coorse. But the evenin'
Was another pair of oars, my men.
Screwed? is it *screwed?* dead drunk, if ye plaze,
Like a bustin' tar-barrel all in a blaze
Of cussin' and blastin', and laughin' and cryin'
And singin'—aw, if you'd only ha' heard her!
And a splash and a mash, and kickin' and lyin'
In a surt of a midden of muck and murder!
Foamin', frothin', splitter-splutter,
Like fits, like possessed—aw, roult in the gutter;
Somethin' lek it's put in the Acts—
I don't azackly remember the facts,
But a woman that shouted, and lek enough whopt to 't
At[4] the scamps that kep' her; but Paul put a stop to 't.

Not much of a 'sample for Nessy, you'll say—
Well, hardly, hardly anyway.
So that's the raison Brew wouldn' hev her
In the house arrim theer,[5] and tuk and gev her
The thalthan—wouldn' hev her, no!
Wouldn'! wouldn'! wouldn' though!

Did I tell you about the chile she had?
Job he was callin'—a lump of a lad
Them times, but younger till his cousin.
Short was Job—of his body he wasn';
But short of wit—the innercent
Ye navar—that's the way I meant—
Soft, no doubt, aw soft; but grew
A splandid falla; soft, but true
As steel, and gud, and full of grace,
And a beautiful face! a beautiful face!
Aw, the gentle! aw, the sweet!
I tell ye what—you wouldn' meet

[1] The old Douglas fair-ground, on the estate known as "The Hills."
[2] Being treated.
[3] By.
[4] Whipped to it by.
[5] With him there.

The lek of Job on a long day's march—
No you wouldn'—and as straight as a larch—
Lovely made—and the big blue eye,
Aw, fit to make a body cry!
And grew—— but that was years and years
Afterwards—— avast these tears—
Look at me!—another night
I'll give you Job—— all right! all right!
Aw, a ter'ble story—— but he wears the robe—
Washed, ah washed! poor Job! poor Job!

But the nither Job nor the mother was gettin'
Admission to Brew's, except she'd be lettin'
In at [1] Nessy on the sly,
When Brew was in bed—aw, she wouldn' be shy
Wouldn' yandhar; but freckened enough
Of Brew that cud be despard rough,
For all the aisy; but freckened though,
Freckened himself—aw, I'd have ye to know!
Freckened thallure; [2] for he knew she could wither
The heart of him into ould shoe-leather,
Or any other divilment—
Witchin', wutchin', wherever she went,
Wutchin' sartin; but kep' it off
With this thalthan, and the cow, and the crof'—
He had her there, and middlin' safe,
He was thinkin'—aye, but didn' hafe [3]
Like the thing; and made up his mind
She shouldn' get in on the Ballaquine,
Her nor her child.

But the woman was fond
Uncommon of Nessy—or was it the bond,
And Nessy in it; unknownst, of coorse,
To herself? but anyway such a foorce
She done of charms there, early and late,
That she put the comedher [4] on Nessy complate,
Clane [5] comedher, harpooned, and haulin' it—
Fascernation the Pazon was callin' it—
Fascernation—and might have been—

[1] Let in by. [2] Enough. [3] Half.
[4] Spell of attraction. [5] Downright.

"Kayar![1] kayar!" says ould M'Queen,
"That'll bring her up"—and maybe it will:
Tremenjers though, aw terrible!
Kayar, for the strong it was houldin' the gel,
And spun from nothin' but the wind of hell—
That's the Kayar! and wasn' it a pity?
Poor thing! the sweet and the pretty,
And the lovin' too, and a d—— ould cat
To have her in her power like that!

So she tuk a notion of a surt of suppoortin'
Nessy, like a shuperintendin' the coortin',
Lek backin', lek watchin', lek a kind of encouragin';
And waitin' till dark, and goin' a furragin'
About the house; and creep and creep—
And aisy to tell if Brew was asleep
With the snorin', bless ye! And—"Come in! come in!"
And whisperin' and whisperin';
And a bit of supper: and then Nessy 'd say
"Time for bed"—and—"Let me stay!
Aw, let me! let me!" *And only right—*
And her aunt and all—and "Good-night! good-night!"
At[2] Nessy. Aw, then she'd dart in her ear
Most despard cusses—navar fear!
And tellin' the charms she had on Jack—
She could turn ev'ry bit of his body black—
She could make him hate her—poor Nessy Brew!
Nothin' she couldn' and wouldn' do!

And the gel, you know, as freckened as freckened,
Because of coorse she navar reckoned
But Misthriss Banks could do the jeel[3]
She was braggin' she could, and she'd take and kneel
On her bended knees, and she'd cuss—the baste!
Cuss the very skin off your face—
But low, very low, that Brew wouldn' wake—
A surt of a spittin' like this new kind of brake
They've got on the railways—*air brake*, is it?
The dirty thing, goin' fizzit! fizzit!
And spittin' there. So up to the room!

[1] Strong rope. [2] Said by. [3] Damage.

She should ha' been cocked on a lump of a broom
Sky-high—the ould Turk!
And then the comedher 'd begin to work;
And she'd coax, and she'd clapse, and she'd play the deuce,
Till the poor thing was gettin' all a confuse,[1]
Lek foolish lek; and she'd kiss and she'd cuddle,
Till Nessy's head 'd be all in a muddle—
Swimmin lek, lek heavy—aye!
And when Jack 'd appear, poor Nessy 'd sigh,
And come to the window. But the wutch 'd be lookin'
Over her shouldher—and crouchin' and crookin'—
All eyes and ears—but the hitch on the tongue,
Lek the ould moon keekin' behind the young,
You know—and the little thing middlin' shy
To step out there in the big broad sky
Before all the stars—like a panerrammer,
Mostly. But the ould one—damn her!
She's up to no good that ever I knew,
At least for the likes of me and you.

But—wutches in front, dooiney-mollas aback—
What surt of coortin' was that for Jack?
No coortin' at all. And bore it wanst,
And bore it twicet; and then he danced
With ragin' fury—*Such dirt goin' muckin'*
About the gel, he said, *and suckin'*,
Yes, he said, *suckin' her blood*,
Like a spider a fly, or makin' crud[2]
Of it altogether; and where would it stop?
Drainin' her heart to the last drop—
Quite aisy to see—the gel gettin' white
Most pitiful—a reg'lar blight
On the gel, he said. He could *feel her drawin'*
Back and back, lek some divil was clawin'
And pullin' her theer, and furder and furder,
Lek innards someway, lek some hole of murder
They were haulin' her into: yis, and lavin'
Just a shape, lek a surt of a graven
Image of Nessy at the windher,
And herself goin' burnin' into tindher,

[1] In a state of confusion. [2] Curd.

In some place at[1] *these divils—aye tuk and hove her*
In a pit, and roullin' her over and over
On coals of fire—and hotter and hotter—
Yis, yis, yis—and where had they got her?
That wasn' Nessy—and he'd hev his revenge
And he'd stop this work, and this wutch should senge
In the deepest of hell herself. And he spoke
Middlin' plain; and *it wasn' no joke*
For him, he said, *nor for Nessy*, he said:
And—"Go home with ye! go! go home to bed!
Who's wantin' ye here—with your skinny throat?
You're a big black wutch, and I'd have ye to know 't."

So the Banks to go and Jack to stay.
But the coortin' was bruk at them anyway,
That night at least; for the aunt was gone
Like whisked through the keyhole; but Nessy was done,
Done complate, and trimblin' theer
Most awful. And—"Darlin'!" and "Navar fear!"
At[2] Jack; but no use, and tuk and crept
Back in her bed, but never slept,
And worked at[1] this wutch like the say is workin'
With a tidesway, and all her body jerkin'
And tossin' like a fever; and *oh!*
What would she do? And *she'd go, she'd go*
First thing in the mornin', she muss! she muss!
And coax her that she wouldn' cuss
This Jack. But still the gel was fearin'
The cuss 'd be done afore daylight appearin'—
Burnin' somethin', or raisin' the divil,
Or God knows what. And *why wasn' he civil?*
Civil, just civil! Aw Jack then! Jack then!
The pity! And—*Would she call him back then?*
Back! back! back! And jumps to the windher—
But Jack was gone. "He'll be burned to a cindher,"
Says Nessy—poor sowl! You see, she knew
The despard things these wutches can do
On all your body—aw, horrid they can!
Horrid, I tell ye. But that was the plan,
For Jack was for bustin' in the door,

[1] By. [2] Said by.

No matter whether Brew to snore
Or not to snore. "Who knows if she's dyin'?"
And even to think of her theer a lyin'!
God bless him! And he made a run, but caught
At[1] Harry straight, that said he thought
They'd better make haste, you know, and give sheet[2]
After this wutch. And over the street,
And over the hedges and over the ditches,
And away for the Gill, but Harry got stitches
In his side or the lek, and puffin' and pantin',
And couldn' hould on, and began a slantin'
For the road, bein' middlin' freckened she'd come
In some shape or another, like a corpse, by gum!
Or a modda-doo,[3] goin' bawwawin',
Or a tarroo-ushtey,[4] or a muck-awin,[5]
Or—"Stop!" he says, "aw, stop then! stop!"
And—*Bless his sowl! he was like to drop;*
And a cow gave a cough—aw, Harry roared,
And Harry screeched, and Harry implored,
And Jack that bothered he had to give in;
And the two of them home with a safe skin
To Harry's lodgin', and slept together,
But beat, and feelin' foolish rather.

The day was hardly bruk when Nessy
Was up to the Gill, and beggin' for messy,[6]
And *for all the sakes!* and what she would give her;
And *couldn' they be as thick as ever?*
And *Jack was onpatient, but Jack was gud;*
And she'd give her anything! yes, she wud!
She'd give her her brooch and her beautiful pin,
And her clasp, and the rael gool sovereign
She got in her box, and a velvet belt
That was speckled with flowers, and the buckle gilt
Most lovely—aye! poor thing! poor thing!
And ribbons and scarfs! "Will you give me the ring
You've got on your finger then?" says the aunt—
Her mother's weddin'-ring she meant—
"Will you give me that?" Then Nessy shook

[1] By. [2] Chase. [3] Black dog (see *Peveril of the Peak*).
[4] Water-bull (fabulous). [5] River-pig (fabulous). [6] Mercy.

All over, and she gave a look
At the woman, and aw, the pitiful!
And then at the ring, and begun to pull,
And stopped, and pulled, and stopped again,
And the tears come pourin' down like rain;
And she snuggled her hand agin her breast,
And kissed and kissed and kissed and kissed—
The ring, of coorse, and looks up at the aunt,
And just a whisper—"I can't! I can't!——
I seen him take it . . . take it," she said,
"From her finger . . . —and the straight in the bed . . .
And the cowld, auntie, the cowld! the cowld! . . ."
And the poor gel shivered. .But the aunt to rowl
Her eyes like wheels, and her body stretched
To the full of her height, and tuk and retched
All over the child, till she fell right down,
Like stiff, like dead—aw, then I'll be bound
She had her up and in her lap,
And *hushee bowbabbied*,[1] and *on the tree-top*,[1]
In a minute—aye, and stooped lek to cover her,
And sthrooghin'[2] her theer, and breathin' over her
The wutches breath, and hummin' charms
In her ear; and all the strain of her arms,
And the warmth, and the squeeze, and the curl, and the ply
Of all her body, till Nessy to sigh,
And Nessy to move. And then . . . and then . . .
She'd got another plan, my men.

"Aw no!" she said, "well no then! no!
Aw, not the ring! but . . . lizzen though!
Lizzen . . . the key of the ould man's chist"
(Her father) . . . "five pound wouldn' be missed
Urrov[3] yandhar lot." . . . *Could she get the key?*
And . . . sometime he'd be out of the way . . .
What? Aw, Nessy gave a spring,
And "Take it! take it! take the ring!
For God's sake! take it! take it! take it!
Here! here! will that do? will that make it
All right?" she says; "you'll not wutch him—
Jack, you won't?"—"I'll never touch him,"

[1] Fragments of a cradle-song. [2] Stroking. [3] Out of.

Says Mrs. Banks; *and she'd come next night*
For the other things. So Nessy tuk flight
Like a partridge: and—"She driv[1] me! she driv me!"
And "Mother! mother! forgive me! forgive me!"
Poor Nessy! and all the way she was goin'
She was sighin' and sobbin' and makin' her moan—
"This is love!" she said, "and the nice it 'd be
If it wasn' for the misery!"

And I'll tell ye what, the gel had raison,
She had, aw yes! for it's just amazin'
The work that's with it. But still for all
Who'd be without it? to stand or to fall,
The sweet with the bitter! But the poor young things,
That's feelin' love like birds feels wings,
And ups like the lark, and love to crown them
With joy, and the sun all round and round them—
And then comes hail and frost and snow,
And the thunders rowl, and the winds they blow—
Aw dear, the poor birds! *It's better, you'd think,*
To have nothin' to do with it? Chink-chink-chink!
Chunk-chunk-chunk![2] Well, of coorse ye needn':
Bless ye! there's different sorts of feedin'—
Pigs isn' larks, not them; and still
Pigs is very comfible—
Jine the pigs! it's the easiest way,
Shove your snout in the trough, and suck away!

Now Nessy had ha' done much batthar
If she'd ha' come and tould the matthar
To me. For I was young, that's true,
But still I was gran' for advisin': there's few
Could ha' beat me, no! And of coorse I'd ha' gone
And tould the Pazon, and the thing had been done
At once—God bless ye! sartinly!
The Pazon! done? my goodness me!
But I suppose I *was* too young
For a gel like her to have took and brung
Her sorrow to—it was years and years,
After all her hopes and all her fears

[1] Drove. [2] Imitates the sound of coin.

Was settled lek, she was tellin' me,
Aw, no mistake, and as free as free—
Tellin'—bless ye! tellin' uncommon—
Aw, I knew the woman! I knew the woman!
Jack? well . . . Jack . . . go tellin' him?
Not her! not her! This despard limb
Was no good for advisin'—lovin', yes—
But that's another sort of guess—
Lovin'—and dooiney-mollain' too—
Well, you see, it 'd hardly do—
It's not what they're for, being wanted to praise
A chap to his sweetheart—let them keep their place
These dooiney-mollas, not 'visin'[1] *her*—
Lek I tould ye, eh? that's not what they're fur.
And as for Harry—Harry advisin'?
Bless ye! Harry was stupid supprisin'.
No, it was me—aw, never fear!
But still it couldn' be; so . . . theer!

And did she come down in the evenin'
For the rest of the things? Aye did she then,
And had them too, most sartinly,
And as good as money, and away on the spree
To Ramsey, and not a public-house
Goin' or comin' that this boosely throuss[2]
Didn' have her dhrop. So Crow,
That was drivin' the coach, he found her though
Next mornin' at King Orry's grave,[3]
Drunk as a fish, and tuk and gave
Her a tip with his whip, and waked her up—
Aw, fond of a sup! fond of a sup!

But she kept her word though—curious!
Not the smallest taste of a cuss
Done on Jack, by night or by day;
But she worked the job another way—
'Deed she did though, worked it gran'—
Bless ye! Harry was her man.
Sent for Harry to come and see her,
Which he went, but in ter'ble fear,

[1] Advising. [2] Slut. [3] Near Laxdale.

Aw, mortal uncommon! But—"Come in!" she says,
"And a cup of tay; and nice it is
To see a friend," and all to that [1]—
And Harry lookin' hard at the cat,
And all about, and wondherin'
Where was she keepin' the rum and the gin,
And her dirts and her divilments—*in crocks*,
Harry was thinkin', or—*was it a box?*
Or bladders was it? or under her clothes,
Or hid in the floor, or goodness knows!
Up the chimley lek enough,
And'd come to take him by the scruff,
All of a sudden, as black as ink—
The divil—aye—didn' know what to think.
But the place was swept, you know, and clane,
And the taypot singin', and pinjane [2]—
And the kettle you might have seen your face in't,
And everything as dacent as dacent—
Till Harry took heart, and eat like a melya,[3]
Made a very good tay, I tell ye.

And they talkéd of the croft, and they talked of the garden,
And they talked of her son, *that was only herdin'*
Yet, she said; *but she hoped he'd soon*
Have a job at the mines, and then he'd be do'n'—
At an engine, perhaps, but hard to tell,
And the cows was shuitin' him very well,
And away on the mountains mostly he was,
Herdin' for Clague's of the Ballacross,
And only home at odds of time,
Just that Clague would take and try'm—
And a child, you know, and couldn' expec',
And rather weak in his interlec'.
But not so bad. "But, Harry Creer,
How is it there's some not far from here
That's got pluck and wit, and all the rest,
And handsome chaps, and a match for the best,
And still they don't see it? Plenty of sanse
And everything . . . and don't see their chance,
Don't see it . . . but there's some that does,

[1] So forth. [2] Curds-and-whey. [3] Feast at Harvest-home.

Sees it plain does some of us."
And then she set upon him, and—*Who*
Was this Jack Pentreath? and Nessy Brew!
Bless her sowl then! was he blind?
Nessy at the Ballaquine!
Nessy . . . cravin' for him! Jack?
Nonsense! nonsense! just a pack
Of stuff and nonsense, a trick, a dodge
To get to be with Harry—fudge!
Make a fool of him? No, she wudn',
But worshippin' the ground he stood on.

Aw, she worked him well, till the chap was gapin'
With his mouth like an oyster, the way she was shapin'
The fool to her plan. "By gough!" says Harry,
"I'll try it this night, and aisy—very—
To try"—and *Sartinly! that's it!*
Buck up! buck up a bit!
And he'd soon see. And *that little black imp*
To be coortin' Nessy! a surt of a shrimp
Of a cockcroach coortin' Nessy! . No!
And—*he-he-he!* and *ho-ho-ho!*
"It's you, Harry, idikkilis!
And the handsome ye are! and give me a kiss——
There now, Harry! and spake to him, will ye!
Spake to him! spake to him, m'gilya!"[1]

Poor Harry! aw, kissed her fair and fit,
But wiped his mouth, and gave a spit
When he got outside, bein' freckened, poor chap!
What pison 'd come from the divil's trap
Of a mouth, that wasn' a bad mouth ither—
Not ugly, I mean, but well-looked rather.

So that night no wutch; but Nessy like chalk,
And Harry first goin' up the walk;
And—"Wait!" he says to Jack, "just wait!
You see, I've been thinkin' a dale of late,
And I don't know azackly, but still I'm wantin'
To have a understandin' or sonthin'[2]—
A understandin'—that's the tee,

[1] My lad. [2] Something.

A understandin' is it you, is it me.
I'm not for no more dooiney-mollerin',
I've had enough of humbuggin' and follerin';
And I've raison to think—for I've heard at[1] them
That knows—that Nessy is . . . well . . . ahem . . .
Gettin' rather fond—" "Of you?"
Says Jack; "all right! that'll do! that'll do!"
And darts to the windher, and just a word
To Nessy, that maybe hardly heard
What was it he said, the treih[2] she was,
Poor thing! and turns, and gives a toss
With his head. "Now then," he says, "now then!
I've said good-night: down glen! down glen!
This must be looked to." And the fiery he spoke
Poor Harry seen it wasn' no joke,
And had to go. And directly they come
Upon the road—aw, sword and drum!
At it! at it! tongue, not fisses—
Jack's tongue mostly; and "I insisses,"
Says Jack, "you'll 'splain the for and the how,
And what the deuce you're meanin'—now,
Now," he says, "go on!" But he didn'
Wait for Harry. "Turn up the midden!
Turn it up!" he says; but he turned
The midden up hisself. And he girned,
And he stamped, and he called him all the names
That ever was called. And—*Fire and flames!*
What was this? And—*Was he mad?*
Or what was he? Was it a divil he had?
Possessed? was that it? limb from limb!
Nessy gettin' fond of him!
And—*Aw, the fool!* and *aw, the ungrateful!*
And—*Aw, the donkey!* and *aw, the decateful!*
And—*Aw, the horrid!* and *aw, the hateful!*
"Me that was lettin' ye come spoortin'
Under the shadder of my coortin'!
Me that was lettin' ye see the white
She was in the moon! and standin' quite
Near, near! Didn' I let ye?
And feelin' her breath—and didn' I set ye

[1] From. [2] Sad.

To spake to her too? and what could ye spake?
And warn't ye hangin' on my neck,
And her face agin mine, and smellin', smellin'
Love's very flower, and hearin' me tellin'
The deepest saycrets of my heart?
And never to stir and never to start,
And never to make the smallest objection,
But *delighted*, ye said, *to see the affection,*
And the sweet soft coo there was in,[1] ye said,
It was music fit to wake the dead—
And never tired, and tit for tat,
And purrin' there like a big tom-cat
The satisfied! But now I see!
Is it you? or is it me?
Listen then, if you want to know!
It's me, you thund'rin' lump of dough!
You ideit!" and on like crazy.
But Harry could only get in an "Aisy!"
Now and then—"Aisy!" he'd say,
"Aisy for all!" lek a sort of a way
To be hum'rin' the chap. And hotter and hotter!
Till Harry must ha' been made of botter,
Or porridge or somethin', if he could have bore
The jaw any longer. And at last he swore
He wouldn' stand it, and took and gript
This Jack, that ducked, and dipt, and slipt,
And quivered, and danced; but couldn' hould him:
And Jack made a run for Harry, and bowled him
Over like a cock, and on to him,
And kep' him under, that was aisy done to him,
Bein' heavy, and Jack like a bull pup,
And pinned him, and wouldn' let him up
Till Harry would ax. And then they stood
The two of them out of breath: and the blood
From Harry's nose, lek after an action
Two ships. And "You'll give me satisfaction,"
Says Harry—"eh?" And—*the where and the when,*
And the how. "At the mouth of the Dragon's den,"
Says Jack; "let's see which 'll put the other
Down the ould pit, and finish this bother.

[1] *In* is pleonastic.

For you know d—— well whichever 'll lose
That bout," says Jack, "he'll have a long snooze
Down there, he will. Now then, d'ye see!
It's death! it's death 'twixt you and me!
Will you try the fall, my bloomin' boss?
Hands on it, Harry!" So it's hands it was.

The very next night no coortin' in [1]—
No, and Nessy wondherin'—
And no sooner they were off their shiff [2]
Than the two of them there to climb the cliff
Under the Dragon's den, that was high
Up the mountain, and not very nigh
To the new workin's—a lonely place,
And savage, if there ever was—
An ould shaft they'd worked out
Long ago, and nothin' about,
No timb'rin' nor the lek, just a hole,
And fifty fathom—no, not coal,
Lead, lead, like all these mines,
And worked accordin' to the finds.
And when they're findin' nothin' more,
They never don't do nothin' to her
To make her safe, no more till a quarry—
So that was the spot for Jack and Harry.

They were at it still when I come down
From the side of Snaefell, and I'll be bound—
Me? yes, me; from Sulby over,
Sulby Claddagh—Tommy Red-clover,
They were callin' the chap, and married that day,
And axed to the weddin', and couldn' stay,
And the sober amazin'. So on and on,
Souljerin' [3] lek, and thinkin' the fun
I was leavin' behind, till I come in my cruisin'
Where the Northside gels is puttin' their shoes on
When they're goin' to Laxey fair—
Till they get up yandhar, aw, bless ye! as bare
As an egg; but there—aw, I've seen them arrit [4]
Afore now, aw, I have! and some like a carrot

[1] Going on. [2] Shift (miner's term), time underground.
[3] Sauntering. [4] At it.

That red, and others like white stone
The smooth and the shiny—but—— lave it alone!

Comin', I tell ye, and the sun was set,
And the moon was rose, but hidin' yet
Aback o' Slieu Lhean, that was throwin' a shaddhar
Ter'ble black below me. The Laddhar
They're callin' that slope. And I had to steer
Middlin' careful, you know, to clear
The Dragon's den. So—no humbuggin'!
I thought I heard a despard tuggin',
No thrashin', no smashin', no click o' the clogs,
No trampin' like bulls, no raggin' like dogs,
But *ugh-ugh-ugh*, like the chaps is goin'
When they're workin' a blast-hole—it's lekly you're knowin'—
Ugh-ugh-ugh—— I didn' lek it,
I tell ye, at all—how could you expeck it?
How did I know that it wasn' bogganes,
That's after takin'[1] up these glens,
Or the ould chap himself with some of his friends
Agate of their shindies—aw, might have been,
Might! But I crep' a bit nearer, and seen
There was two of them arrit;[2] and the nearer I crep'—
Harry! Jack!
Aw, at them I lep',
At them! on them! "Divils! divils!
What's this? what's this?" But they turned like swivels,
And the bank was givin' way, and the muck
Rattlin' down, the way its shook
On a coffin at a funeral—
And the two of them twisted like a ball—
Couldn' get them out of grips,
Couldn'—and Jack to stagger, and slips,
And Harry swings him out right over
The mouth of the pit, and could hardly recover
Hisself; but held on—aw, didn' let go!
Wouldn' ha' done it—no, no, no!
Couldn', for the matter of that;
For Jack was stuck to him like a rat
To a terrier's nose. So I seen my chance,

[1] Making their haunt. [2] At it.

And I gript this Harry—"Now then, once—
Twice—three times!" I said, and these rips
Come in on the grass, but still in grips.
And I couldn' have done it, but Harry helped,
And glad enough. Aw, navar was whelped,
A good-natureder chap! But done they were,
Done complate, aw, done I'll swear—
Not the half of a breath in the two of them.
So the moon come up, and I took a view of them—
"Well you're a pair of beauties!" I says;
"Come! drop these grips! I tell ye you'd best!"
But they couldn', no! they could only lie
In each other's arms.
And Jack gave a sigh,
And so did Harry: but I got some water,
And I slished it on them. And Jack held tauter[1]
Till Harry; but at last they were sundhered,
And you'll aisy suppose it's me that wondhered
What divil's work they'd had in hand;
And, as soon as ever they could stand,
I made the two of them look down
The shaft; and they seen it lighted round
Very clear with the moon, that was shinin' brave
And full by now—"If you're wantin' a grave,
You'd batthar spake to the Clerk," I says,
"And get a comfortabler place
Than that," says I; "it's like a well
Dug down to the deepest depths of hell."
And it really looked most horrible,
The black and the deep! And Jack to shudder,
And turn away; and Harry's rudder
Not over studdy, but aised, it's lek,
Aised in his mind.
"And now be quick,
And on with your clothes!" For the chaps was bare
To the very buff—aw, 'deed they were!
And the moonlight shinin' on their skin—
These naked divils—astonishin'!
"On with your boots and your clothes!" Aw, the one of
them

[1] Tighter.

Wouldn' resist! aw, I took the command of them
Fuss-rate, I tell ye, uncommon though!
They were both that wake and 'zausted, ye know;
And had to give in.
But Jack was mad,
And wouldn' spake, like sulks he had—
Sullen, sulky. But Harry, so soon
As he got his wind in a bit, was in tune
For a talk, and talked, and tould me the row,
And he said they'd been at it from seven till now;
And what time would that be? And I looked at my watch—
The best of two hours!—"Why murder's a patch
To divils like you," I says. "I doubt
It was swingin' in and swingin' out
All the time," says Harry, "wheelin'
Like a windmill," says Harry, "toein'-and-heelin',
Despard!" he said. *And him to be houlin'*
Jack right over, and rowlin' and rowlin',
But wouldn' dhrop him—no! but try'n'
To haul him back from the mouth of the mine.
But he'd stick his feet agin the bank,
And stiffen his body like a plank
("I see ye," I says), *and clitch and clutch,*
And all along of a dirty wutch.

"A dirty wutch! what's that you say?"
(Jack spoke at last). "Round turn and belay!"
Says I to Harry: "hould on at that!
That's somethin' like business—I know the cat!
Now," I says, "let's hear it, my son!"
Which immadient Harry done.
Says he—"She tould me that Nessy Brew
Was lovin' me far more than you."

Jack danced, Jack danced—half joy, half rage,
Clasps Harry round the neck, I'll engage,
Like the hangman's hug, and cried and cried,
And kissed him, first on the one side,
And then on the other, as quick as a treadle—
And Harry's big face as round as a griddle,
And the wondhrin' there! "I see it! I see it!"

Says Jack, "of coorse!" And a scream like a pewhit;
And—— *the divil might give her a longish tether,*
But blow him! he'd be even with her.

Well, I got them down to the washin' floors
Very friendly; and then these cures
Begun a schaemin' what would they plan—
And—*Would they try the Ballawhane?*[1]
And axin' me. "Aw, that's no use
At all," I says: "it's the very deuce,"
I says, "this wutchin'—the horriderse[2] goin',
Black, yes, black." *But sure they were knowin'*
The Ballawhane was workin' the white?
"Aw, diff'rin', bless ye! diff'rin' quite!
Lek cows and that—and gives you some sperrit,
Or harbs in a bottle; and as soon as you'll gerrit[3]
In your fiss, the baste, that's very lekly
Miles away, is batthar toreckly.[4]
Aw, I've seen the ould chap, and the big book
And the wise he'll talk, and the sollum he'll look—
Aw, diff'rin', aw, that's understood—
Aw, doin' good, doin' good!
Aw, bless ye! the Ballawhane to wutch her!
Goodness grayshers! he couldn' touch her!
Wutchin' a wutch! aw, there's no sanse,
Sartinly not! Now, a little expanse,"
I says, "and you'll do her; yes, you will!
Do her as nice as pozzible—
Ned Kissack's gun—I know he'd lend her—
Now then," I says, "what's goin' to hender
But we'll make a silver bullet for her—
A silver bullet—there you've gorrer![5]
Melt some shillin's—that's the way!
'Spansive? yes, but bound to pay!
That's your surt! Now, let's go spy'n'
The hedges on the Ballaquine,
And along to the Gill; and see if a hare
Or the lek is often takin' there—
The wutch—as sure as eggs is eggs,

[1] A celebrated herb doctor. [2] Horridest. [3] Get it.
[4] Directly. [5] Got her.

Fire at her legs! fire at her legs!
And she'll disappear: but lo and behould!
Up to the Gill! and—*Makin' so bould,*
How are ye, Mrs. Banks, this mornin'?
Aw, limpin'! aw, I give you warnin'!
Limpin'! of coorse—or a surt of a hop—
Limpin', aye limpin' all over the shop.
A silver bullet—eh? Jack, my hearty!
That's the way to fix the party."

So we settled to try, and I down with my shillin',
Lek, contributin'—aw, puffeck willin'!
Contributin'—lek these meetin's they've got,
And *golly*[1] *this! and golly that!*—
Missionaries—and round with the hat—
'Cited rather—and who would blame?
And longin' to be at the game.

"But," says Harry, "wutchin', I'll allow;
But me or Jack?"—"It's Nessy now,
Nessy," I says; "aw that's the warp
She's agate of now; so you'd batthar look sharp."

So we got the shillin's, and we got the gun,
And we got a mould, and tuk and run
A bullet as big as a hymenanny,[2]
Fit to dhrop the divil's granny.
And started a hare the first thing;
And Jack let dhrive, and she made a spring,
And away in the goss. "Hit! hit!" says I,
"Hit in the thigh! hit in the thigh!"
And up to the Gill the way we planned;
And there was Mrs. Banks as grand
As grand. And—"What procures me the honour
Of this visit?" A reg'lar Primer Donner—
Aw, it's her that could. And "We want no talk,"
Says Jack, "but just let's see you walk."

Aw, she up and made a run at us,
And we cut like the mischief; and she gave a cuss;

[1] Some faint echo of an anecdotic, nigger-dialectic "deputation."
[2] A large shell.

And then she laughed like fit to split—
"She was never hit! she was never hit!"
Says Jack. "No! no!" says I, "I'll swear
There's no mistake you hit the hare.
But that ould caillagh dhu[1] what nex'!
Treminjis wutchin', xxx!"

And right I was; for there's wutches in
That actual don't care a pin
Not even for a silver bullet.
It's lek they've got an art to pull it
Aslant some way—aw, black as tar!
Black! black! black! so there you are!

And was the coortin' over and done?
No, but, the winter comin' on,
It had to be in the house, you see;
And the dooiney-molla for company
For ould Brew, that liked him well—
This Harry. And sometimes they'd take a spell
At the paper they got, the *Sun*, or the *Times*,
Or Mona's *Harral*[2]—latthars, rhymes,
Speeches—not much odds to them
What they had. And the ould chap's *hem!*
Ahem! dear me! and rubbin' and rubbin'
His specks; and the two of them goin' a clubbin'
Their heads together; but couldn' make much of it—
Ould Brew, it's lek, could make some surt of Dutch of it;
But Harry could only scratch his nut—
Didn' know B from a bull's foot.
And—"Can you see it, Harry?" and Harry pretendin',
And *hadn' azackly got his hand in,*
No—and another rub on his sleeve
At Brew, and eyein', and *what to believe?*
And—*was Harry humbuggin'?* and 'spicious rather;
And then he'd dhrop it altogether.

But Harry could look, and Harry could smook,
Aw, bless ye! company for a duke
Was Harry—fuss-rate! He'd a trick of spittin'
He larned of me, thought nothin' of hittin'

[1] Black witch. [2] *Herald.*

A fly on the wall, or a spark in the chimbley,
Any distance you like, the nimbly
You never saw. And the buzz and the bizz
And the 'twixt his teeth, and the fo'ce and the fizz
Like fireworks mostly; and his mouth like a flute,
All to make the puffeck skute [1]—
For a chap from Dalby that way—eh?
You'd hardly think now—what did ye say?
Learnt from me? But a splendid scholar,
Aw, bless ye! baetin' his masthar holler—
Yes, he did, aw, beat complately—
Beat; and amusin' the old man greatly.
"Hit the rose on the side of that mug!"
Or "Spit through the handle of yandhar jug
On the dresser there!" or "Make a ring
Round yandhar cup!" He'd do the thing,
Would Harry, five times out of six.
But Nessy didn' like such tricks;
And she'd say—"Now what are ye after there?
Behave, behave now, Henry Creer!"
And Harry to look a bit to one side,
And Brew to laugh till he fairly cried.
"What's the use o' talkin'! chat! [2]
Jack couldn' do that! Jack couldn' do that,"
The ould man would say, and "I hope he cudn',"
Nessy would say, "and I hope he wudn'.
And even if so be it's allowed of,
It's nothin' to be so very proud of;
No!" and *she wasn' takin' the huff!*
And *some people's manners was middlin' rough.*

I believe in my heart the poor gel was ailin'
All over some way, like a surt of a failin',
Yes, even her temper a little touched—
Wutched?—did ye say, of coorse she was wutched.
And wutched bad; why, a sweeter gel
Or a gennaler [3] never bruk the shell.
Nat'ral lovin', nat'ral wishin'
To be kind, aw, a beautiful dispogition.

[1] Squirt. [2] Tut. [3] More genial.

But now she was often quick and cross,
Sharp and short lek—no, not sauce,
Not that! not that! but lek she'd been goin'
Awakin' up sudden, and hardly knowin'
Where was she at all; and the white her face!
And when Jack was puttin' his arm round her waist,
She'd start like needles runnin' through her,
And away from him, and get to the door,
And look out, and come back, and her eyes to stare
Like seein' somethin' that wasn' there—
Despard uncomfible! aw, despard!
But special for Jack; for, if he whispered
In her ear—the way they will,
Lovers—or squeezed her hand a lill[1]
(And all in raison), she looked that scar'd
And that freckened, or else that stiff and that hard,
That Jack was nearly out of his mind.
And Brew would see, and pretend to be plyin'
His spells—*just some of their little tiffs*,
Thinks Brew, and drops the paper, and sniffs;
And "Good-night!" he'd say, and "'Deed I've read
Till I'm tired urrov-massy,"[2] and off to bed—
"They'll be makin' it up all right," thinks Brew,
"When they're left to theirselves." But wouldn' do.

For Harry would fall asleep, the baste,
And a big slop of a smile all over his face,
And snore like the roots of ragin' thundher;
And Nessy vexed, and 'deed no wondher;
That was used of the ould man's hollabaloo,
But didn' like Harry's. And "I'll go too,"
She'd say; and the loud this Harry roort[3]
It raelly wasn' fit to coort—
You know the ter'ble distressin' it is.
So Jack to get some surt of a kiss,
Very skim-milky, very cowld!
And wakes up Harry, and off, poor sowl!

But the wuss of this wutch was Nessy was fond of her,
For of coorse she was gettin' the upper hand of her

[1] Little. [2] Out of mercy = exceedingly. [3] Roared.

With the wutchin'. But that wasn' all, not a bit!
Fascernatin', is that it?
Aw, you may call it any name,
Comedher, 'tractin',[1] all the same.
You see, she was used of her from a chile.
And, by gough, the woman had a style
That was off the common, knowin' hapes
Of sin, I doubt; and been in scrapes
And scrapes, it's lek. But a surt of a flash with her,
And a cut, and a never-say-die, and a dash with her,
That was seemin' grand to a country gel
Like Nessy, aye. And the stories she'd tell,
Dear me! and the 'sperience she had,
And the riddles and witty things that she said.
And Nessy, ye see, that innocent,
She didn' twig the divilment—
Muck, man, muck, goin' mixed with spice.
But divilment, no matter the nice,
Like some of these flowers you'll feed your eyes on,
Feed your belly?—look out for pizon.

A bad stick! a bad stick!
But ter'ble bright; and 'd give a slick
Of a polish lek to all her stuff,
And knew who she had, and 'd hould her luff,[2]
Manœuverin' accordintly:
The woman was fuss-rate company—
That's the words—not mine; no! no!
Me? in a woman? High or low,
Young or ould—I beg to state it—
The lek of yandhar I hate it, I hate it!

Fast she was—aw, botheration!
She'd been in England in a sitchuation,
Lady's maid, or something o' the surt—
They're pickin' up a dale of dirt
And mischief is them, aw, I'll be bail!
And draggin' it behind their tail,
When they're comin' back to the Isle of Man—
Aw, bless ye! I know them, I know them: bad scran

[1] Attracting. [2] Knew how to steer.

To the lek, says I. They're callin' it *life:*
But a gel that's to make an honest wife
For an honest man, for a chap that's worth,
He'd better give them a wide berth.

But of coorse she was seemin' a ter'ble swell
To Nessy, pretendin' to feel with the gel,
Understandin' all that was at her[1]
In her very sowl; and chitter-chatter
About lovers and love. Aw, Nessy thought
It was beautiful! and the way she brought
Everything to the one stress,
Like floodin' her heart with happiness.
And the poethry! aw dear, the nice!
And could sing—aw, bless ye! a fine deep vice.
And whatever she said, or whatever she sung,
Had it at the tip of her tongue.

Now Nessy was a gel that had got
A good head on her shouldhers, whether or not.
She was puttin' very pretty talk urrov[2] her;
But thinkin' her aunt was nobbier far
Till her; lek much more spicier;
Lek up-to-the-rigs. And, you never can tell,
There's a bit of the divil in every gel—
Aw, there's no mistake they've gorrit,[3]
Yes, they have, and bless them for it!

But that drunken ould brute? Now aisy! aisy!
I know she wasn' azackly a daisy
Of the field, this ould skunk;
But still she wasn' always drunk.
And these flighty people'll have a go with them,
Bless my sowl! a kind of glow with them,
Like fine ould rum or somethin', is it?
Stirs you up, warms your gizzit[4]—
Potes[5] is like that, and fiddlers is,
Play-acthors, singers, circusis—
They'll put a pinch of somethin' tasty
In coortin' and everything—don't be hasty!

[1] All that she had. [2] Out of. [3] Got it. [4] Gizzard. [5] Poets.

Fond of liquor! I don't deny it—
Special when they haven' to buy it—
Poor sowls!

But how could Nessy be longin'
For the woman that—— There you go ding-dongin'!
Who talked of *longin'? But the cruel she traited her*
About the ring, you'd think she'd ha' hated her.
Well lerrit[1] be wutchin', if you choose,
And nothin' but wutchin'—I don't refuse.
But maybe there's curiouser wrinkles
Till wutching even, my pennywinkles!
But drop it! drop it!

Now Jack was a caution!
What d'ye think! he tuk a notion
He'd have the law of her! "Isn' there laws
Agin wutches?" says Jack, "I'll trim her claws;
I'll go and see Kinley aburrit[2] at once."
He might as well have gone to France.
Says Kinley—"Do you think I'm a d——d fool?"
Says Jack, "Well, no, sir, not of a rule—
But isn' it law for a wutch to be rowlin'
Down a brew[3] in a barrel, and bumpin' and bowlin'
Over the rocks, and nails that teases
And rags and cuts her all to pieces—
Pintin' innards? Lek they done at Slieu Whallion[4]
Afore now. Well, we've got an ould rapscallion
At Laxdale. . . ." But Kinley got despard impatien'—
"Well then, would it be suffayshin'[5]
To burn her?" says Jack. "Be off, you brute!"
Says Kinley, "you donkey! you thundh'rin' toot!"
"Is that your 'pinion? and what are ye chargin'?"
Says Jack. My gough! you may aisy imargin
Ould Kinley! and turns to the clerks, and he roors—
"Pack this bumpkin out of doors!"
And bundled out like a sack o' potatis—
Says Jack—"I've gor[6] a 'pinion gratis."

[1] Let it. [2] About it. [3] Hill.
[4] A mountain near Peel, in the Isle of Man; the legend referred to is well known. [5] Sufficient. [6] Got.

So it was woe Bethsaida! woe Chorazin!
"Jack," says I, "will you go to the Pazon?
You've had a shot at mostly everything posbil,
You've tried the law, let's try the gospel.
Let's go to church to-morrow," I said,
"And hear the Pazon goin' ahead.
And after he's done the sarvice we'll foller him
Into the house, and then we'll collar him."
So the three of us went—that's Jack and me,
And Harry! yes, Harry, unfortnitly—
I wasn' much used of church, I'll confess,
Not them times—aw, younger, yes—
In the Quire, and the Pazon theer—
Good Lord! how I loved him! aw dear, aw dear!
But knockin' about, and often at say,
Aw, a lill church 'll go a long way.

But still I was useder till Harry, that never
Went to any place whatever—
A reg'lar haythen surt of a chap,
Lek these Dalby fellows is very ap',[1]
Ap' enough—and hadn' no notion
How to behave, and a surt of a ocean
Of spit at this divil; the whole of the pew
Nearly swimmin'—aw, it's true! it's true!
And 'd mark some speck in the grain, or a knot
In the timber, and fire a splandid shot.
I know he could do it—of coorse he could—
Bless ye! that was understood.
And I warned him once, and I warned him twice—
I did, I did! and it isn' nice.
No it isn', in church, eh? what?
It's a dirty, savage thing is that.
The Clerk's wife had to clane it out
Agin the next Sunday—treminjus stout
That woman was—and then the churchwardens—
Kneale Ballagill, and Stole the Gardens—
Made a presantment—is that it?
That they couldn' pozzibly do with spit
In the church like yandhar; but just to annoy

[1] Apt (to be).

The Pazon, because he was takin' joy
Of the leks of me—I knew them, blow them!
And so did everybody know them.

But however we got him middlin' quite[1]
Sittin' there. I took a delight
To hear the Pazon readin' the sarvice;
Lek, you know, a lill bit narvous—
Aw, beautiful! For praechin'—— well——
I was likin' him terrible;
But others was sayin' he hadn' the power:
And of coorse he cudn' go on by the hour
Like these Locals and that, nor he cudn' shout
And rag, and fling his arms about
Like a windmill theer, and his body goin' drivin'
Half urrov[2] the pulpit—and how they're contrivin'
To keep their balance God only knows,
And sweatin' and stranglin' in their clothes
Most awful they are; and "Awake! awake!
Ye sinners!" and roors. But delicake—
That was the Pazon—not raw, but ripe,
And mallow, like berries, like a aisy pipe,
That draws like a baby the smooth it's goin'—
There's some that's bad to rattle and groan
Boosely—what? just wantin' clanin'—
Aye! But the Pazon that putty[3] strainin'
Like God was takin' him for a flute,
And playin' on him—*tootle-toot?*
Not Him! but lovely music, clear
And sweet. You'd think, if you could hear
An angel smilin', it 'd be rather
Like that—— what? "I'll go to my father,"
It's sayin' theer, "and sinned," d'ye see!
"Against Heaven," aye! "and before thee,
And no more worthy to be callin'
Thy son." And "Dearly beloved," and fallin'
Down on their knees. And "no health in us,"
And "lost sheep," and wuss and wuss.
And then the Pazon on his own hook,
And the sollum, and the lovely look

[1] Quiet. [2] Out of. [3] Pretty.

On his dear ould face—and the surt of a tenor,
And "desireth not the death of a sinner"—
Like just a mossel higher—aye!
Aw, fit to make a body cry—
Fit enough; and safter[1] and safter,
And "that the rest of our life hereafter——"
My gough! like drops upon a wound,
And all "through Jesus," you'll be bound.

The way he had! the way he had!
Say the words now, James, good lad!
Say them! try!—you can't? no, no!
Nor you, nor the one of us. We must turn to
And be like the Pazon, that's it, Jem—
Innocent and pure like him.

But O the hard! O night and day!
"O Lamb of God, that takest away
The sins of the world, have mercy upon us!"
(Kneel, men, kneel!) "have mercy upon us!"
"O Christ, hear us!
O Christ, hear us!
Lord, have mercy upon us!
Lord, have mercy upon us!
Christ, have mercy upon us!
Christ, have mercy upon us!
Lord, have mercy upon us
Lord, have mercy upon us!"
(Silence for a time.)
I'll go on. The service was over for sure,
And then we in on the back door,
And axed would the Pazon see us two,
Not Harry of coorse, that cudn' do
With the like o' yandhar, hadn' the wit in—
Bless ye! a good-sized field to spit in
Was Harry's notion, and, rocks or reels,
The Pazon's fields was beautiful fields.

But the Pazon was in his study theer,
Sittin' in the arm-cheer,
And the servant brought the two of us in,

[1] Softer.

And sniffed, and cut, but lizzenin'
Outside no doubt, aw, lizzened,
Aw, as sure as she was chrizzened—
Bless ye! how could she help it—eh?
Just natheral, as you may say—
Natheral. So—"Pazon," I says,
"Here's Jack Pentreath, that'll not take rest
About wutches," I says; and I up and tould
All the jeel;[1] and the Pazon to fould
His bands in a book, and as aisy as aisy,
And no hurry whatever; and Jack half crazy,
And "Go on then, Tom! go on! go on!"
And cudn' wait till I was done;
Like a thunderstorm! aw, fire and hail!
And "Yes, Pazon Gale!" and "No, Pazon Gale!"
And lovin' Nessy, and Nessy him,
And as happy as Jerusalem,
Till this dirt begun her divil's tricks,
And wutchin' the gel, "and puttin' betwix'
Hal Creer and me," he says, "that was allis
The best of friends"; *and the gallis, the gallis*
Was too good for the lek, and if they got
Their rights, it's lek they'd find it hot—
"Hot," he says, "rather hot, rather hot,"
Says Jack; *but however, and whether or not,*
They'd get it at last aback of the bars
Of hell, these divil's sassingers,
Fryin', yes! But could nothin' be done
Afore that to stop their carryin' on?
And—"Look here, Pazon, here's a go!
Think of Nessy—as pure as the snow,
And as sweet that shuggar cudn' be sweeter,
And this ould scoundhrel, this ould blue Peter
Of a rag of a vagabone to pizon
The loveliest craythur ye ever set eyes on!
Pizon! pizon! sartinly!
Body and sowl—machree![2] machree!
Pazon, Pazon! it shudn' be!
It shudn'! it shudn'!"—"What pizon then?"
Says the Pazon, "what pizon is it that's in,

[1] Damage, trouble. [2] My heart.

Jack?" he says. "You surely don't think
She's givin' Nessy stuff to drink,
Harbs or the lek?"—"No, no!" says Jack;
"My gough! she's on another tack
Altogether. What odds the drinkin'?[1]
Pizonin', pizonin' like winkin';
Sartinly!" *not givin', but doin',*
That was it—at the full moon—
Harbs—and what was to hinder her? d—— it!
(The Pazon looked funny.) *Did he think they'd ram it*
Down a gel's throat? My gough! what sense?
"Harbs! charms! did ye ever?—go to France!"
"Now Jack," I says, "you'll spake respectful
To the Pazon," I says. "Harbs! many a sackful
I've seen at her," says Jack; "but dose
And drug the gel!—But the Pazon knows
Of coorse—no frankincense nor myrrh
Wasn' that; and ask your pardon, sir—
Brewin', that's it! and these divil's birds,
And the evil eye, and sayin' the words,
And the strength, and the steam, and the black art—
And lawyers—bless ye! takin' their part—
Lawyers—much on the same hand.
But the Pazon's the man! the Pazon's the man!
Eh, Tom? Let the Pazon go to work!
That's the boy that'll draw their cork!"[2]
"Respectful," I says, "then, Jack, if ye plaise;
Respectful, respectful!" And the Pazon to raise
His eyes a bit; and—"Do you believe
In this nonsense?" he says; and lek to reeve
A surt of a laugh through his shouldhers lek.
And—"Thomas," he says, "aw well I'd expeck
Better of you."—"What for then, Pazon?"
Says I, "if you'll excuse me as'in'."

But Jack gave no time—"A Bible!" he says,
"A Bible! a Bible! chapter and vess!
Here you are! do you want to make fun of me?"
And the leaves goin' flyin', and "Deuteronomy,"

[1] What difference does the drinking make?
[2] Triumph over them.

And—*A wutch shall be put to death*—very well ;
And whips him over to Samuel—
"Wutches!" he says, "all right! all right!
And risin' the ould man in the dead of the night,
Ordered at[1] Saul, ordered at Saul—
Sartinly, and hadn' no call,
Not the laste."—"The witch of Endor,"
Says the Pazon ; and "Yes! and how he'd befriend her,
And *no punishment*, he says ; and look!
Look here!" says Jack, and shoves the book
Under the Pazon's very nose,
"Look here, man! look! and Samuel's ghose
Ascendin' urrov the earth—see, see!
Like gods."—"You're makin' very free,
Jack," I says ; "respactful now!
Respactful, will ye!"—"Stop your row!"
Says Jack. "*Lek gods*, it's sayin'—what?
Eh, Pazon? But Samuel gev it him hot,
Didn' he, Pazon? Hev ye forgot?
Lizzen, lizzen! vess[2] twenty-two ;
And she made him ate his supper too—
To be sure!
Twenty-three, twenty-four—
And she hasted and killed a fat calf—
See, see! and *unleavened bread thereof*—
There ye are! *went away that night*—
Fuss[3] of Samuel, twenty-eight.
Now then! now then! *No wutches*, eh?
No wutches, Pazon? Is that what you say?
In the Bible?" And *goodness grayshers!*
What was the gud o' Pazons and praechers,
If they were goin' and denyin' the very texes
In the Bible itself? And—"The laste ye expecks is
Give in to the Bible!" And the Pazon smilin'
Very paceful. "Well, don't be vi'len'!"[4]
Says the Pazon, "but let me 'splain the thing."
Aw, Jack to sulk, and Jack to fling—
And *what was these Pazons but all a sham?*
And didn' care a twopenny d—n!

[1] By. [2] Verse. [3] First. [4] Violent.

"Be quite!" I says, "be quite now, Jack!
Look here! we'll have no disrespack
To Pazon Gale! No cussin' here!
No cussin' before the Pazon, theer!"
'Deed I spoke savage; for, traycle or botter,[1]
Manners is manners—that's my motter.
But bless ye! the Pazon didn' take
The smallest notice; he'd hev gev[2] him a shake
Sure enough, if it hedn' ha' been
The ter'ble bothered and 'cited he seen
Poor Jack was—for ye musn' suppose
The Pazon 'd hide his head under the clothes
When cussin' was goin'—not him! What! cussin'
Before the Pazon? My gough! ye dussin'—
The chaps wudn' have it! It wasn' him,
But us, by G—d. It's limb from limb
We'd ha' tore the divil that dar'd to 'sult
Ould Pazon Gale. But Jack was pull't[3]
Very sore in his heart; and the Pazon was kind,
And so, ye see, he didn' mind—
No—
And then he 'splaint[4] and 'splaint,
Aw, uncommon! And—*The Testament,*
And the Ould and the New, and close akin,
But still for all the differin'—
And dispensin' and that. And all about ghoses,
And divils, and Samuel, and Moses;
And *the power of the evil one*, and them dirts
That was *possessin'* people, unclean spir'ts,
And *spir'ts of infirmity*—just so;
And that muck of divils that was *suffered to go*
Into the pigs, that was feedin' away—
Muck[5] to muck! lek a body might say—
And *drowned in the waters.* And Christ to send them
About their biznuss, and take and pin them
In the only place they gor a right to,
And sure enough that's hell. And they'll try to
Ger[6] out for a sthrowl, no doubt; but they can't—
And their power is gone; and no matter the haunt

[1] Treacle or butter. [2] Have given. [3] Pulled.
[4] Explained. [5] Pig (Manx). [6] Get out.

Or the used of[1] a place, or a pesson's body,
They're done complate. Some niddy-noddy
Of a poor craythur you'll be seein' still
On the counthry goin' ; but unpozzible
For these divils to touch them, bein' innocent—
Wutches ! no ! But others rent
With fire and fury, and they're callin',
Insane, and that, and shoutin' and bawlin'—
Aw, as mad as brute bases—
But just a disase like other disases.
But *wutches !* we've got nothin' to say with—
Wutches ! They're tuk and done away with
Altogether ; got the sack ;
And Christ that done it, and that's a fact !
And *Baalim and Ashtaroth*,
Heaven's queen and mother both—
Somethin' like that—but I'll take my oath—
A Roman ? the Pazon ! God bless your sowl !
Not him ; but, if I may make so boul',
Just houl' your jaw ! And—*The Libyc Ammon*,
The chap with the horns ; and ould *Mammon*,
That must ha' been a surt of a fool,
With his eyes on the floor for the fond of the gool'—
Hapes—but druv away like chaff
Afore the babe that was born in the laf'[2]—
At laste, the manger—and no use a' rebellin'—
That's the way the Pazon was tellin'.

The Bible ? No ; but a blind ould party
By the name o' Milton—blind, but hearty ;
Gor[3] an eye inside of him theer,
Somewhere or another, an eye that clear
It could split the bottom of darkness in two,
And hev[4] a view, aw, he'd hev a view,
Fuss-rate, would Milton ; aw, he wudn' fail !
But the Bible—— But the Pazon was thinkin' a dale
Of this Milton, and the grand he wrote—
A pote, ye know, of coorse, a pote.
But still, for all—— a pote, yis, yis !
But somethin' about it in Genesis.

[1] How much they are used to. [2] Loft. [3] Got. [4] Have.

Beautiful the Pazon purrit.[1]
But, bless ye! I might take and worret
My brains till next week, and I cudn' give it
The way the Pazon did—like a rivet,
The close and the sthrong—uncommon though!
And still, for all, was there wutches or no—
Aw, my gough! it's hard to be sayin'—
Aye—but seemin' ter'ble plain
When the Pazon was agate of the arguin' talk;
Nor me, nor even Jack didn' balk
The Pazon, nor never stirred nor winced,
But let him go on; but whether convinced—
It isn' me—my goodness, no!
But ter'ble quite and pleasant though.

And then the Pazon said he'd spake
To Nessy herself; and *he hoped she'd take Heart*, he said; "for, Jack," he says,
"If you're lovin' each other in truthfulness;
If your love is rael, if your love's *sincere*
(He was fond of the word), then never fear!
There's no power on earth, or anywhere else,
That'll harm ye, no!" And the ould eyes fills—
Aw, they did! aw, they did, and the hands was gript,
And Jack in the slush of tears, and slipt
On his knees—poor sowl! aw, feelin'! feelin'!
And the Pazon blessed him where he was kneelin'—
Sobbed, did Jack; and "You'll spake to her, yis!
You'll spake, you'll spake!" and sobbed, and ris,[2]
And out on the door, and off with us there,
And the two of us cryin' like fools we were—
"D——d fools," says Harry, when he met us—
But Harry was Harry, so that didn' fret us—
"D——d fools, is it? well grantit! grantit!
But lave us, Harry." So Harry slantit.

And the Pazon kep' his word, for he went
The very next day to see Nessy, and spent
The best of an hour with her there, and he tould her
All about wutches; and a mind to scould her

[1] Put it. [2] Rose.

For the fearful she was: but all he done
Was spoke to her, and made the run[1]
Much the same he did with us—
And Nessy cryin' fit to bus'—
And about the *power; they cudn' hev it,*
These wutches, no! And who was to gev it?—
Most of them wake in their intelleck;
But others wicked; and the faymale seck
In general, the Pazon said—
Aye, *wrong in the head, wrong in the head.*
But mischievous enough was a wutch—
Sartinly—and spacial for such
That believed in the lek. But believe them not,
And where's their power? it's gone like a shot.
"It's you that gives them the power," he says,
"By believin' in all this wickedness—
Power? It's you that's 'sponsible for it;
Don't give them the power, and they hevn' gorrit.[2]
Poor thing!" he says, "poor thing! poor thing!
Poor Nessy then!" And the hands to wring
At[3] Nessy—aye—"And your aunt," he said;
"Your aunt! aw dear! it's very bad—
Very bad, and very hard"—
But the door of messy wasn' barred
Agin the lek. And then he tuk
A little prayer, and Nessy shuk
All over; but got more pacefuller.
And then she said—"Will you spake to her,
Masthar Gale?" she says. Aw, his lip was goin',
But never a word, and never no knowin'
Azackly what was arrim[4]—his head
All stooped, you know. But at last he said—
"I will"—very low, like a surt of a pride,
That humble and that dignified.
And the hat and the stick; and Nessy freckened
To see him like yandhar. Now it's general reckoned
That Pazons is special—what, special? my gough!
A Pazon can spit, and a Pazon can cough.
What is it botherin' you and me

[1] Took the same line. [2] Got it. [3] On the part of.
[4] At him (what was the matter with him).

In our sowls? We know we've done wrong, d'ye see!
Give it a word now! chrizzen[1] it, chrizzen it!
In our sowls, in our sowls, man—Conscience, isn' it?
Conscience—sartinly. And the same
With Pazons. *Pazons feelin' shame?*
To be sure! aw, good enough some of them;
But still a conscience! You're thinkin' it's rum of them?
They should be angels altogether?
But bless ye! bless ye! just considher——
Or—— drop it! Anyway, I'll be bail
There was conscience plenty in Pazon Gale.
And he knew he should ha' spoke to this beauty
Long afore, lek bein' his duty
As clear as clear: but didn', no!
That's the way—just so! just so!
The delicake—that's the way he spar'd her:
Bless ye! the delicaker the harder!
Isn' it? reg'lar? the harder to spake
To such dirts, the harder to have or to make
With their doin's, the natheral to keep
Urrov[2] their road, lek the way with a sweep,
And his rope, and his brush, and his bag of shoot.
But wrong, I tell ye, and the Pazon knew 't.

So that's the way his countenance fell
Lek you'll obsarve before this gel—
Remindin' me of Peter though,
And Jesus to look, and the cock to crow;
But cussed did Peter, but went out in the rain,
And wept bitterly, it's sayin'.
Yes, I've seen some of your touch-me-nots
Of Pazons, machine-made Pazons—lots!
Castin's o' Pazons, that moulded and squared,
Blackleaded and polished, that how are they r'ared
I don't know in my senses, no more till I'd know
How a stove 'd be r'arin'—toe to toe!
Aw, beautiful! but r'ared they ar'n',
But that prim and that puffeck the divil dar'n'
Come nigh them, it's lek. And they never done wrong,
And they never done right . . . ding-dong, ding-dong!

[1] Christen. [2] Out of.

Ah, my men! when I'll die, when I'll die!
Who'll meet me yandhar up in the sky?
Who'll hould me theer that I can stand?
Who'll take my hand? who'll take my hand
Afore all that glory? Not one of them—
No, no! but him! but him! but him!

The dear ould head . . . he stooped it, did he?
Well, but off to see the widdy—
This Banks—that very minute, aye!
But never saw her . . . why then, why?
Never saw her, that's it!
Never, never! but wait a bit!

She wasn' at home when the Pazon knocked,
No answer, at laste; and the door was locked
And Job away at the Clague's; and so
Of coorse the Pazon had to go.
But tried again next day; but never
No Mrs. Banks, that dodged him clever,
You'd be thinkin'—what? aw, well, well, well!
And next day, and next day; and it's hard to tell—
Weeks, it's lek—the Pazon was off
Every day to yandhar crof';
Weeks and weeks—and no use;
And poor Job tuk in at Brew's;
And wond'rin' greatly what had become
Of the mother; but still he had a home,
Of coorse; but terrible forsaken
Was Job, and sorrowful, and takin'
Up on the mountains and callin', callin'
"Mother! mother!" And chaps that was trawlin'
Down on the shore would feel a let,[1]
And think they'd got her in the net—
But no! And Brew though, very kind;
And—"Never mind! never mind!
She'll be in Ramsey." And axin' theer,
And Douglas, you know, and everywheer,
Till at last says Brew, "I'll wager she's gone,

[1] Hindrance (something that caught the net).

To Liverpool"; and "Lave her alone,
And she's all right."
And Jack to coax
This Nessy to marry him; and little jokes—
And a bit cheerfuller; but wudn' consent;
And—"Oh, I can't! O Jack, I can't!"
And *the cruel it was of him to persist*,
And shiver, and hide her head in his breast.
And never no forrader, and *Harry*,
The dooiney-molla? Of coorse, to marry,
And to marry at once—"What capers! blow it!"
Marry away! how the deuce would she know it?
"Chance it!" says Harry, "chance it!"—"Take care,"
Says Nessy, "what you're talkin' there!
This strong wutchin' is hard to clane
Urrov[1] things; it gets in the grain,
The very subjec's,[2] lek no bleachin' 'll fly[3] it,
Nor nothin' else won't purify it.
It's all about in the fields and the bushes,
You'd think you could see it among the rushes,
Creepin', crawlin', like a blue mist,
Like the breath of some spir't." And she took and kissed
Poor Jack, that looked lek rather onaisy,
I tell ye. But Harry jumped like crazy—
"You're right," he says, "I'm feelin' it . . . what?
All round me," he says; "it's cowld and it's hot,
And it's stickin' all over, like these webs," he says,
"That's spun in the air! I'll cut urrov this,"
Says Harry—"I'll cut . . . I will though!" and off,
That Nessy cudn' help but laugh—
Poor sowl!
But when the summer come round,
And the apples in blossom, and all the ground
Speckled with daisies, then Harry tried
To get them to do the coortin' outside,
The way they were used. For the chap had a notion
That the lovely smell, and the draught, and the motion
Of the wind through the trees, and the sweet and the fresh,
And the wholesome lek would unfasten the mesh
Of this divil's net that their hearts was caught in.

[1] Out of. [2] Substance. [3] Make it fly.

But Nessy wudn' ; she said—*they oughtn'*
Nor no pleasure nor nothin', she said,
Till they'd know at laste was she live or dead—
This Banks. *Believin' in wutches still?*
Of coorse ! of coorse ! dear me ! they will—
The women—and *me?* Yes me, and you,
For the matter of that. So don't give *sthoo*[1]
Quite so hasty. *The Pazon*—you're sayin' ?
Fuss-rate ! fuss-rate ! But you know what I mane—
The Pazon was arguin' capital—
Arguin'—but that's not all,
Isn' arguin'—it grips
The head of a fellow ; but what is it rips
Your very sowl ? What is it gives way
Inside ye, sinks ye, scuttles ye,
Falls urrov ye like a false bottom ?
That's the thing ! ye fancy ye got him,
Because he don't answer ye ! answer your granny !
Isn' it natur' that's in ? how can he
Go agin her ? Take pitchforks to her,
You'll never put her to the door—
Never ! natur' ! bred in the blood !
Well, it's not natheral ye cud.

Two years went on, and not a word
About this Mrs. Banks was heard
At the Ballaquine, nor anywhere else,
Not a word : and boys and gels
Was pairin' off, and weddin's goin' ;
But Jack and Nessy wasn' showin'
No signs at all. But lizzen, my men !
I tould ye about the Dragon's Den,
That was high up on the mountain side ;
And the ould shaft, that was op'nin' wide
At the foot of the slock[2]—and gave up workin'
I don't know the years. Well now then herkin !
The Directors tuk a notion they'd try
This shaft again : and Captain Spry
Agate o' the search ; and tuk a gang,
And Jack was one, and I'll be hang

[1] Chase, find fault. [2] Hollow.

If they didn' take Job to help to carry
Their tools, or the lek o' yandhar. And Harry—
Harry was there. And Job was lettin'
Down with a rope, for the way he'd be gettin'
Some candles lit on the first level,
For to light them, ye know. And a bank of gravel,
And then the shaft went farther down.
So Job was gropin', and got his ground,
And lit a candle. And they heard a cry
Most terrible they did. And Spry
Gave orders at once for Jack to be low'rt
Down to the level, and just to report
What was the matter. And so he done—
And what—aw, what did he find but the son
And the mother? And Job had fainted dead—
Poor thing! and there he was laid
By the side of the bones and the skull. For ye see
He knew her by the clothes—machree![1]
Machree! machree! And in her hand
She was clasping' an 'arb—I don't understand
Azackly what; but I'm tould it's knowin'
For the used at[2] these wutches, and hardly growin'
Anywhere but round this shaft.
And that's the way, lek follerin' her craft,
She must have gone prowlin' up yandhar place,
And missed her footin'—and God's grace
Is for all, for all! But the 'arb had struck
A root in the gravel, and her hand was stuck
To the soil; and they had to tear it out—
Just fancy what a place to sprout!
But these dirts . . . but lave it. And Jack, though, Jack—
He sent Job up first: and then a sack
Was low'rt to him; and every pin of her,
And clout, and whatever there was in[3] of her,
It was Jack, I tell ye, that gathered them all,
And made the signal for the men to haul;
And come up last himself, as game,
And divil a word; but his face all aflame
With the joy, you'd think. For he knew what 'd happen
Soon enough now. But when the ould cap'n

[1] My heart. [2] As being used by. [3] *In* is superfluous.

Said, "Jack, my lad, that's a good job for you—
You'd better go tell it to Nessy Brew"—
Aw, bless ye! that was too much for him—what?
It floored him just the same he'd been shot,
And he fell like a corp. Then the men stood round,
And never a sound, never a sound!
Till Jack come to in the teems of tears
And sobs. And bless my sowl then! wheer's
The man cud ha' stood it? I know I cudn'—
Joy?—it was joy: but tuk that sudden
And—— well, well, well—they formed in a line,
And they carried her to the Ballaquine
In puffeck silence—the wutch was dead;
They knew what they had, they knew what they had.

Next day the bell was toullin' for her;
And maybe it oughtn'; but sorrer is sorrer
After all; and God is a God
Of mercy—yes! I broke a sod
Of her grave myself; and the woman was buried—
The lightest coffin ever I carried.
And the Pazon read the sarvice—yis!
And—"Our dear sister," what's this it is?
Aye, . . . and the . . . "sure and sartin hope"—
Well, I won't say nothin'—God gives the scope,
Not man; it's Him that slacks to us,
And rides us aisy—and well He does.

Anyway we buried the woman,
And the wutchin' with her. So now what's comin'?
Comin'? What? Why Jack of coorse,
And Nessy—aw, as sure as sure's.
Happy, I tell ye, sartinly!
And me to church with them, it's aisy to see.
And nice she looked, and nice she was—
And summer for winter, and heat for frost;
And the dooiney-molla all in his glory;
And the club bruk up, and the end of the story—
Jack Pentreath—you'll remember him—
And Nessy Brew—Just douse that glim!

II

JOB THE WHITE

WOMEN, wutches! No, I'm not,
I'll contradick ye like a shot—
Me that's havin' the greatest respec'
For what they're callin' the waeker sec';
Me that's special devoted, devoted—
That's the word—lek mostly noted
For the civil to women! But the thing is clear,
This wutch, this Banks, that was raisin' here
Lek a native you'd be say'n' of the Islan',
No doubt, but, bless ye! goin' a spilin'
In English sarvice, like a warp in the wud,
More English till Manx.[1] For the Manx is gud;
But when the Manx is strainin' urrov them,
What is there left? I don't know the wharrov[2] them,
But bad, bad, bad. For a rael Manx woman
Is useful and contented uncommon.
Useful—you're likin' a purty face?
So am I. But about a place
It's useful you're wantin', clainin' the house,
Mindin' the childher, milkin' the cows—
Cows! There's women, I'll be bail,
Aye, plenty, that don't know a teat from a tail—
Things like yandhar, reared in towns,
And allis dressed in their Sunday gowns,
And can't bile a priddha, and can't make a puddin',
And know'n' nothin' excep' what they shudn'—
Aw, drat the lot! these English swells,
Women they're not, nor nither gels,
But stuck-up Madams, and their airs and their cranks—
Women! women! give me the Manx!
Lek wives, d'ye see! *And what are they for*
But wives? That's it. *And looks?* By gor,
Is it beauty you're afther? What's to hindhar
The beauty, eh? To sit at a windhar
All day they're hardly wanted—what?

[1] See *The Manx Witch*, p. 574. [2] What to make of them.

Nor comb a puppy nor nuss a cat,
And a coach-and-pair, and buck up to ride in it;
No, but to work, and to take a pride in it—
To work, and needn' be a fright.
There's hapes o' them lovely as the light—
Manx gels, the beautifullest things
That lives, I tell ye; women with wings
That'll lift them over the muck and the mire,
And lift you, too, if so be you require,
Only give them a chance, take care of the lek—
"Take care!" says Harry Injebrek.
Be good, be kind, go halves at laste;
She's spliced to you, don't be a baste;
Enjoy the giff, and thank the Giver,
And she'll be beautiful for ever.

Aye, aye! I know, there's odds, there's odds,
Poor things! they're made like paes in pods.
Aye, the one father and the one mother,
And goes away; and some bit of a bother,
Or wuss, and there they'll driff and driff
Like the sweepin's of a besom, and shiff
This way, that way—Liverpool,
Manchester—my God! the cru'l!
Despard! despard! And they walk and they walk,
And us chaps likin' the tang o' the talk,
Lek used, lek longin'—for the Manx is sweet,
And to hear them chitt'rin' on the sthreet
Is plasant, aye. But done, done, done,
The pick of a grep![1] Ah, Simmy, my son,
Remember, remember! But no, then, no!
Too young, I dessay—just so, just so—
Too young, too young—you're right, my men,
Too young is Simmy—aisy then!

But this wutch I was tellin', whatavar it was
That made her a wutch—well, of course, the boss
Is the Divil himself, and the Divil was hers
Sure enough, and drilled with spurs
Of hell-fire; and she hadn' no shame,

[1] A fork.

And up to every divil's game,
And had a way to 'tract ye though,
'Deed she had—As oul' as a crow,
Oul' as oul'; and well spoken enough
When she liked, ye know; and, as for the stuff,
Only now and again, at Fairs,
Melyas (grippin' you on the stairs),
And the lek o' yandhar. But, when she gorrit,
Aw, she stuck to it most horrit,
And as red as blazes, and thinner and thinner,
And fit for th' frecken the biggest sinner
Goin'. And the hobblers[1] at Hollantide
Would clear out of her road; and dressed like a bride—
My gough! the bonnet and the ribbons
Hangin' all about like gibbons,[2]
And the rings on her fingers, and the mouth that was full
Of dirt and damnation like a haythen bull;
But a handsome mouth, but apt to bite—
And that was the mother of Job the White.

Now there's people that fine in their inside
That the light's shinin' through their bodies as wide
As wide, like a lanthrin jus', like a globe
They've got for the gas; and that might ha' been Job—
Not a speck—God's lanthrins I tell ye they are,
But still, for all, they're middlin' rar'.
And the clothes that was arrim was white—a frock
Would ye be callin' it, or a smock?—
Like the driven snow, not go'n' a wearin'
At the Manx, but jus' the mother airin'
Her English ways; but stuck to it though,
This chap—aw, jus' like the driven snow.
And the moleskin throusis, and how a party
Can manage the lek, and the work that clarty[3]—
Well it's more till[4] me. Aw, whatavar's do'n an it,
Allis as white as the bress of a gannet,
And nath'ral takin' to white clothes,
And keepin' them white. But goodness knows
How at all. Is it God that rigs them

[1] Boatmen. [2] Sand-eels. [3] Filthy.
[4] Than: it beats me to say.

Out from the first, when He takes and digs them
From the mould of His clay? We've gorr an account
Of Christ a changing on the Mount—
Peter saw it, and John, and the colour
Was that white, you'll mind, that navar no fuller
Could whiten the lek. But allis the same,
That's it, like milk, like what's-its-name—
But, howsomedavar, it's God, I suppose,
It's God that does it! And, when He's chose
A lamb to be a sacrifice,
He'll have it that whol'some and that nice,
And He tells the wind, and He tells the rain,
And the dew and the dust, and not a stain,
And the earth below, and heaven above,
For He loves them with a puffeck love.

I've seen this Job with the sheep afore
He tuk to the mine, and I'd have swore
It was angels he was herdin', aye,
And him a archangel fresh from the sky—
White, aw white. And, the dark as pitch,
You'd see him far off, and the shine and the switch
Of the glory about him—*Glory! I shudn'?*
Nonsense! Everything he stud in,
What else wud it be? and through and through ye,
And singin' "Glory! Hallelujah!"
I'm see'n' him now, I am! I am!
And "Hallelujah to the Lamb!"
Yiss, I loved him, that's the way,
And lovin' is lovin' any day.

And the care he tuk of this mother, not spaekin'
A word, but follerin', follerin', saekin'
Like Jesus, I've watched him through the Fair,
Follerin', follerin', follerin' there,
The eye navar off her, follerin',
And her a muck of dirt and sin,
And ragged and boosely, and aw, the look!
The pitiful! No, navar spoke;
But where she went he went, and bound to houl' her,
And navar a hand, but a power to conthroul her;

And people dividin' to let them pass ;
So that's the way, ye see, it was,
And her mouth lek churnin' with the foam,
And navar leff till he gorrer home.

Poor Job ! and the handsome, spick and span,
The very model of a man—
Tall and straight, and every limb—
But silent, silent, that was him,
Silent, I tell ye. The interleck—
Well, you know, you'd hardly expec'—
Poor Job ! And the gels 'd be starin' hard,
Aw, plenty of them ! but he wouldn' regard,
But on and on, and rather slow,
And not the lek in Laxdale, no—
Eyin' him there, and thinkin', ye see,
The splendid sweetheart Job would be ;
But not for them—God's sweetheart ; *God's !*
Aisy ? Well, aisy, but what's the odds ?
There's some that's chose to be His own—
So lave it alone ! lave it alone !

I wush you'd ha' seen the Pazon wis him—
But some of ye has—*The Catechism ?*
Aw, not for Job, aw, bless your sowl !
Not the smallest notion, hot or cowl',
Couldn', I tell ye. Love, men, love,
That was the Pazon : tryin' to shove
The Catechism in Job ? He'd take
His hand, and he'd grip it, and a lil shake,
And a prayer to hisself, and aw, the wise !
And blessin' him with his sweet ould eyes.

And it's lek the Pazon knew who he had,
God's angel hidin' in the lad ;
He couldn' miss it, navar fail,
He was a godly man was Pazon Gale,
And humble, and, lek enough, abashed
Before this Job, that was visible washed
With the water of the new birth.
Catechism ! No water of earth

Done yandhar: far from care and strife,
It had its springs in the well of life.
Praechin'? No, nor the Pazon 'ither,
Navar no praechin' to Job. But, whither
You calls it praechin' or calls it pray'n',
I'll stick to that, Masthar Hanary Cain.

So Job was jinin' the miners though,
And a child's sort of billet, jus' only to go
And light the fires at the mouth of the shaf'
In the mornin': *kilns* is the name they have.
Up at six on weekdays, but startin'
At midnight a-Sunday; and bits o' cartin'
And that, and make himself useful about.
And well he done the work, no doubt,
Lek passin' capital inspaction,
And givin' the best of satisfaction;
And liked at[1] everybody—men
And boys, and gangers. Now and then
Even Captains would be noticin'
The studdy he was, and the nate as a pin.
And for all he was navar cussin' nor swearin',
Nor a mossil o' dirty talk was hearin'
Urrov of his mouth, and wouldn' go sit
In the public-house, and smook and spit,
And chow, and navar no truck with the gels,
Lek sooreyin',[2] nor anything else,
This Job was a ter'ble fav'rite, yes,
"A civilised chap," they said he was—
Lek maenin' *civil*. And by gough they were right.
It's only the once he had a fight,
And that was with Tommy Cowla, that called
His mother all the whores, but mauled
At Job, that knocked him down three times,
And axed him had he enough (Bob Grimes
Was backin' him). "Have ye got enough?"
Says Job; aw, civilised, but tough.
But hardly know'n' what was he doin',
Jus' lek he'd had a round with the moon,
Or somethin'. And Cowla screeched and tore,

[1] By. [2] Courting.

But Cowla didn' want no more.
And I was at say for a three months' run,
And so I didn' behould the fun,
But I've h'ard them tellin'.

So the mother fell
In the "Dragon's Den," and jus' as well,
And Job that found her all the same ;[1]
But I've tould ye afore about that game ;
And I tould ye how Job was settled to live
With Jack Pentreath and Nessy, and give
Half of his wages for his mate,
Them's the conditions, I beg ter state ;
And done it honourable—aye,
That was the chap, aw, navar say die !

Now I'll tell ye a thing about Job and his ways,
And mind you'll remember, for it'll come in its place.
They're talkin' of diff'rin' pessins' religions,
Well, I tell ye, Job's was pigeons—
Lek lovely little idols he had,
Idols, mosely. Aw, bedad,
Lek worshippin', lek fancy birds,
Lek petses—no, that's not the words—
Lek holy things from heaven they'd be,
A-puppose to keep him company,
And coo, and coo ; and allis white,
Aw, sartinly. Yes, yes, there might
Happen a blue-rock, now and then,
But white though, white, aw, it's white that was in,
Lek nath'ral—what ? lek takin' to 'm
For the white he was. I mind a pome,
At Tommy Big-eyes, agate o' yandhar,
Very sweet and very tandhar—
But aisy all ! They'd come with a rush,
They'd come with a look, they'd come with a wush,
And divin' there in Job's bussum,
That'd sthroogh[2] them as gentle as gentle, and nuss-um
Most beautiful, and peck and probe,
A-kissin' him—aw, bless this Job !

[1] See *The Manx Witch*, pp. 590 foll. [2] Stroke.

Nice, I tell ye. But Tommy Cowla
Had a spite again' Job since the time I toul' ya,
And watched his chance, and gorr a shot o' them —
And fired, and mosely kilt the lot o' them—
The dirt! And a big oul' scatt'rin' gun,
Aye, and boasted what he'd done.
But Kirree Bullkyerna, Harry's wife,
Licked him within an inch of his life:
Aw, it's her could do it pretty fairish—
The strongest woman in all the parish—
And "Isn' he dead? Then more's the pirrie,
He ought to be." Aw, that was Kirree.
And the chaps delighted, I tell ye though,
And "Ha-ha-ha!" and "Ho-ho-ho!"

One Sunday night, at twelve o'clock,
Poor Job was up and off with the cock,
To light the kilns, and his tay in a can,
And a little Cornish pick in his han',
And rather unwillin', Nessy said,
And low in his mind, like a surt of a dread,
Lek somethin' bound to happen, and waitin'
A bit at the door, and hesitatin',
And wantin' company. And Jack, with his jokeses,
And "What's doin' on ye, Job?" and coaxes,
And off alone, and over the hills,
But I tell ye he navar seen them kilns.
For when Jack was half-way up to the mine,
Jus' when the day bruck, he found him ly'n'
Dead on the road; and all lek mixed
With dust and blood, and straight betwixt
His eyes a smash, that . . . Come then, come!
Dhrop it! dhrop it! . . . And the skim and the scum . .
But . . . O, my God! And a hatchet there
Close alongside, and the bits of hair
And . . . No then, no! . . . the red and the white . . .
But Job was murdered in the night.
And "Tommy Cowla!" that was the shout,
Tommy Cowla! and the jeel and the rout
Agate o' this Tommy, and 'd tore him in pieces
If it hadn' been for a lot o' poleeses

That was sent from Douglas, and stoned and sodded,
But stuck to their man, and tuk and quodded
Middlin' slippy,[1] and a-boord o' the Tram,
And the whole of Laxdale was one big *Damn!*

Now aisy! This Cowla—Tommy I mane—
Had a cousin workin' on Ballacain,
A farm that's jus' a little bit south,
And nearly abreast of the mine's mouth.
And this cousin ye see, was callin'[2] Bill,
Cowla, of course, of Cowla's mill.
A silenter chap ye navar seen,
Silent, sullen—for the king or the queen,
Not a word from Cowla. *Proud?*
Well, I can't say; but jus' like a cloud,
Goin', goin'—and I navar heard,
For nobody knew and nobody cared
What was in him. Lek fire 'll sleep
Unknownst in your houl', and creep and creep
Till it's smellin' the margazine, and catches,
And busses, and up to heaven in matches!
There's cargoes liable that plan,
But the liablest is the heart of a man.
Not all, no, no! there's hapes that hesn'
A grain o' powder from stem to mezzin,
Soul or body, wood or wire,
Nor fire, nor nothin' to light a fire.
But 'Illiam Cowla, you *could* see *that* in him,
Smouldhrin' fire; and well to batten him
In time. Even so, you're in a quandary,
But, tuk on the sudden, danger's very!

Well, you know, at the Ballacain
There was a daughter they were callin' Jane.
Pretty she was, and a sweetheart arrar[3]
That was comin' urrov the Ballavarrar,
Kirk Conachan way; and, ye see, these two
Had a bit of sooreyin'[4] to do,
And done it gran', and often togathar
Till the stroke of twelve, and then the father,

[1] Sharp. [2] Called. [3] At her; she had. [4] Courting.

Or lek enough the mother, would give
A little cough, and make beli'v'
They were thinkin' it time for him to go,
But, bless your sowls! of coorse you know,
And starts, and takes a partin' kess,
The long, the long . . . . But nevertheless—
Aw dear, aw dear! What foolishness!
Aw, foolish enough. But all the time
This 'Illiam was burnin' like the lime
On the slack—not a wink, not a word, not a look:
Burnin', burnin', and the Divil's crook
Twisted in his innards there.
Jallous! jallous! Aw, beware
Of yandhar, my men—the cat that rags
Your heart to scraps, and tears and drags,
And makes you a livin' hell. Let be!
But beware, beware of jallousy!

Not a word, no, no! One night he tuk
A lanthrin, and waited in the muck
Of the yard, till the Ballavarrar come out,
And held it up to see, no doubt,
Was he handsome—held it up in his face
Quite close, and stars, and growls, at laste
So I've h'ard at this young spark,
Growls, and grunts, and away in the dark.
But the Sunday I was tellin' you there,
He was at the chapel, and seen the pair,
And followed them, and as slow as slow,
And often stoppin' and claspin' though,
And kissin', and every kiss a drive
Straight in his heart, aw man alive!
And the Divil fiddlin' at the latch
Of his throat, and had to dodge and watch
His distance, aye! and hould his breath,
Lek a shadda follerin', lek a shadda of death.

And he got the axe, and tuk the lane
Such times he thought the sooreyin'
'D be over at them, and a bit—he was plannin'—
Away from the house. So there he was stannin'.

But I tell ye though, this Ballavarrar
Went out on the back, and as straight as an arrar
Up the mountain, bein' navar used
Of the lek at all, but jus' he choosed
This once—this once! And so, no wondhar,
Of coorse Bill Cowla done a blundhar.
Blundhar! says you? Good sakes! don't worrit
Got for to be, and that's aburrit.
Stannin', stannin'. And Job come on,
And he struck him on the forehead, one!
And struck and struck——
He knew it was Job the very first blaw,
But he couldn' stop, he said, and *the raw*
Of the flesh, he said, *and the brains all flyin'*,
And "Oh!" he said, "to see him lyin',"
And "*The white*," he said, "the white that come
All urrov him lek glory, and dumb,
Dumb," he said, "like a sacrifice,
Like offered up, like Christ, like Christ!
The Lamb of God, the chosen Prince,
And me to be off'rin' him up for the sins,
Oh yes! I thought, for the sins of the world;
And my head was a-fire, and the whole of me whirled
In a jeel of damnation," aw, he toul' the Jury
And the Judge,—"damnation," he said, "and fury,"
And "struck and struck"——
That's what he toul' them. Ye see, he confessed.
Aw, free enough; and Tommy dismessed.
A week this Tommy was in prison;
But the cousin, bless ye! was all lek frizzin'
In the fires of Hell with the miserable
And the bad he felt, and wasn' able
To ate nor drink till he'd made up his mind,
And had it out though, "'fessed and signed,"
And all, and surely a dale batthar,
And nothin' more about the matthar
Excep' to be hung. How else would it be?
Hangin'? D—— them, sartinly!
Pardonin'? Murderers? What do they want?
God can afford it, but man can't.
What next? It's not what man proposes—

Cha jeanoo dunverys,[1] spoke at Moses
And wrote at God in the Tables there.
The Ten Commandments. Well, it's queer
The rubbidge some people is talkin' still—
It's reg'lar disagreeable.
But the man is penitent? That's the thing,
And though of course he has to swing,
Still if it's a godly sorra he's hevin',
We know his sins is all forgiven,
For the Lord 'll be glad of any pretance,
And the Pazon there to give him a chance—
So that's your size.

So the chap was hung,
And the dhrippin' with tears; and, I tell ye, we sung
"O God, our help in Ages past,"
The very next day, and this Tommy, like brass,
In the front of the Choir. For, ye see, the hangin'
Was Saturday High Market, and jangin'
And jingin' enough, and good raison there wud be,
And to set the 'sample and all it shud be—
O God our help, and very nice
And sollum lek; but the Pazon's vice—
Aw dear, aw dear! what *was* it resamblin'?
I don't know . . . but . . . thramblin', thramblin'.

So the chap was hung.
But first of all
This Job had a ter'ble funeral,
Ter'ble in the world howavar!
Bless ye! the miners done it clavar.
And the Clerk, and the Manager, and the Inspacthors,
And the Chairman of the Board of Diracthors!
And the Psalm was rose at the door, but hushed
Immadient, for the people scushed
Lek under their breath, ye know, and shoo'd;
But three pigeons, the last that was left of the brood,
Lit on the coffin, and coo'd and coo'd
Most sorrowful, and "No man molest them!"
Says the Pazon, and strooghed the birds, and blest them.

[1] The Sixth Commandment in Manx.

And 'Illiam! poor 'Illiam! They're both of them white
In Heaven, both. Aw, the lovely light!
He knows his Job, they're togathar now,
And the where and the when, and the why and the how,
Is all forgot at them, I expeck,
And their arms around each other's neck,
And lookin' and lookin', and wonderin',
The fond they are. And sin, oh sin!
And death is gone, and reconciled.
O Holy Jesus, meek and mild!
You've made them one in sweet accord,
And they're for ever "with the Lord."

III

THE INDIAMAN

AYE! exactly—that's the name—
Fanny Graeme, Fanny Graeme—
Come aboord in the Prince's dock—
Loadin' theer—and caught her frock
In the gangway—the crooky it was put—
And a slip and a skip, and a twist of her foot,
And fell in his arms—*Whose arms?* you shoutit?
That shows you don't know much about it—
Who and what, and where and when—
Avast these quashtins![1] Peter's then—
Peter's arms—that's Peter Young,
Peter the 'printice, Peter the Tongue—
That's what we called him, bein' despard slippy,
And quick as light, and droppy and drippy
With the honey feathered on its pint,
And the curl, and the click, and the swingin' jint—
Thriddle-thraddle; beef or pork,
You couldn' touch him with the talk.

Had to hommer him—that was all,
Hommer him—and then to fall

[1] Questions.

Right in his arms, lek aboord a wreck,
And his arms round her waist, and her arms round his neck,
Houldin' on most ter'ble though :
And me to take her very slow,
As dignified as dignified,
And studdy her agin [1] the side—
And—*Was she hurt?* and as red as a buckie,[2]
And tould that chap to cut his lucky—
Unknownst, of coorse—just whisp'rin' theer,
Like redhot sarpints in his ear.

So the divil cut, but gave a look,
Aw, my gough ! like print in a book—
This Peter—like print, havin' tongues in his eyes,
And everywheer, lerr [3] alone the size,
And the light that was at them [4]—aw, by jingers !
These deaf-and-dumb chaps, with their fingers—
Aw, bless ye ! they might ha' gone to school to him—
Tallagraphs was only a fool to him.
Now what could you do with this divil's kin ?
Hommerin', just hommerin'.

So I took the lady to her cabin,
And he turned, and another look like stabbin',
For me, you know ; so took and went,
And gave it him immadient—
Aw, wanted it bad ! And—*who was he*
To be buckin' up to the quality—
A pup like him—and this and that—
Oh ! he was on me like a cat—
And—*Who was he !* and *he'd have me to know*—
And—*a gentleman's son*—"Woho ! woho !"
I says, "My lad ; is it tongue that's in ?"
And when I begun I did begin—
Hommerin' ? yes, hommerin'.

But the deed was done, whichever way,
Couldn' ha' been done-er—— eh ?
Comedher ? [5] bless ye ! him or her—
Couldn' ha' been comedherer !

[1] Steady her against. [2] Hip, berry of the dog-rose. [3] Let.
[4] Which they had. [5] Charm, spell.

A chance, a glance, a touch, a breath,
And there you're lovin' unto death—
Strange! and others—I'll defy them!
Do what you like with them, splice them, tie them—
Every knot, and Pazon and Clerk,
And all the boults in Noah's ark—
Bless your sowl! just differin' total—
Lek it's often with things that's poured in a bottle—
Shake them, shake them the vicious you can!
You'll navar mix them—will ye, Dan?
Just so with pessins—for all your bother,
They'll navar be nothin' to one another.

That's the way; and listen to me—
Before the pilot left—d'ye see?
That soon, bedad! they'd got to talkin'—
The cheek of the chap! and her too—shockin'!
Shockin'—— And still it wasn' bould,
Nor imp'rint, no, upon my sowl!
An innocenter thing you navar,
But lively. And so, goin' down the river,
The pilot seen; and, just he was steppin'
Over the rail, he turns to the Cap'n,
And a cough, and a wink like squoze through a eyelet—
"Mind your 'printice!" says the pilot.

"Mind your 'printice!" Aw, I got a view of them,
If the Captain didn'; and, behould ye! the two of them,
Him in the mizen shrouds, and her
In the starboard quarter-gallery there—
And her lookin' sorrowful, and him lookin' sorrowful,
And her lookin' plaised, and him lookin' plaised,
Till I tell ye then I was nearly crazed;
And hailed him, and down with him quick enough,
And run him forrard by the scruff—
Aw, the sorrowful! the forsoken!
Just lek you'd think their hearts was broken—
And then the smilin' that 'd be goin'—
Aw dear! the ways—you're navar knowin'—
Botherin' one another—what?
Aw, botherin', taezin,' all-to-that——[1]

[1] Etc.

And still no harm—aw, I wouldn' say't,
Nor I wouldn' think it—wait then, wait!
Imps of things! But raison is raison,
And cautious of coorse is allis in saison.

Cautious—that was the Skipper's word,
And had me in his cabin, and heard
All I had to say; and says he,
"Mr. Baynes," he says, "you'll see
To this," he says, "Mr. Baynes," he says,
"And you'll be cautious, cautious—yes,
Very cautious," he says; "take pains,"
He says, "and be cautious, Mr. Baynes—
I'm trustin' altogether to you,
Quarter-master," he says; "the crew
Is excellent," he says—— "ahem——
But of coorse my officers is them
I'm bound to trust, and allis will."
Aw, bless your sowl! the 'spectable,
Them times—*what me!* yes, me, bedad!
And rather a fatherly way I had,
Fatherly—just so, just so—
Fatherly uncommon though,
The fatherly you wouldn' think;
And tuk a notion, and gave up the drink—
My goodness! the clear my head was then—
Head and heart and all, my men—
Clear as a bell—as a bell though, yis—
Bless my sowl! the nice it is!

Clear—that's it, lek clear in the head—
And—— fatherly, fatherly, was it I said?
Fatherly—I'll tell ye what,
I belave there's hapes of chaps like that—
Navar had a chick or a chile,
Nor the name of it; and all the while
They've got the father in them that strong
That they crave and crave, and they long and they long,
And they're tuk with it that terrible
That they'll have it some way—aye, they will—
And anything young that's comin' near them

They're just for worshippin'—navar fear them!
Who makes it work in them like leaven?
Isn't it God, our Father in heaven?
Oh yes it is—it's Him, I expeck—
I was allis ter'ble fond of the lek.

But still, a father, I don't care who,
Should have the 'torrity[1] with him too,
The 'torrity, for all the kind,
And the touch-me-not, and the draw-the-line,
And "aisy-all!" and give them slaps,
And hould them in, and his heart perhaps
Just meltin' in his body like dips
For the way he's feelin' for these rips—
But still, of coorse, as firm and stately—
Aw, that's where I was bet complately—
Bet, I tell ye, yes, yes, yes—
I was too soft. "Be cautious!" he says;
And cautious I was; but I couldn' be rocks,
And I couldn' be ropes, and I couldn' be locks,
And keys, and patent-safeties—what?
And boults, and bars—And her to get
The fond of me, whatavar made her—
Aw, the little desperader!

Well, ye know, this is the way it began—
Did ye ever see an Indiaman?
One of the reggilar ould model,
Diddle-daddle, all a-straddle,
Like a turkey-cock. They're much more simple
Is big ships now: but Solomon's temple,
With carvin' and gildin', and goodness knows!
Knobs and bobs, and Jachin and Boze,
Wasn' nothin' to yandhar craft;
With a Tower-o'-Babel risin' aft,
And windhers like a 'sarvatory,
And galleries there, just story on story,
Like summer-houses goin' a-cockin'—
Aw, most horrible! most shockin'!
No room to work, and still a waist

[1] Authority.

Like a haggard, or a market-place,
Or a church—and doors and doors, treminjis!
And allis comin' off the hinges.

So there ye are! and gettin' together,
And hidin', bless ye! just consedher—
And so many places where they *cud* be—
How could I guess the place they *wud* be?
And when I'd catch them, there'd be the one
Lookin' out at the horizon
As straight and as studdy as a beadle,
And the other workin' away with her needle—
Very silent—

Fanny Graeme—
Aw, that's the name though, that's the name—
A Colonel's daughter, the Captain stated,
And sent to England to be eddicated,
And just left school, and her uncle put her
Aboord with us, bein' bound for Calcutta,
And the father "a ter'ble swell out there,"
Says the Captain, "it's very particular,"
And—*for me to mind my p's and q's well,*
And *much more cautiouser till usual*—

That was the Captain: and so I did.
But then these things and the way they were hid.
One evenin' I caught them under the lee
Of the long-boat there—the 'dacity!
Quiet enough, and very proper
In regard of their conduck and that; but a stopper
Had to be put; so I signed him to me,
And made him go forrard straight, and, blow me!
If I didn' tan him that time well—
"I suppose you think that that's a gel?"
Say I; "may I make so bould as inform ye
That that's a lady? Don't let me alarm ye!
But drop this game," I says, "young porpus,
Or I'll lay ye at my feet a corpus—
A corpus." And then we'd rather a slick
Of roughish water, and I thought she'd be sick,
And that 'd be takin' the nonsense out of her;

But divil-a-bit! and the saucy pout of her,
And the hair in the wind all flyin' away,
And the face all drippin' with the spray,
And skippin' and trippin', and houldin' on,
And many a time I thought she was gone;
And the joy of the craythur—tumble and toss,
And as fresh as a mackarel, that's what she was.

Aye, and of coorse, you'll see the excuse
This Peter would have for his parley-voos
Them times—for she'd come like a bullet at him,
And he had to catch her, and I had to let him—
And then the slow to cast her adrift,
And the look like some of her was left
In his arms—the divil! and squeezin' there
Agin his breast. So everywhere,
Blow high, blow low, come smooth or rough,
I'll tell ye what, it was hard enough
For the lot of us to keep them sundered,
Let alone one; for I sometimes wondered
The Captain didn't interfere;
But I fancy he didn' seem to see her
Agate of her games; and, if he did,
The ter'ble confidence he had
In me, ye know; and hardly his place
To be watchin', and prowlin', and givin' chase
To the leks of these two, that was know'n', no doubt,
When he was likely to be about,
And could aisy dodge him. But me, you know,
Watch on deck, or watch below,
It's just one watch I had to keep,
Allis at it, and navar no sleep—
Aw, bless ye! navar no sleep at me,
With the freckened, and the 'ziety.[1]

So when we come to the doldhrums, a lyin'
Like a log on the sea, and the paints a fryin',
And every sowl aboord just done
With the stupid they felt, and the power of the sun—
Lo and behould! these two was as spruce

[1] From being so frightened and anxious.

As ever—aw, well! it isn' no use—
Love it was, I'm parfact willin'—
Where won't he go, the little villain!
Hot or cowld—a despard rambler—
Coast o' Guinea, Novar Zamblar—
"Greenland's icy mountains"—the limb!
"India's coral strand," says the hymn;
Over the hill, and over the hollow,
Like a honey-bee, like a swift, like a swallow,
With the strength and the fire of the sowl that's in him,
Love goes, and will go—who's to pin him?

Now rael wholesome love, my men,
Will allis have in me a friend—
Love that *is* love—you'll aisy know 't—
Yes, I'm very partial to 't—
Very—it's gettin' over me;
I can't rersist it, don't ye see?
Can't rersist it, or not much,
Allis takin' the part of such,
Aw well, I tell ye, it's surprisin',
I was allis that way, "semperthisin',"
Says a schullar once I was spinnin' this twist to 'm,
And had as much grog as was good for his system—
Semperthisin', that's the plan—
Semperthisin', says yandhar man.

So maybe that's the raison he had
The worst lickin' of all, but the last, poor lad!
The sun was just down, and a taste of cool
In the air, and the sea was all like gool:
And there I found them sittin' aback
Of the cabin companion, and reading a trac',
Or somethin' that way. Aw, dear! I was furious,
Urrov my senses mostly,[1] the curious
It was—for I stood, and I made her rise,
And go, and she went, and the tears in my eyes,
And the click on my heart, and the swim in my brain,
And to force myself against the grain,
And couldn' ha' done it, slow or swivel,[2]
If I hadn' done it like the divil.

[1] Almost out of my senses. [2] Swiftly.

You see, I had to do my duty,
And, for want of a spur, I got hould of the beauty
Of the chap, for somethin' to keep me hard,
And intarmint,[1] you know, that I would regard
For nothin', but welt him, and her navar know'n'
What was up, but just to be go'n'
To her cabin—And "Is it your beauty, my son?"
I says; "well I'll spile it—that's aisy done—
I'll spile it," I says, "I'll spile it! here goes!"
And I blackened his eyes, and I flattened his nose,
And I mauled him over, every scrap,
Till his mother wouldn' ha' known the chap—
Aw, boosely, boosely![2] and navar a word
Urrov his mouth—the pluck, good lord!
That *is* the pluck—*Did he strike me?* No!
Couldn'! *in a vice?* just so!
In a vice. Then I loosed him, and then a dart
Went through me, and I caught him to my heart,
And cried and cried—You'd ha' thought I was drunk—
And went and put him in his bunk,
And coaxed him, and nussed him, and washed him there,
And made him rather comfibler.

Then the fo'c's'le had a meetin',
To see what they'd do, the way I was beatin'
Peter; and *wouldn' stand it*, they said.
And I went to the meetin', and hung my head
Like a dog, I did. And they grumbled a dale—
Special a chap called Billy Sayle—
But I knew Billy, but—— howavar,
There's people thinks themselves that clavar—
So I said—"Look here! it's quite correc',
It's only just what I ought to expec',"
I says; "but still you know nothin' about it
At all," I says; "so you needn' doubt it—
Nothin', no more till brute bases,
And circumstances alters cases."

O yes! they know'd it all the same,
Says one of the chaps—*Miss What s-her-name*

[1] Determined. [2] Beastly, brutally.

Had fell in love with Peter, and he
Had fell in love with her, d'ye see?
And if a gel, no matter the who,
Was fell in love, what's that to you?
That's for her lover, isn' it?
For him of coorse! And for me to sit
On the fellow like that—it wasn' raison,
No, it wasn'; and talkin' amazin'—
Talkin', talkin'. "You needn' enlarge
On the subjec'," I says; "I takes full charge
Of the case," I says; "it's all right!
Yes," I says, "I've got a light
About it now," I says; "and Peter
'll know my maenin' sooner or later:'
And—silence! my men, now silence! I say:
You'll find that's the bettermost way:
I had my orders, you know where from."
Then says Peter—"Go it, Tom!"

So of coorse, you see, I had to do it,
Some way or other to see them through it.
Aw, but I spoke most sirrious [1]
To Peter—aye, the very fuss [2]
I had him by himself; and I found
The lad was sirrious and sound,
Sirrious, and sound, and gud—
Aw, the rael blood! the rael blood!
No use o' talkin'. So I swore to him sollum,
On the Bible, of coorse, on the sacred vollum—
I swore if they'd only be true to each other,
And good and that, it's father and mother
And sister and brother they'd find in me—
But "Be cautious!" I says, "whatever there'll be—
Be cautious! and mind the young you are—
And Miss Graeme, of coorse, 'll be meetin' her par
All right, and then you'll be tellin' him all—
But cautious! cautious! that's the call."

And now for sure [3] I had the trouble,
Double, of coorse—it had to be double—

[1] Seriously. [2] First (time). [3] Indeed.

Them two to look after lek shuperintandin',
Like a father, you know, lek for me to be standin'
Betwix' them and the Skipper, that he wouldn' be knowin'
About this coortin' that was goin'.

Aye, and I had a talk with the two
About it, you know, and what to do,
And the time and the place; and me to be there
Allis—aw, certainly—only fair!
But needn' be lookin'—at least I could,
If I liked: and the book—that was understood—
Navar without the book, no, no!
And readin' nice and proper though—
And settled it with them, and Peter chaffin',
And Miss Fanny fit to die with laughin':
But I was dreadful sirrious:
And so, when all was agreed, she bust
A cryin'; and purty it was to see her;
And she called me a darlin', and an ould dear—
Ould I wasn', not to say—
But still, my goodness! that's their way.

Well, the book was got, the Bible it was,
My Bible, a splendid Bible, and lost
Betwix' them someway; and tex' for tex',
And clear as a whistle, and all as correck's [1]
A Sunday School. But then they begun
To change the vesses [2] astonishun'—
Aw, bless ye! pretendin' to read their parts out,
And talkin'! talkin' their very hearts out;
And the eye on the book as stiff as stays,
But coortin' reg'lar, and coorted their ways
Through Genesis and Exodus.
And then I gave a bit of a cuss,
And I says—"You'd better be havin' a hymn
Now," I says: but just the same—
Slippin' in a word on the sly,
Or puttin' meanin's—navar say die!
And me goin' on—but couldn' stop it,
And apt to be noticed, and had to drop it.

[1] Correct as. [2] Verses.

One day I heard a kiss, and I turned,
And looked at them straight, and their faces burned
With the shame; and I said—"Just overhaul
The articles," I says, "that's all—
The whole of them—first and second lesson—
Do! Now was there a word about kissin'?
Now then? now? Don't interrup'!
I think I'll have to give it up—
To give the whole thing up; I'd ax
What else can I do?" So Miss Fanny made tracks,
But very slow and dignified,
Rather touchy—of coorse, the pride—
Aw, pride enough—but navar mind!
But Peter was mad; and he stayed behind,
And had it out with me there and then—
Aw, ter'ble mad he was, to begin—
And if *he* was mad, then so was *I*,
You may depend; and words got high;
And he called me this, and he called me that,
And he called me an ould tom-cat—
And—*my heart was hard*, and—*I didn' know how*
To behave to a lady, no more till a cow;
And I hadn' no manners, and I hadn' no feelin's,
And on and on, like priddha [1] peelin's.

But at last I gripped him; and then we agreed
To 'llowance the kisses, and navar exceed
One a sittin'; and me to be present,
But not to be lookin'—aw, bless ye! the pleasant
He got, and the quite; [2] and says he, "What fun!
You're a brick," he says. But bless ye! the one
Was made into two, and three, and four,
And half a dozen, and half a score—
Till the tally [3] got mixed lek in general,
And our 'llowancin' didn' answer at all—
Aw, bless ye! just like bread-and-butter.
Glad I was when we got to Calcutta—
And the Colonel and the carriage and pair,
And coachman and footman, all of them there;

[1] Potato. [2] Quiet. [3] Reckoning.

And didn' know the daughter at all—
No, but had to be—— wh-d'ye-call——
Inthrerjuced? aye, inthrerjuced,
Poor sowl!—aw dear! and her eyes all sluiced
With the tears; and glad enough of the father,
But still—— of coorse, and 'd obvious rather
'a stayed with us—— and—Peter—— when
Was she avar goin' to see him again?
And him at the gangway like aside of a grave
She was low'rin' into; and then she gave
A look at him, that you'd have thought
All heaven and earth was took and brought
In the one bright flash of love and longing
And forget-me-not, and the people thronging,
And all the row, and all the bother—
That's the last they seen of each other.

Well now, I wouldn' trust[1] it 'd be runnin'
In the teens of years, I was comin' to Lunnon
Once from Liverpool, to join a ship,
And, just gettin' out o' the train, trip-trip—
And a voice behind me I thought I knew—
"Mr. Baynes, is that you?"
I turned, and, behould ye! there was the woman,
No mistake, but grew uncommon—
Splendid she was—"Miss Fanny Graeme,"
I says, "your sarvint—— is it a dhrame?"
I says; says she—"Just hould your tongue!
You're speakin' to Mrs. Peter Young;
And here's my eldest son," says she—
And as fine a boy as ever you'd see—
"So you married him?" and she nodded her head—
"Yes of course."—"Aw dear!" I said.

[1] I almost think.

MARY QUAYLE

The Curate's Story

We went to climb Barrule,
Wind light, air cool—
But when we reached the crest
That fronts Cornaa,
A black cloud leaned its breast
Upon the bay—
And, seeing from Ayre to Maughold Head
The long wings spread
Slumb'rous with brazen light,
Swift dropping from the height
We follow
The crags that northward shoot,
And find ourselves within the hollow
Of Gob-ny-Scuit—
Spout-mouth—so named because
It seems as if a giant's jaws
Gaped wide—
Ent'ring, we lay down side by side.

Then Richard said—
"This is the place—
Long years have fled;
But still I see her face.
Just here where you are she was—yes, just here—
I had long thought she loved me; but you know the fear—
Had thought,—but now by what sweet word made bolder
I cannot tell;
Only her dear head fell
Upon my shoulder,
And she looked up into my eyes—and this
Was our first kiss."

As Richard spoke, from out that awful cloud
The lightning leaped, and loud

The boom
Of the long thunder thrilled the deep'ning gloom
Then Richard spoke again—"That very day
Next year I came this way,
But it was different:
Yes, God had sent
A trial that was hard to bear;
And so I went,
And took my care
Up to these hills,
Alone, alone!
And knelt, and prayed to Him who bends our wills,
And can subdue them to His own—

"For Mary . . . Mary [Oh how the lightning flashed!
Oh how the thunder crashed!]
Die? No, she did not die—I thought you knew—
Sir, Mary was not true. . . .
Yes, sir; I will be patient—you shall see—
Patient—Oh certainly—
Patient—God knows I am; God knows I've need to be.

"Mary was ruined, sir;
She bore a child that was not mine—
Nay, do not stir—
The lightning, is it? Sir, we may resign
What's ours, if so we make it happier;
But oh! to see it in the dust,
Down-trodden, broken—
Aye, and by one in whom you had full trust,
Stained and defiled,
This is the grief that never can be spoken—

"This was my grief. The father of her child
Was a young gentleman, who came to spend
A summer in the Island. Truest friend
He seemed to me—he had such hearty ways
With men like us. It was his holidays
At Oxford College—that's where scholars go
To learn for clergymen—but, sir, you know—
You were at Oxford—well, well, never mind—
I loved the lad, so gentle and so kind

He was ; and fond enough he seemed of me,
And always wishing for my company.

"So he and I were friends, and took delight
In one another. Hadn't we the right ?
And yet he never knew that Mary Quayle
Was anything to me. To hand the sail,
To steer, to haul, he would himself devote ;
We never talked of sweethearts in the boat.
He wasn't much account when he began,
But came to be a splendid fisherman—
I taught him everything, except to swim—
He beat me there ; and I was fond of him.

"The days were short, the leaves were thin and brown,
When Mr. Herbert Dynely left the town.
I rowed him to the steamer : when we fetched,
He jumped upon the paddle-box, and stretched
His hand for mine, and would not let it go—
'God bless you, Dick!' he cried ; 'I hardly know
If ever I shall see your face again.'
And looked and looked. I thought the very strain
Of truth was in his eye ; and so I yearned
To him, and could not speak. But, if I'd turned,
I might have seen a window where a face
As white as death was glued against the glass—
Long after, when the talk was everywhere,
Some people told me who had seen her there.
It was an early sailing, and the sun
Shot in upon her, level like a gun—
And they saw her—
God in heaven!
(Forgiven! yes, forgiven!
But saw her.)
Stupid, half-naked, so they said,
Sprung from her bed,
Her breast
All pressed,
Crushed, murdered, on the sill,
Like a woman that's not respectable.

"No, I knew nothing all the time; nor after,
For many a week—I've sat with her, and chaffed her
Because she was more silent than she used;
And yet she never looked a bit confused,
But sweet and gentle as a girl could be,
So sweet and gentle still she was to me.
Indeed, I think that she looked happier
Than ever she had done—I saw in her
A deeper joy; so that our love would seem
Sometimes a dream within another dream.

"And so it was: and what the dreaming meant
I had no thought, and I was quite content.
I looked into her eyes, and saw as far
As made me happy—that's the way we are—
A swimmer tips the tangles, can he know
The depth of water that there's down below?
I don't complain. I'm sure she loved me; yes—
The greater love had swallowed up the less.

"But still she loved me. Ah, sir! who was I?
A candle, when the sun is in the sky,
Is hardly noticed—did the night, no doubt;
But now you even forget to put it out.
He was that sun that rose in heav'n above,
And burst upon her in a blaze of love.
Poor candle! steady, burning to the snuff—
I know our love is only common stuff.
It's faithful as the mothers were that bore us;
It's just the love our fathers loved before us.
There's nothing fine about it, nothing grand,
Like fruit or flower that comes from foreign land:
A clover blossom where the bumbees cling,
And suck—that's all; you know the sort of thing.
A blackbird to his mate pipes nothing strange,
A sweet old tune, that has not any change.
So we, when we have told our love, are fain
To take a kiss, and tell it all again.
But true it is, the love no power can sunder,
The strongest love, is love whose root is wonder.

"And Dynely was a wonder over here,
Especially with women—far or near
You would not see his match—so generous
And free, and then so different from us—
His talk, his clothes, his way with every limb—
We hadn't any chance at all with him.
Ah, sir! compared with such a common clod
As me, this Dynely looked a perfect god—
There's nothing like it since the world began,
The beauty of a noble Englishman.

"And Dynely was no flirt, no butterfly,
That's always on the wing: he didn't try
To get the girls to gather all around him—
But rather serious in his ways I found him.
And when she came to know that she was dear
To such a man, poor Mary had no fear,
But only wonder: so that, when the crest
Of that great wave of love rose to her breast,
She floated off her feet, and drifted out
Into love's deep-sea soundings: no faint doubt
Was in her mind; through all the depths she clung
To that strong swimmer's arm; and, as he flung
Around her all the glory of his youth,
He seemed to her the very soul of truth.

"Ah, sir! it was a way with perils fraught,
If she had thought; but love is not a thought.
What thought she had was only that he'd take her
To some bright land of joy, where he would make her
His queen, his . . . God-knows-what . . . some fruitful land,
Where happiness would grow at his command,
Like grass in fields, and none their joys should sever,
And all her soul be satisfied for ever.
I see you understand—the reason why
Is plain—ah, who was I, sir? who was I?

"And yet . . . there's something bothering my brain—
Just wait a bit—I'll make my meaning plain.
You see, I've not the art you scholars learn
To find the very word for every turn

Of what you think, and feel within your heart,
Immediately—ah, sir! that *is* an art!
But this is it—you'll see it at a glance—
The man that paints a picture has a chance
To make it what he likes—he'll paint the trees,
He'll paint a baby on its mother's knees.
He paints the things that give him most delight,
He paints the things he longs for in the night,
And things that never were, and never could be,
He paints them up to what he thinks they should be—
What's this you call—imagination, ain't it?
Why, every yearning of his heart, he'll paint it.
He'll paint the very life, and make it start out
Straight in your face—the man can paint his heart out.
He's safe enough; and yet he needn't brag—
It's all between him and a canvas rag.

"And so you gentlemen that write the pō'ms
And stories, living in your pleasant homes—
You're not content with just the things you see
Around you, common joy and misery,
And life and death. You set yourselves to listen
To all the hearts that beat; all eyes that glisten,
No matter where, you watch, you watch the faces;
You write as if you lived in fearful places,
So that, at times, your best friends wouldn't swear
You are the steady gentlemen you are.

"All right! all right again—no fear of you:
But only tell me what are we to do!
We also have our dreams—be sure of that:
We also long, we hardly know for what.
God floods our hearts with all His melting snow,
And there's no sluice to take the overflow.
And so it often happens that the mill
Is swept away, or broken. You have skill
Of books and paints for what your mind contrives;
But we can only put it in our lives.
There's many a poor man's daughter born with wings
Inside, that fret upon her heart like stings,
Till some one comes at last, and stands, and breathes

Upon the wings. Then from their golden sheaths
They flash into the light: with some of us
It's very hard indeed; it's dangerous.

"But when poor Mary could not hide her shame,
And had to speak, it was her mother came
And told me all. At first, it hardened me—
But, sir, it was a common misery—
And who'd be more heart-broken than the mother?
And so we tried to comfort one another.
The father was a fine old Methodist—
They said, when he was told, he clenched his fist,
And trembled like a leaf, and bowed his head:
But, when he raised it up again, they said
It was a sad, but still a lovely sight—
The old man's face was full of heavenly light.

"Yes, real pious Methodists they were;
And that's what made it harder still to bear—
Being so much looked up to in the place—
It was a very terrible disgrace.
But, Methodists or not, we know who sends
The troubles; and, except amongst our friends,
That know us best, we have not much to say—
We suffer, and are silent—that's our way.
The women, too, with us, are very meek—
Poor souls! it isn't for revenge they seek,
Or law, or money. Love is what they sought;
And, if that's gone, then all the world is nought.
Revenge? That's not the port for which they sailed—
For love they ventured, and for love they failed:
And so they'd like to die, if we would let them;
And all they ask is just that we'd forget them.

"But, when her time was come, the mother sent
For me, and so I forced myself, and went;
And stayed a while outside, and listened there,
And heard the preacher putting up a prayer,
And heard a long low moaning in the garret—
You know what that was, sir—I could not bear it.
And when I saw a woman coming out

Upon the landing—well, I turned about,
And started home. But, somewhere near the mill,
I heard a step behind me—it was Phil,
Her oldest brother—she had three—
Fine fellows as could be, . . .
And she . . .
Was their joy and their pride . . .
Any one of them would have died
In a minute for her. . . . They loved to see her
So good, and so sweet;
And so she was, my darling, darling dear!
She was! she was! before this awful wreck—
And Philip took me round the neck,
And kissed me on the street,
And off without a word . . .
Mary! Mary!
I feel her in my arms . . .
Her mouth warms . . .
Yes then! press then!
Where then? There then!
Mary! Mary! . . .
The very ground she trod . . .
My God!"
[Oh how the lightning flashed!
Oh how the thunder crashed!]
Richard fell back, and would have struck his head
Against the rock; but I my arms outspread,
And caught him as he fell. He could not speak,
Scarce breathe. I raised him up, and stroked his cheek,
And cherished him, till, from the viewless bourn
Of death, the anguished spirit made return.
Then Richard spoke—
"I know that you must wonder
How Mary's brothers could be patient under
Such wrong, and such disgrace: perhaps you thought
They'd kill the man; perhaps you think they ought.
Well—that is not our way. Moreover, sir,
The lads were thinking not of him, but her.
They hadn't backed him, and they hadn't crossed him;
They hadn't loved him, and they hadn't lost him.
And now they could not hate him. He was just

A reef that they had split upon ; a gust
Of strong and terrible wind, that had capsized
The ship in which they'd stored what most they prized—
Or as the lightning there, that stoops, and kills,
And passes—vanishing behind the hills—
Who's angry with the lightning ?
Even so
They never talked of Dynely as a foe,
Nor talked of him at all ; but gathered round
Their sister in her sorrow—every sound
And every sight they thought would aggravate
Her trouble they would screen her from, and wait
And watch like three big dogs, and keep a ring
Of love and peace about her. Everything
They could they did : and when they saw her tearful—
Poor chaps ! they'd try to be a little cheerful :
And, when they could do nothing else, they'd sit
With her, and leave off talking for a bit,
And be a comfort to her—three of a size,
All pitying her with those big loving eyes.'

"She was the loveliest thing they'd ever known ;
She was the youngest of them ; she had grown
Among them like a flower among the corn—
So, from the very minute she was born
They loved their little sister. And to them
The flower that drooped, and faded on the stem,
Was still their flower : the lightning-flash had scathed it,
And scorched the tender leaves ; and so they bathed it
With dews of love, and every sweet endeavour—
She was as beautiful to them as ever,
And twice more precious for her sorrow's need—
So God is gentle to the bruisèd reed.
Besides, they hoped for sunshine by and by,
If only they could coax her not to die.
No score but Time will wipe it with his sponge—
Too much to lose, they thought : so divers think, and plunge.

"I wandered all that night upon the shore ;
But, when the day broke, I was at the door
Again ; and Philip told me that her child

Was born, and Mary seemed quite reconciled
To nurse it, and they both would live. I knew
That very minute what I had to do.
The packet sailed for Liverpool that day,
And I sailed with her. Yes, sir, as you say,
To speak to Mr. Dynely, if I could,
And bring him home to Mary—God was good
That had preserved her, and I thought he might
Do *his* part now, and come and make all right.

"I was most wretched, sir, aboard that craft—
Some chaps are very thoughtless;—and they chaffed
And bothered me. They're very different now
From fishermen like us: I don't know how,
But quite another sort—they hardly seem
Like sailors—maybe something in the steam.
But Corlett, that was skipper of the boat
(A better seaman never was afloat),
Reproved them very sharp, and made them cease
Their stuff, and then I got a little peace.

"I landed at the Stage, and looked about,
And hailed a Runcorn flat, just clearing out,
And jumped aboard: the skipper gave a curse;
His wife looked up, and asked if I could nurse,
And handed me the baby; so I sat,
And nursed a baby on a Runcorn flat—
And glad enough—God knows that I had need
Of something innocent; I had indeed—
Poor little things! But when the night came on,
And all the stars, the woman nursed her son,
And talked to me of heaven, and of another
That she had lost, a little baby brother—
And how *the world was full of sin and care—*
But God was all, and God was everywhere—
I told her nothing; but of course she knew
Far more than half my . . . Well, you know, they do—
A woman has an art you'll never shirk,
She always knows another woman's work.

"At Runcorn, when I asked for Dynely Hall,
The only bearings I could get at all

Were just south-east; and so I bore away;
And, on the morning of the second day,
I saw the place before me. Aren't they grand?—
Those big old houses rooted deep in land;
And woods and park that stretch for miles and miles,
And meadows like long lakes of grass, and stiles,
And paths—and all so open and so free—
Ah, what's our Milntown, and our Nunnery,
Or Bishop's Court? Just think—the room alone—
No cropping every acre to the bone,
Like us. There's money at the back—that's it!
Yes, money: but there's more; there's noble wit,
There's ancient memories, use of generous ways,
And wholesome customs of the bygone days.

"So when I saw the glory and the strength
Of such a place, and when I saw the length
Of roofs, and spires, and gable-ends, and towers,
And high stone-windows cut in fruits and flowers—
And grass like thick-napped velvet on the lawn,
And all so quiet sleeping in the dawn—
I thought two thoughts—What right had I to bring
My trouble *there?* and then—What earthly thing
Could make it possible for Mary Quayle
To be the mistress there?—could love prevail?
Could honesty? . . . And then I stood uncertain,
Upon the stretch, as one who holds the curtain
Of some sound sleeper, knowing that he never
Will sleep like that again. And then a shiver
Came over me—a long dim driving scud
Of horror, and my eyes were burning blood,
And the world rose around me, and I fell
Forward . . . down to the very bottom of hell.

"Then from the pit I cried a bitter cry—
The pit indeed—I swore to God on high
This thing was wrong, and always must be wrong—
I swore it in the darkness: then . . . ding-dong . . .
The blood-bells bubbled in my ears like rain,
And earth and sky came back to me again;
And I was on my knees upon the sod,

And praying; and I said—

'O God, my God!
Thou art the Father of all souls: from Thee
They come, as equally ordained to be
The creatures of Thy hand, Thy sovereign might,
And they are equal, Father, in Thy sight.
O God! my God! in that sweet field of morn,
Where all the souls were waiting to be born,
Were they not equal? and, if not so now,
Who makes these differences? God, not Thou!
Not Thou! not Thou, my God! and love is Thine;
Thou pourest it into our hearts like wine
In golden cups; and Love is just the same
As Thou art, God: he knows no rank, or name,
Or wealth, or place. He takes our hearts and binds them
With links of fire—Oh, say not that he blinds them
With vain deceits! not *that*, O Heavenly Father!
Not that, not that! if truth is truth: say rather—
Wise Love comes opening our eyes to see
The stamp of natural equality.
O Lord, I pray Thee, let these two be one,
And as for me, O Lord, Thy will be done!
I will not say a word, a single word—
Thy will be done! Thy will be done, O Lord!
I loved her—yes—perhaps I loved her most—
It might have been—O Lord, O Lord, Thou know'st.
And now be with me in this dreadful hour;
Subdue the pride of man, and give me power
To sacrifice myself right out and through—
This much I ask, O Lord, this much I do.
O Lord, I claim to have no part or lot
In her; I only ask to be forgot.
Make these two happy in their love, and then—
I'll manage—grant it, God of love! Amen!'
[No more the lightning flashed,
No more the thunder crashed—
But from the pilèd jet
Gleamed sheeted violet,
Which lent such grace
To that sad face,
My voice was all to seek;

And when I tried to speak, I could not speak.
Then Richard smiled to see how absolute
The human tie that bound us—blessed fruit
Of strong coequal manhood. Then he spoke—]

"Day strengthened [Richard said]; I saw the smoke
Rise from the roofs: the birds began their hymns,
And all the valley seemed to stretch its limbs,
And wake. It was a lovely spot; and so
I felt a great deal better,—cheerful—no—
But better; thinking God had heard my prayer,
And everything so pleasant and so fair.
And then, for coolness like, and also knowing
Where *he* would be, if there was fishing going,
I went and sat me down upon the brink
Of a fine stream, that had a merry blink,
And looked, so clear and quick the water ran,
Like our own rivers in the Isle of Man.
The sound was sweet, the wind came off the moor,
I might have been in Sulby, or Ballure.

"Then sleep came on me, and I dreamt a dream
Of Mary skipping to me 'cross the stream
Upon some stepping-stones; and I was standing
With arms stretched out to catch her at the landing;
And her sweet face was just a perfect sun
Of love and mischief. Suddenly—'Run, run!'
She cried, 'the child!' I looked, and all was dark,
Only I saw a little baby stark
Naked as it was born, and over it
I saw a ball of rosy flame that lit
Its little body, as it floated there—
I felt the night-wind whistling through my hair—
I saw poor Mary leap—I sprang to hold her—
I woke—and . . . Dynely's hand was on my shoulder.

"'Why, Richard, Richard! what on earth is this?
And what is up? and what has gone amiss?
And how in Heaven's name have you come here,
My lusty, trusty, Ancient Marineer!
Ha! Richard, you've been spreeing—that's your line!

You've been among the landsharks, Richard mine.
You steady chaps are far the worst, they say,
When once you cut the cable.' Just his way—
Landsharks, and *Ancient Marineers*, and that ;
And gript my arm, and held my hand, and sat
Beside me.
But I turned away my head,
And . . . 'Sir, the child is born, the child,' I said.
He dropt me, gript me, dropt and gript again—
Gript like a vice ; and . . . 'Richard ! Richard Craine,'
He said—'Look here ! look straight ! look straight !' and turned me
Around to look at him full front, and burned me
With eyes like coals of fire—'Look straight !' says he ;
'There's something in your face I want to see—
You loved her, Craine !' I gave him look for look—
Ah sir, the murdering devil has a nook
In every heart—another move, a breath—
I might have had him in the grips of death—
Die him, die me, or die the two of us—
What matters it ? The thing is thus and thus—
It's come to *that*—you don't know how or why—
You don't know anything—— oh d—— you ! die !

"Die—— yes—but Mary—— Mary was the thing ;
And why was I at Dynely but to bring
That man to do the duty of a lover,
And come and make an honest woman of her ?
And who was I to put between them ? No !
Just let me see her happy, and I'd go,
And never more be heard of, never more—
You *can* do *that*. 'You loved her, Craine.' I swore
I never did . . . I had to do it . . . yes . . .
I had—God knows the lie ; but, nevertheless,
There was no other way in heaven above
Or earth beneath—it was the lie of love.

"I said that we were friends—that Mary's father
And mine had been old shipmates—that they rather
Had trust in me, and thought that I could tell
Their grief to him, through knowing him so well—

So I had come ; and *Mary was as pure*
As the unmelted snow, I said : *he knew her*,
I said—*she was a modest woman still*,
And all her people were respectable.
I said a lot of things : but then a cloud
Came on his handsome face, and he looked proud
And cold at me : again the devil hissed
Hot murder in my heart. I held his wrist—
It felt like paper, cracking in my span—

"And—'Mr. Dynely, you're a gentleman,'
I said, 'and so our girls are only toys
For you to play with, slaves of lustful joys
To you, and such as you, that you may break them
For fun and fancy—eh ? that you may make them
A desolation, and a shame to utter,
And fling them on the cinders or the gutter,
As children fling their dolls ; and we must stand
Patient—we, fathers, brothers—move no hand
To right the wrong. It *is* a wrong ! what rule ?
What law is this ? who made it ? God ? That's cool !
What God ? whose God ? the God of heaven and earth ?
The God that brings all creatures to the birth ?
The God Eve prayed to when she suckled Cain,
And Adam saw the milk ? Your god is plain,
The devil-god, that made him kill his brother,
The god that sunders us from one another
In jealousy and hate, friend torn from friend—
In murder it began, in murder it will end.'

"My grip grew tighter—'God, and law !' I cried ;
'Your god is Moloch, and your law is pride—
Hell's pride ; man's law—man therefore can reverse it—
Stand up with me, I say, and curse it ! curse it !
Curse it ! it is no part of God's great plan—
A gentleman ! stand up, and be a man !'

[While Richard paused, as if the passionate speech
Had overmastered utterance—lo ! a breach
Of purest sky, seaward, diagonal
From north to south ; on either side, a wall

Black, feather-edged with sheen of silvery bars,
And in the interspace were many stars.
I saw it, but was silent. Richard broke
A way for prisoned words, and thus he spoke—]

"If I had not been blind with grief and passion,
I could not but have noticed how the fashion
Of Dynely's face was changing all the while—
But now I saw it—saw the sweet bright smile
Spread out through tears; and—'Richard Craine,' he said
'I come on Friday.' Then I fell stone dead—
You see, the tramping, and the want of meat,
And all—I just fell senseless at his feet.

"He raised me though, and made me take a sup
Of brandy from a little silver cup
He had with him, and gave me food he'd brought
For fishing store: and then, like losing thought
Of all our cares, as, when a storm has passed,
Two vessels, hull to hull, and mast to mast,
Lie on the heaving calm—just so we lay,
And talked chance talk—of herrings in the bay,
And six-foot congers—*did I catch them often?*
There's men would talk of congers in their coffin—
Chance talk, chance talk—that's it, and very much
Like dropping stones in water . . . touch-touch-touch—
That's all—and so I said I thought I'd hook it;
And Dynely gave me money, and I took it—
I did—you see, I didn't want to lose
A minute getting home, and to refuse
Seemed foolish pride; and, on the other hand,
To take—— but, sir, I see you understand.

"He showed me where the railway ran aback
The hills. I said good-bye, and didn't slack
Until I reached the level—then I stopped,
And saw him stretched upon his face arm-propped,
Arm-buried from the world of living men—
Ah sir, I could have ripped my heart out then,
And flung it back to him—'He's good! he's good!'
I cried, and turned, and sprang into the wood.

Thank God that that last moment I had grace
And power to see that Dynely was not base,
To feel that he was good, sound at the core—
Because . . . because . . . I never saw him more!

"How sweet the night is getting! [Then said I—
'It is a lovely night'—whereat a sigh
Came trembling to our feet, then paused, as failing
Against the rock, then fluttered into wailing,
And wheeled adown the farthest bourn of west—
'The thunder-wind is dying in its nest,'
Said Richard: but I knew not what to think,
So human was the sorrow, to the brink
Of syllabled utterance urging awful cares—
I followed it with wishes and with prayers.
Then Richard said—]

"The boat was late, the evening air was cool,
The sun's last light was creeping up Barrule;
The place looked very happy, very sweet;—
And I was happy. Up Kirk Maughold Street
I met the brothers. Heavy with distress,
They looked at me: but all I said was 'Yes,
He's coming'; for they knew where I had gone—
I saw they did—they nodded, and passed on,
Suspicious, whispering, or seemed to be,
And all the people stood and stared at me.

"But I went up to Mary's. Mrs. Quayle
Was standing at the door: I told my tale—
She couldn't speak, she hardly raised her head,
But fell against the door—'Come in,' she said.
Old Quayle had got the preacher, Mr. King,
A Bible gript between them arguing;
And, just as I was standing at the sill,
The preacher snatched the Bible from him, till
He'd find a text to pin him. Low, quite low,
Says Mrs. Quayle, 'He's seen him—*him*, you know.'
The Bible straddled somewhere in their laps,
Old Quayle heaved back his head, and sighed; perhaps

It was the waking up of all the grief
Had slept awhile, perhaps it was relief
From preachers' talk, because there are, no doubt,
Some preachers that you'd rather do without,
When you're in trouble; and old Quayle was all
For peace and holy joy, like John, like Paul,
For quietness, and prayer, and meditation—
Though Paul—— I think—— but smelling provocation
Was King's delight; but still I've understood
He was a man that did a deal of good.

"And now I told them what I'd seen and heard,
How I had met with Dynely—every word
He'd said to me; but not, of course, what I
Had said; and Mrs. Quayle began to cry.
But all the time that I was speaking there,
I saw the preacher working in his chair,
And now a sniff, and now a snuff—'I know,'
He seemed to say, 'what you're a coming to.'
And when I told how Dynely had agreed
To come next boat—'Indeed,' he said, 'indeed!'—
And sniffed. But now an argument began
Between himself and Mrs. Quayle—*What plan*,
He said, *should be adopted in this case*—
And—*how astonishing it was to trace*
The hand of Providence; how human ill
Was overruled for good;—unsearchable,
The preacher said, *it was, past finding out*,
Like all God's ways. See how He'd brought about
A full conviction! see the sinner's sin
A cause of grace! but not to walk therein—
He said—*No, no! And Mary's change was deep*,
He said, *and highly promising—a sheep*,
He doubted not, brought home upon the shoulder
Of the Good Shepherd. Now then, if they told her
About this Dynely, where was all his wrestling?
This work would be disturbed, this lamb, a-nestling
Upon the Saviour's bosom, would give ear
To wolves without the fold; and so, one dear
To him by precious ties would fall away;
And God would question at the Judgment Day.

"Poor Mrs. Quayle had not the slightest chance
With King—indeed, she hardly made advance
Beyond some simple words, like—'Surely! surely!
They're better married.'—'That's a point maturely
To be considered, ma'am; and on your knees.
Just think of all the pomps and vanities,
And sinful lusts. You know how Mary stands
At present—Could she be in better hands?
A state's a state, regard it as you will—
Disturb that state, and who's responsible?'

"'Ah but,' she said, 'if Mr. Dynely come,
And want to marry her?' He looks as glum
As thunder—'When did Mr. Dynely say
He'd marry her at all?' and—'Let us pray!'
He says, and knelt. But those were words to pierce
The woman to the heart. She stood up fierce
And stiff—she would not kneel: I got beside her,
And held her hand in mine. The old man eyed her
With sad and wondering look. The preacher frowned,
But prayed—when . . . suddenly . . . we heard a sound,
A sweet low tune—— 'twas in the room above—
O sir, my heart filled over—Love! love! love!
O love! O death! . . .
But, sir, the preacher stayed,
He rose; he listened—'Yes, it's sweet,' he said;
'It's sweet; she often sings like that, poor thing!
And hardly knows——' I felt the mother spring,
Although she didn't move—'Oh, is she crying?'
I said—'Oh, is she, Mrs. Quayle? or dying?
Oh, dying! dying! Mrs. Quayle!'—'She may be,'
The woman said; '*that's* singing to her baby,
At any rate,' she said. You see, she knew
The sort of sound, as if a baby drew
The song and suck at once—Ah, trust a mother
To tell that tune of tunes! There is no other
Like that, of all the tunes—'She hasn't nursed
Her baby for a week: we feared the worst,'
The mother said. 'But now—oh why, oh why
Are you so cruel? Sir, she need not die;
She need not, Mr. King!'

She stopped; the song
Continued—All at once—'I think we're wrong,'
The old man said; 'this lies beyond our power,'
And all his face was like a lovely flower—
'We'll go and tell her.' Then he rose, and went;
And with him went his wife. The preacher bent
His head, and muttered something—didn't speak;
I saw the tears were rolling down his cheek.
We left together—'In your prayers to-night
Remember me,' he said; 'good-night! good-night!'
They're hard on human nature, bound to be;
But still they can't get over it, you see.

"I heard next morning, when I gave a call
Up-street, that Mary wasn't pleased at all
With what I'd done—it took her unawares—
If people just would mind their own affairs,
She said, *it would be better—mind their own;*
She only wanted to be left alone!
She wanted nobody to come and see her—
It was as Death had whispered in her ear
And spat into her mouth, and sucked her breath—
There is a kind of drunkenness of death
She'd got; she'd bathed her feet in death so long
That it had lost the chill: and Death is strong,
But Hope is stronger—— bully Hope! heart's-ease!
Sweet Hope, young Hope, that climbs upon the knees
Of Death, and hangs upon his neck! and so
I knew that it would be with her. No, no!
We're not so fond of Death.
That very day
She nursed and nursed the little one, that lay
Upon her breast, a helpless snuggling bit
Of innocence. They said her face was lit
With pride, if any one could call it pride—
Poor thing! and when she laid it at her side,
And raised herself, she kissed the little foot,
And talked of flowers, and where they should be put
To make the room look nice; and kissed her mother.

"Next day was Friday; then she couldn't smother
Her longing any more; she couldn't rest

A minute with them; wanted to be drest;
Sang to the baby, danced it, held it off
At arm's-length from her, till she made it cough
And blink; and then she nursed it for a while;
And then she lay quite peaceful—such a smile,
The mother said, and such a lovely bloom,
To see her tidying about the room!
And she would have the window open—yes—
The window—begged her mother with a kiss
To have the window open, so that she
Might hear the tug of paddles out at sea.

"The steamer came—I waited till the last—
No Dynely—no! I made the painter fast,
And jumped aboard the boat: I went below,
To see if he was there—but—Dynely?—no!
He hadn't come. I went ashore again;
I saw the brothers standing at the lane;
And, when they saw me by myself, they turned,
And walked away, they did. My head sir, burned
With misery—O God of Israel!
And then . . . and then . . . I had to go and tell.
I made it look as likely as I could;
He hadn't come; but then of course he would—
Next boat, no doubt. And so they thought it better
That Mary should be told—*No doubt, a letter*
Had come by post—they'd have it in the morning:
And so, without the smallest bit of warning,
They told her—'Shut the window *now*,' she said;
And then her mother wrapt her in the bed,
And felt her all a-tremble.
Morning came—
No letter, but the paper, and a name
That made me start—'Births, Marriages,' you know,
'Deaths . . . Herbert Dynely, Dynely Hall'—just so—
And, in another place, 'Sad accident.'
It seems, soon after I had left, he went
Far up the river to a place where rocks
Run out, and make a gully: two big blocks
Lean from each side, as if inclined to meet,
One higher than the other—fifteen feet

Of slant apart. The downward jump was hard,
The up was worse; and yet the man who dared
The one must dare the other: from the ledge
On which he stood the cliff was like a hedge
Behind him, six good fathoms, smooth as glass:
Below him, from the throttle of the pass,
Half choked with churning stones, the water slid
Into a deep black pool. The jump was called the *Strid.*

"They found him in the pool, and people thought
He must have had a salmon on, and brought
His fish into the narrows. Then, you see,
He couldn't play him there; so jumps to free
His running tackle; doesn't do to jerk him—
Jump back again's the only way to work him—
Jumps, misses, strikes the crags, back, front, good God!
Stunned, bleeding, helpless, still he holds the rod,
And held it when they found him—dead enough—
Just where the water shoaled: the gear was tough;
The salmon was below him, fast as glue—
The rascal—sulking, wondering what to do.

"So that's how Dynely died. This news was broke
To Mary very gently. No one spoke
But what they had to speak, and all combined
To be as helpful, and as good and kind
As ever they could be. But that strong love
Of Death came back upon her now, and strove
Against our kindness. Most of us, indeed,
Knew what must be the end: such strains exceed
The strength of human hearts. Before she died,
She sent for me. I stood at her bedside . . .
Bedside . . . bedside . . . O sir, the other hopes!
The other thoughts! . . . O sir, man only gropes,
At best, through darkness: here, at last, was light—
But not of this world.
'Twas a lovely sight,
But terrible . . . poor darling little bed—
Poor lamb! poor dear! But how I stooped my head
Against her lips to hear her whispering,
And what she said, that was not anything

But sweet low sighs—and what I could not say,
No matter how I tried, and came away,
And left her, when they told me. . . . Wait a bit . . .
That is . . . that must be. . . . O sir, *this* is it . . .
Young Dynely lies in Dynely church; and she
Lies *there!*"
He pointed where above the sea
Saint Maughold's Church lay girt with cross and rune
And grave. . . . Just then forth sailed the stately moon
Full-orbed; and, from a vista of retreat
Cloud-caverned, lo! a face divinely sweet
Looked forth, and, every fold distinct with light,
Soft garments floated on the field of night.
"Behold!" I cried, "O Richard mine, behold
The robe of silver, and the crown of gold!
See, see! she smiles!" Straightway the vision passed:
But Richard spoke not, only held me fast
By hand and arm—We rose, and down the slope
Walked silently—— O Love! O Death! O Hope!

BELLA GORRY

The Pazon's Story

Westward to Jurby, eastward if you look,
The coast runs level to the Point of Ayre,
A waste of sand, sea-holly, and wild thyme—
Wild thyme and bent. The Mull of Galloway
Is opposite. Adown the farthest west,
Not visible now, lie stretched the hills of Morne.

A cottage, did you say? Yes, once it was;
A ruin now—the naked gables stand
Roofless—the walls are clay, save where round stones,
Picked from the beach, supply the mason's art
With base Cyclopean. See the narrow hole
That served for window! see the poor dead hearth.

This was the home of one whom, for the wealth
And strength of her great love, I call not poor—
Else, poor indeed. The story of her life
You'd like to know? So far as known to me,
You shall—a simple story—'tis in sooth,
And somewhat sad. Yet in the simple fact
God often speaks: and, as for sadness, sir,
I think such sadness is a thing most sweet.

The marriage tie, the household ordinance,
The regulated decencies, the home,
Are God's appointment—so to train a race
Healthy and strong; yet can He nurture strength
And beauty in mere wildings—grace and joy,
Nay, goodness, and the firmest bond of love—
Firmer, it may be, for the sense in both
Of helplessness, of grave neglect, and scorn—
Firmer, as fastened in the absolute root
Of sheer maternity, where fatherhood
Is but the remnant of a weary dream.
So, while our gardens bloom, a humble flower,
Flung o'er the wall, may take the dews of God,
And breathe His air, and, in the wilderness,
Unfold the lovely splendour of a rose.

When Bella Gorry came to dwell amongst us,
She was not young. Full thirty years, at least,
She'd seen: she was a stranger to us here,
A south-side woman. We were harvesting
When first she came, and joined the shearers: none
Knew where she lived, or how; until, one night,
Passing among the bents, I heard a cry
As of a child, and heard the murmured song
Wherewith the mother sought to quiet it—
And this was Bella Gorry. Round her rose
The swelling sand-heaps; it was in September,
A starlit night. A fence of sods uptorn
Encompassed her; and she had hollowed out
The sand, and made such shelter as she could.
But it was cold, and she had bowed her head
Over her babe, herself to sleep inclined—
And still the cry, and still the drowsy croon.

I stood amazed; for in the Isle of Man
Our poor are not neglected. You indeed
Must know such sights familiar: in the streets
And purlieus of great towns, the homeless wretch
Is never wanting, nor the country-side
Lacks its appropriate vagabond—the *tramp*,
Is't not? you call him—who in hedge or ditch
Lies hungry, gazing upward to the stars.
To him the state assigns a scanty dole,
Which he rejects. Not so with us—our poor
We deem God's charge, an individual care
To every Christian man, which whoso slights
God's ordinance slights—
Therefore I stood amazed;
And asked her who she was, and where her home.
She did not stir, but answered moodily—
"My name is Bella Gorry; and I have
No home but this."—"Then come with me," I said;
"The little one is cold: it is not fit
That you should lodge like this." But she no word
Replied; only she tightened that close grasp
Wherewith she held the child; and I could hear
Deep breathings of her breast, that seemed like sighs—
So that I knelt, and prayed. Then to my prayer
I knew that she attended. Nay, I prayed
In all humility: for now I felt
I was confronted with the deepest wrong
That man can do to woman, cause for shame
To me and all men. So I prayed that God
Would pity us, and, in His wisdom, make
This wrong thing right; give comfort to this heart
Nigh broken, and dispose her to remit
Her grief to Him, and to regard in me
His minister for such relief designed.

But vain my prayer, or seeming vain, for she
All proffered aid refused, and lifted up
At last her head, and, with unloving words,
Bade me be gone. I went, but firm resolved
What I should do. The earliest light of morn
Found me upon the field, where, one by one,

The shearers entered, till the field was full.
And Bella sheared—but she had left her babe
In that dry hollow far among the bents,
And ranged her with the shearers. Then I spoke
To some I knew most apt, but chief to him,
The master of the farm, a soul full fraught
With love and active goodness. He for me
A willing band detached. I led them where
The child lay sleeping—in its little hands
Blue-bells fast clasped, and 'neath its head soft moss,
Plucked from the mooragh. Then a little girl,
The farmer's daughter, took the child, and fed it
With milk, and nursed and danced it till it crowed.

But we with spade and pick unceasing worked
Till we had reared the framework of this cot
You see. Nor did the mother know, before
Noon glowed, and, stealing from the harvest field,
She sought her child: and she was well content.
And when, or e'er the week was out, the roof
Stood thatched and necessary furniture
Of bed and board, by kindly hands supplied,
Was stored within, she saw, and the dull cloud
Broke; and her soul was lightened, and she came
To me, and, with the rush of many tears,
Yet guarded by a fence of dignity,
How found I know not, she poured forth her thanks
And blessings. So it was that Bella came
To dwell within my parish, and to be
My friend most loved, and worthy of my love.

This was her home; for many quiet years
She lived within these walls, and had such peace
As theirs may be, whose purpose is to guard
One precious treasure, being all that's left.
It was a little girl that made her glad—
For she could yet be glad—a very star
To light her life: and well she tended it,
And saw it grow in beauty and in strength;
And took it with her to the harvest field,
Or other work, as needs she must, who lived

A lonely woman. I have seen the babe
Against a stook soft propped of drooping sheaves
Asleep, or, wakeful, gazing on the clouds;
And I have noted how the field was hushed
In silence. Only, ever and anon,
Some woman's heart would yearn for very love,
And make her quit her shearing rank a space,
To kiss this flower that smiled amid the corn.
Then would some strong man say—"Let me kiss too"—
But others said that it was naught, and murmured
Of *evil ways*, and *lightness not rebuked*,
And *sin encouraged*. Still the baby smiled;
And Bella reaped, and answered not a word.

So 'twas one day I came into the field
Where she was reaping, and I heard the voice
Of strong contention—it was Henry Tear,
My tenant—but you do not know the man—
He rents the glebe—a worthy soul enough,
And not ill-natured. What had angered him
They did not tell me; possibly some slackness
About the work, and how the women lost
Their time. He did not see me: hot and fierce,
I heard his last words only. Bella stood
Before him, pale and trembling—"Take the child
Away!" he said, "and bring it not again!
I will not have this bastard in my field."
And no one spoke.
Then from behind the stook
I stepped, and took the little one, embraced,
As in the church I hold them at the font,
So by the altar of the golden sheaves
I held the child, and signed her with the cross,
And said Christ's words—ah, blessed, blessed words!
How we *should suffer them to come to Him*,
And not forbid them, for of such God makes
His kingdom. And I turned to Tear, and said—
"You must become even as this little child,
If you would enter heaven at the last.
Then let it lie, a little piece of heaven
Upon your field."

But he was much rebuked,
And leaned his arms upon the hedge, and leaned
His face upon his arms, and strove to hide
His shame—and I remember it so well—
That is the field, high up upon the brow,
Near the cliff's edge—it was a lovely day,
But hot with hum of bees, and glare of sand,
And thunder, and the trouble of the shearing,
And Tear was angry; but I conquered him.
You smile—ah well—you are quite right—I'm not
A man to conquer—— anything, perhaps—
Nay, sir, the thing is so—and yet we have
Our little triumphs—little vanities,
No doubt, were better said; but God knows all—
Knows all—knows all—knows all. But think not, sir,
The little one was not baptized before,
And dedicate to God with holy rite.
'Twas but my parable, a way to reach
The good man's heart, for he was really good,
And felt it. So our little Sarah grew.

Now, as she grew, she lacked not, as beseemed
Her age, for sweet, or toy, or cap, or frock,
Gay ribbon, cloak as gay. Good Bella's store
Sufficed for all; nor would she have her child
Stinted of aught. It seemed as if, beside
Her love, she had a need of some delight
In form and colour, some embodiment
Of dreams, ideals, nurtured in the waste
Of hope forlorn, and purpose unfulfilled—
Imperfect turned to perfect, dark to dawn—
God's magic for great sorrows.
So she wrought,
Instinctive artist, coveting the grace
Of utmost finish for the one pure gem
Saved from her life-wreck: so it seemed to me,
Much pondering how the sweet fantastic joy
Expanded to an outlet of constraint—
Uncertain—certain, simple recompense
Ordained of God for women who have loved
And lost, yet cherish beauty, knowing it

A good, although it has not been to them
A good. To them a little child becomes
The glory of the prime, the incarnation
Of that which should have been, nay was, and is
For ever glowing in the secret depths
That feed the springs of action—from what type
Of mean inadequate idol caught, what hero
Proved unheroic, matters not, it seems,
Since love transfigures baseness.
You have seen them
Doubtless, these mothers—and you have observed
How fierce they often are, what stern regard,
What fire ascetic, jealous, watchful, burns
In her poor eyes, *who holds her babe a trophy*
Snatched fearful from the vanquished field of love,
And, as a trophy, decked. No words of mine,
Dear sir, I beg to say—I mean, that flight
About the *trophy*. 'Twas Professor Jones
Of Oxford, reinforcing my poor speech
One day—Professor Jones—Professor Jones—
A very clever man. But I rebuked him,
For, though we pity, we should not encourage,
Nor clothe with specious names what God has cursed.
Professor Jones was here? Oh yes—you know him?
You are from Oxford? really! ah then
You'll understand how the Professor smiled
His weary Oxford smile, and said no more.

But I apologise. I loved the child.
I loved her very much. And I have gone
And watched the mother playing with her child,
Myself unseen, and marked the greediness
Of her great love; until, one Saturday,
My sermon finished, ere the sun had set,
I went to Bella's cottage. She had washed
The little one, and laid it like a pearl
Upon her breast. Then I entranced beheld
The glory and the splendour of the babe,
And Bella lifted her upon the bed,
And asked that I would pray. Then side by side
We knelt and prayed: and, as I prayed, I saw

The crimson flush that entered at the door
Pass straight between us to the sleeping child,
As it had been its angel. When I rose,
Bella remained upon her knees, her face
Deep hidden in the coverlet, nor moved
Before I left. O sir, what strange sweet throb
Surprised my heart!—— but these are difficult things.

So little Sarah grew, till she could run
Upon the shore, and gambol at my side.
And often, when her mother was a-field,
I'd find her all alone, but well content,
As trusted now to "keep the house," yet free,
At my proposal, to relax her care,
And scurry on the sand, and see my dog
Rush open-mouthed upon the waves, and bark,
And bark again—she loved to hear him bark.

And Sarah grew, and was no more a babe,
But a great girl. Then more conspicuous seemed
Poor Bella's taste fantastic—certainly,
Fantastic—that was it—a string of beads,
Wreathed cunningly, a bow, a belt, the hair—
The everything so different, and then
The subtler difference that lay behind.
And she wore shoes the daintiest that are made,
And stockings—violet, or, haply, pink,
Or blue—whereas our children here go barefoot.
And this gave much offence: our farmers' wives
Were angry at these *capers*—that's their word—
These ways eccentric, alien, scandalous—
They said the child was like *a gipsy child;*
They said the child was like a *monkey perched*
Upon a barrel-organ in the street,
Or some wild changeling, *draggled through a fair*
To dance, and smirk, and shake the tambourine,
And grow to be a wanton—so they said.

But I, to whom the unfamiliar garb
Seemed not excessive, wedded, as it was,
To modesty, and scrupulous cleanliness—

I could not blame it ; nay, it had a charm
For me, a charm of novelty and grace—
The break of dull monotony ; as if
Some day among the gulls upon the beach
I should perceive a bird of paradise,
Or mark a fire-fly in the dusky bents.
Yet, when the little one was old enough
To come to school, and I had fixed the day,
And all was ready, I had many fears—
Indeed I all but asked to see her dressed
That morning, ere she left her mother's hand,
But did not venture : only, when she came,
I bade the mistress thoroughly examine
Each hem, and stitch, and gore, and plait, and seam,
And, if need be, abate, or modify.
Moreover I contrived to bring two friends,
Lady parishioners, mature in years,
Into the school that day ; who, when they saw,
Approved, and were surprised : the child was dressed
Like other children, only wondrous neat—
Indeed, sir, I was thankful, recognising
The plastic spirit of my humble friend,
And how she caught the cue of circumstance.

So all was well, and Sarah grew apace,
And was an excellent scholar, apt and good.
And she had much of native dignity,
And calm control, well suited to abash
Our rougher lads : and, even before she left
The school, she looked so stately and so pure,
So sweetly tolerant, and yet so firm
Of principle, being resolute for good
Above all else, that evil things withdrew
From off her virgin path ; and vulgar phrase,
And gesture loose, nor any wicked act,
Could e'er approach her—happy, happy such—
O sir, how happy ! who, as in the sphere
Of their own crystal purity contained,
Are *naturally* safe, and, effortless,
Compel the baser elements—how few,
God knows. For is it not a weary strife

With most of us, our peace, if peace we have,
The fruit of mere exhaustion?—ah, God knows—
And God knows too—but 'tis a happier knowledge—
What preparation in the silent depths
Of these white, virginal souls is made, what conflict,
Perhaps, of other essences, to them
External, viewless powers, keeps beating back
The incursive ill, and still unbroken holds
That limited space wherein they walk secure—
So in the moving centre of a storm
There is a core of quiet, is there not?

In such a place as this, I need not say,
The children at our school cannot remain
Beyond the term prescribed by homely needs,
And exigence of labour. Sarah stayed
Up to her sixteenth year, a privilege
Not many of our working class obtain,
For her by Bella eagerly desired,
And jealously protected—and the girl
Made rapid progress, justifying all.
And, when she left, her mother would not take her
To work upon the fields, as she herself
Was wont, but sought a place of service for her
In Ramsey, with a family genteel,
Yet staid, and sober, which from Liverpool
Had come to spend the summer: and with them,
When they returned to Liverpool, she went,
To be their servant in that awful place.

But, ere she went, we had our Confirmation;
And Sarah came to be prepared by me:
And she impressed me much as one well girt
With Christian armour; and her frame of mind
Was excellent. Her answers, whether spoken,
Or written, such as I myself indeed
Would not have been ashamed of; and, in truth,
Her hand was always wonderfully clear.
So I was pleased: but Bella troubled me.

Her tendency to gauds broke out afresh
On this occasion, seeming to have died

As she grew old ; or, possibly, her daughter
Had mitigated it, with exquisite tact,
Suggesting compromise, and ever holding
A mean, that had a pathos of its own,
So happily did she propitiate
Her mother's foible, subtly indistinct
In her distinction—as she managed it.
But now dear Bella hankered for a cap,
So frizzed, beribboned, done about with lace
And gauze, wherewith her daughter should appear
Before the Bishop, that I knew his lordship
Would be quite scandalised. Debate ran high
For quite a week between herself and me ;
And I was vexed. But Sarah made it right—
Yet not without some risk of public blame—
She wore no cap at all ; and never, sir,
Was Bishop's hand laid on a lovelier head.

So Sarah was confirmed, and went to England ;
And Bella had no doubts ; she knew her child.
Nor is there any tragedy behind
My simple story—ruin, sir, and death—
Thank God ! it was not thus, and could not be—
I say, *thank God !* for I have known of many
Caught in the snares of your great Liverpool,
Burned in the fire of your great Liverpool,
Cast forth like ashes on the unhallowed streets
Of your great Liverpool. An awful place
I said it was ; and so it is to us,
To us, sir, anxious for our children's good,
Our children's life. Oh yes ! I know there are
Good men in Liverpool, else Sodom's doom
Had fallen upon her long ago, who asks
The annual tribute of our shame—pollutes,
Devours—O God ! to think of it is death !

Good men in Liverpool—yes, sir, oh yes—
Undoubtedly—I know some clergymen
In Liverpool, who are most excellent,
Most admirable men in every way—
There's Mr.—— I forget his name—— his church

Is somewhere—— really I can't remember—
You see, your Liverpool is such a place,
Enormous, is it not? and most confusing.
You think I'm prejudiced—perhaps I am—
But you'll allow it is confusing, sir,
Confusing to a stay-at-home like me—
Well, well—I do not like your Liverpool.

But Sarah was not easily confused:
She could walk steadily where others swerve
And stagger from the track. Her feet were firm
And supple with the elasticity
Of innocence and maidenly resolve—
God giving her strength, God answering our prayers,
Refreshing her according to her need,
Nay, filling her with light; so that each year,
When she came back to see us, she was good,
And absolutely incorrupt as ever—
Unchanged indeed, save only that sweet change
Which comes of larger life, more copious flow
Of impulse ever chastened, broader space
Of soul, reflecting more variety
Of forms—as when a little mountain stream
Swims out into the figure of a lake,
And mirrors all the sky, and all the clouds.
Such change was added beauty, perfect joy,
And balance of a heart that knew no fear—
Sarah was fearless; that you saw at once—
Yet so affectionate, and simply kind.

It was a real little festival
When she came home to see us: every face
Was brighter for her look, such interest,
And such excitement, in the parish here!
For half a mile upon the Ramsey road
The people from the cottages came out,
And waited for the cart, the Parson's cart,
Which always brought her from the boat. Indeed
The first time that she came I did not care
To be among them: but the second time
I lingered at the corner of the lane;

And when they saw me, all, with one consent,
But tacitly, held back, as though they thought
It was for me to welcome her. And so
It came to be a custom of the place;
And I was always there, and nothing loth—
Such little things made up our round of life,
And are the landmarks of its quiet course;
And are not very little, after all,
For those who value simple loyalty,
And have respect for unpretending worth.

It was a pleasant and a happy scene:
But most 'twas happy, most 'twas pleasant, sir—
To me at least 'twas most—to see how Bella,
From mid-day till the twilight brought her hope,
Upon a sandhill, which advanced to meet
The road, sat spotless in the mere perfection
Of cap and kerchief, conscious of her hearth
Clean swept, and all the cottage bright as glass.
And so for hours she sat, most patiently
Knitting: and, now and then, some one would come—
Most frequently myself—and change a word
Of cheer, and in the very quiet of her tone
Divine the gathered loneliness, that now
Expected recompense, as justly due
To all those wintry longings in the night.
But when the sunset came, and that great joy
Was imminent, then Bella's needles clicked
Irregular, and from her trembling hands
Slipped devious, and her face was fixed upon
The long white road, and from her eyes dropped tears.
Then came the cart; and on my aiding hand
Sarah leaped light, but Bella waited still:
And we went up to her. So, every year,
It grew to be a custom, as I said,
A ritual of observance most exact,
Which changed, the people would have been amazed.

A Sabbath time for Bella, be assured—
A blessed, blessed time! and Sarah brought
Such presents for the children all about

That everywhere the little ones rejoiced,
And followed her. But chiefest bliss to me
Was in the evening, when the day was fine,
That sacred week, for well it might be called so,
While Sarah stayed with us, to see them walk,
The mother and her child, upon the shore,
At distance I, yet near enough to note
The close embrace of interwoven arms,
Slow step harmonious, stately forms erect,
Yet flowing in accordant tenderness—
Tall women both, yet Bella was less tall
Than Sarah, grown to perfect womanhood.

Nine years had passed, and still our Sarah served
In the same house. But, when the tenth year came,
Came news that Sarah was to be a wife
Before she saw us next—a man well off,
Intelligent, respectable, who loved her,
And whom she loved—you know the sort of man—
Connected with some—oh, a worthy man—
Should be her husband ; and from marriage bells
Forthwith they twain would cross the sea, and make
Some stay with us—so Sarah's letter said.
But Bella, whatsoe'er she felt, was silent :
Only I thought I saw a heavy look—
And yet perhaps I did her wrong ; for how
Could prospect of so great a change not throw
A shadow on her life ? which having passed,
Bright sunshine would succeed. A mother's heart—
'Tis a great mystery, sir, a mother's heart.

And now the day approached that they should come ;
And Bella seemed as if an inward strife
Had ended, and her soul was left in peace :
And she addressed her to the patent needs
Of service, and all hospitable cares.
And, when they came, I could not but rejoice
To mark how radiant Sarah looked, to see
Her husband too, a handsome man, well-grown,
Well-set ; kind, honest face, and honest speech,
Where haply failed an aitch, as reason would

But nothing failed of modesty and truth :
Content, I grasped his hand.
Then Bella asked
If, that one night, in her old cottage home,
She might have Sarah to herself—"You were
My architect," she said to me, "you know
How far accommodation serves." Whereat
Her husband not surprised, we speedily
Arranged that he should at the Vicarage
Be entertained, my guest. We supped with her,
Then left them. 'Twas a pleasant night of stars,
And murmuring ripples, and sweet drowsy winds,
That scarcely stirred a leaf. And I was glad
To make the acquaintance of our Sarah's husband.
And as we walked and walked : and I could see
That he was *most* intelligent,—acquainted
With much that lay beyond my beat—the arts
Of busy life, and ways of toiling men,
And springs of wealth and industry—
We walked,
And still the light was in the window, still
They did not sleep, and it was getting late.
Then he to me—"I will draw near, and know
What holds them watching" : to the window stept,
And looked a while, then beckoned me approach,
But silently ; and I approached. Then he—
"Dear sir, you are a clergyman. In God's name
I bid you see the sight that I have seen."

Then through the opening of the narrow pane
I gazed, and saw how Bella had undressed
Her child, as long ago, when she and I
Had prayed beside the little one. But now
It was the absolute omnipotence
Of woman's beauty given to my view,
As in some wondrous dream : for Bella knelt,
And clasped the marble of her daughter's knees,
And kissed the softness of her daughter's breast,
And drank the music of her daughter's voice,
And seemed to take assurance of each sense
That this dear child, thus come to full estate

Of bodily form, was her own little one,
Flesh of her flesh, the same that she had borne
And nursed in sorrow, now complete in joy.

Oh *physically*, sir, it was supreme—
This Sibyl clinging to this Venus. Nay,
You'll pardon my poor fancy—classical,
Perhaps—but that is not the point—those faces,
Those faces, sir—that worship, and that smile—
Love! if this was not love, then where is love?
The love, the smile, the face, sir—either face—
Both faces in an ecstasy of love.
"Nursing the baby"—so I said to him,
Who yet again would look, and look again:
But came with me at last; and, reft of speech,
And in our hearts the murmuring of deep awe,
We sought the Vicarage; and, ere we slept,
I prayed for all.
Next morning, when I rose,
I found him up, and ready to descend
To Bella's cottage. At the opened door
Stood Sarah, very quiet. In her eyes
Methought I saw a trouble; but she spoke
Her greeting with a voice that seemed unmoved:
Then bade us enter. Which when we had done,
She gently turned the coverlet; and there
Lay Bella, with a sunbeam on her brow,
A bright young sunbeam—Bella, sir, was dead.

Of course, the doctors called it heart-disease—
But who can tell? God took her to Himself;
He knows the time—— But I neglect my function—
Westward to Jurby, eastward, as I said,
The coast runs level to the Point of Ayre.

ENVOY

GO BACK!

BUT now
From the brow
Of old Skiddaw, high-perched
On the last of the cairns,
Myself and my bairns,
We searched
For our sweetest of sweet little Hesperids;
And our lids
Were stung
By the "saut"
Sharp slung
From the wall
Of a squall,
That wrought,
And blurred,
And slurred
The air
Out there,
So that nought
Of our Isle,
The while,
Could we see,
But a film of the faintest ivory.
Just half-way down the slope we sit,—
When, suddenly, the sky is lit—
Look, look! as through a sliding panel
Of pearl, our Mona! Has she crossed the Channel
For us? that there she lies almost
A portion of the Cumbrian coast?
Dark purple peaks against the sun,
A gorgeous thing to look upon?
Nay, darling of my soul! I fear
To see your beauty come so near—
I would not have it! This is not your rest—
Go back, go back, into your golden West!

III. LYRICAL

CLEVEDON VERSES

I

Hallam's Church, Clevedon

A grassy field, the lambs, the nibbling sheep,
A blackbird and a thorn, the April smile
Of brooding peace, the gentle airs that wile
The Channel of its moodiness, a steep
That brinks the flood, a little gate to keep
The sacred ground—and then that old gray pile,
A simple church wherein there is no guile
Of ornament; and here the Hallams sleep.
Blest mourner, in whose soul the grief grew song,
Not now, methinks, awakes the slumbering pain,
While Joy, with busy fingers, weaves the woof
Of Spring. But when the Winter nights are long,
Thy spirit comes with sobbing of the rain,
And spreads itself, and moans upon the roof.

II

Dora

She knelt upon her brother's grave,
My little girl of six years old—
He used to be so good and brave,
The sweetest lamb of all our fold;
He used to shout, he used to sing,
Of all our tribe the little king—
And so unto the turf her ear she laid,
To hark if still in that dark place he played.

No sound! no sound!
Death's silence was profound;
And horror crept
Into her aching heart, and Dora wept.
If this is as it ought to be,
My God, I leave it unto Thee.

III

SECUTURUS

Each night when I behold my bed
So fair outspread,
And all so soft and sweet—
O, then above the folded sheet
His little coffin grows upon mine eye,
And I would gladly die.

IV

CUI BONO?

What comes
Of all my grief? The Arabian grove
Is cut that costly gums
May float into the nostrils of great Jove.
My heart resembles more a desert land:
Who cuts it cuts but rock, or digs the sapless sand.

V

STAR-STEERING

O, will it ever come again
That I upon the boundless main
Shall steer me by the light of stars?
Now, locked with sandy bars,
Life's narrowing channel bids me mark
Each serviceable spark
That Holm'or Lundy flings upon the dark.
Thus man is more to me—
But O, the gladness of the outer sea!
O Venus! Mars!
When shall I steer by you again, O stars?

VI

Per omnia Deus

What moves at Cardiff, how a man
At Newport ends the day as he began,
At Weston what adventure may befall,
What Bristol dreams, or if she dream at all,
Upon the pier, with step sedate,
I meditate—
Poor souls! whose God is Mammon—
Meanwhile, from Ocean's gate,
Keen for the foaming spate,
The true God rushes in the salmon.

VII

Norton Wood (Dora's birthday)

In Norton wood the sun was bright,
In Norton wood the air was light,
And meek anemonies,
Kissed by the April breeze,
Were trembling left and right.
Ah, vigorous year!
Ah, primrose dear
With smile so arch!
Ah, budding larch!
Ah, hyacinth so blue,
We also must make free with you!
Where are those cowslips hiding?
But we should not be chiding—
The ground is covered every inch—
What sayest, master finch?
I see you on the swaying bough!
And very neat you are, I vow!
And Dora says it is "the happiest day!"
Her birthday, hers!
And there's a jay,
And from that clump of firs
Shoots a great pigeon, purple, blue, and gray.

And, coming home,
Well-laden, as we clomb
Sweet Walton hill,
A cuckoo shouted with a will—
"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" the first we've heard!
"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" God bless the bird!
Scarce time to take his breath,
And now "Cuckoo!" he saith—
Cuckoo! cuckoo! three cheers!
And let the welkin ring!
He has not folded wing
Since last he saw Algiers.

VIII

The Bristol Channel

I

The sulky old gray brute!
But when the sunset strokes him,
Or twilight shadows coax him,
He gets so silver-milky,
He turns so soft and silky,
He'd make a water-spaniel for King Knut.

II

This sea was Lazarus, all day
At Dives' gate he lay,
And lapped the crumbs.
Night comes;
The beggar dies—
Forthwith the Channel, coast to coast,
Is Abraham's bosom; and the beggar lies
A lovely ghost.

IX

The Voices of Nature

This cluck of water in the tangles—
What said it to the Angles?

What to the Jutes,
This wave sip-sopping round the salt sea-roots?
With what association did it hit on
The tympanum of a Damnonian Briton?
To tender Guinevere, to Britomart,
The stout of heart,
Along the guarded beach
Spoke it the same sad speech
It speaks to me—
This sopping of the sea?

Surely the plash
Of water upon stones,
Encountering in their ears the tones
Of dominant passions masterful,
Made but a bourdon for the chord
Of a great key, that rested lord
Of all the music, straining not the bones
Of Merlin's scull;
And in the ear of Vivian its frets
Were silver castanets,
That tinkled 'mong the vanities, and quickened
The free, full-blooded pulse,
Nor sickened
Her soul, nor stabbed her to the heart.
Strange! that to me this gurgling of the dulse
Allays no smart,
Consoles no nerve,
Rounds off no curve—
Alack!
Comes rather like a sigh,
A question that has no reply—
Opens a deep misgiving
What is this life I'm living—
Our fathers were not so—
Silence, thou moaning wrack!
And yet . . . I do not know.
And yet . . . I would go back.

LYNTON VERSES

I

MAY MARGERY of Lynton
Is brighter than the day;
Her eye is like the sun in heaven—
Was ne'er so sweet a May!

May Margery has learnt a tune
To which her soul is set—
The voices of all happy things
Are in its cadence met—
The voices of all happy things
In air, and earth, and sea,
Make music in the little breast
Of sweet May Margery.

And has May Margery a heart?
Nay, child, God give thee grace!
He made it for thee years ago,
And keeps it in a place—
The heart of gold that shall be thine—
But who shall have the key
That opens it—Ah, who? ah, who?
Ah, who, May Margery?

II

At Malmsmead, by the river side
I met a little lady,
And, as she passed, she sang a song
That was not Tate or Brady,
Or any song by art contrived
Of minstrel or of poet,
For baron's hall, or chanter's desk;
And yet I seemed to know it.
Good sooth! I think the song was mine—
The all unthinking sadness—
She read it from my longing eyes,
And gave it back in gladness.

And yet it was a challenge too,
As plain as she could make it,
So petulant, so innocent,
And yet I could not take it.
A breath, a gleam, and she is gone—
Just half a minute only—
So die the breaths, so fade the gleams,
And we are left so lonely.

III

Milk! milk! milk!
Straight as the Parson's bands,
Streaming like silk
Under and over her hands—
What is Mary scheming?
What is Mary dreaming?

Swish! swish! swish!
Pressing her sweet young brow,
Smooth as a dish,
To the side of the sober cow—
Can she tell no tale then?
Nought but milk and pail then?

Strip! strip! strip!
Far away over the sea
Comes there a ship,
The ship of all ships that be?
Ah, little fairy!
Ah, Mary, Mary!

IV

LYNTON TO PORLOCK (Exmoor)

From Lynton when you drive to Porlock,
Just take old Tempus by the forelock—
In any case, don't hurry; time and tide—
Of course—I know. But, where the roads divide,

Upon the moor,
Be sure
To shun the *via dextra*,
And choose the marvellous ride
(One half-hour extra)
That zigzags to a gate
Nigh Porlock town—O, it is great,
That strip of Channel sea,
Backed with the prime of English Arcady!
It is not that the heather rushes
In mad tumultuous flushes
(*Trickling*'s the word I'd use);
But O, the greens and blues
And browns whereon the crimson dwells;
The buds, the bells;
The drop from arch to arch
Of pine and larch;
The scented glooms where soft sun-fainting culvers
Élude the eye,
And fox-gloves, like innumerous-celled revolvers
Shoot honey-tongued quintessence of July!

V

Sweet breeze that sett'st the summer buds a swaying,
Dear lambs amid the primrose meadows playing,
Let me not think!
O floods, upon whose brink
The merry birds are maying,
Dream, softly dream! O blessed mother, lead me
Unsevered from thy girdle—lead me! feed me!
I have no will but thine;
I need not but the juice
Of elemental wine—
Perish remoter use
Of strength reserved for conflict yet to come!
Let me be dumb,
As long as I may feel thy hand—
This, this is all—do ye not understand
How the great Mother mixes all our bloods?
O breeze! O swaying buds!
O lambs, O primroses, O floods!

VI

(SYMPHONY)

Adagio.

We saw her die, and she is dead—
Our little sister—
A March wind came and kissed her,
And sighed and fled—
Beyond the hill,
Far in the East we hear him sighing still.
But she is dead,
Our little sister's dead!
Ah, chill! chill! chill!
Ah, see the drooping head!
Our sister's dead—
We know that she is dead.

Andante con moto.

Talitha cumi! O Thou Christ,
Hast kept the tryst?
Laugh not, O maidens! this is He
Of Galilee,
Of Nazareth,
The Christ that conquers Death—
Dost catch a breath,
O Christ? O, Life!
Talitha cumi! See
The tumult as of some sweet strife
Strained tremulous up; up—
"Give her to drink!" He saith—
Yea, Lord, behold, a cup!

Scherzo.

O gentle airs of Spring,
Come to the hills and the valleys,
From the South, from the West,
As seems you best,
Rocked in your golden galleys!
Bring the bread, bring the wine,
Bring the smell that's fine,
Bring the scarf and the bright green wimple!

See, she dips! see, she sips! put your oozy lips
To the curve of each nascent dimple—
To her head, to her feet
So warm and sweet
Bring the rain and the sunshine after;
To the ordered limbs
Where the new life swims,
To the kneaded mesh
Of the soft pink flesh,
Bring baths of dew,
Bring skies of blue—
Bring love, and light, and laughter!

Trio.

Goldfinch underneath the bough
Clinging, swinging,
You are happy now.

Blackbird, as you flit along,
Staying, swaying,
Sing her but one song!

Dove, when twilight wakes unrest,
Yearning, burning,
Lean to her your breast!

Finale.

O God of Heaven!
These are Thy gifts, to all Thy creatures given—
Love, laughter, light—
Stablish the ancient right,
O God; and bend above them all Thy brooding arch—
Dove, blackbird, goldfinch, larch!

THE EMPTY CUP

Fly away, bark,
Over the sea!
Take thou my grief,
Take it with thee!

Bear it afar
  Unto the shore
Where the old griefs are
  For evermore!
O, it was hard!
  Take it away—
Pressed on my heart
  By night and by day.
I will not have it;
  Let it go, let it go!
Shall I have nothing
  But wailing and woe?

Let it be, let it be!
  O, bring it again!
Bring my sorrow to me,
  Bring weeping and pain!
Bring my sorrow to me—
  After all, it is mine:
O God of my heart,
  I will not repine.
For I feel such a lack,
  And I am such a stone—
Bring it back, bring it back!
  It is better to groan
With my old, old load
  Than to search within,
And find nothing there
  But folly and sin.
O, I cannot bear
  This empty cup:
If it must be with gall,
  Fill it up! fill it up!
Fill my soul, fill my soul!
  And I will bless
The hand that filleth
  Mine emptiness.

PAIN

THE man that hath great griefs I pity not ;
'Tis something to be great
In any wise, and hint the larger state,
Though but in shadow of a shade, God wot!

Moreover, while we wait the possible,
This man has touched the fact,
And probed till he has felt the core, where, packed
In pulpy folds, resides the ironic ill.

And while we others sip the obvious sweet—
Lip-licking after-taste
Of glutinous rind, lo! this man hath made haste,
And pressed the sting that holds the central seat.

For thus it is God stings us into life,
Provoking actual souls
From bodily systems, giving us the poles
That are His own, not merely balanced strife.

Nay, the great passions are His veriest thought,
Which whoso can absorb,
Nor, querulous halting, violate their orb,
In him the mind of God is fullest wrought.

Thrice happy such an one! Far other he
Who dallies on the edge
Of the great vortex, clinging to a sedge
Of patent good, a timorous Manichee ;

Who takes the impact of a long-breathed force,
And fritters it away
In eddies of disgust, that else might stay
His nerveless heart, and fix it to the course.

For there is threefold oneness with the One ;
And he is one, who keeps
The homely laws of life ; who, if he sleeps,
Or wakes, in his true flesh God's will is done.

And he is one, who takes the deathless forms,
Who schools himself to think
With the All-thinking, holding fast the link,
God-riveted, that bridges casual storms.

But tenfold one is he, who feels all pains
Not partial, knowing them
As ripples parted from the gold-beaked stem,
Wherewith God's galley onward ever strains.

To him the sorrows are the tension-thrills
Of that serene endeavour,
Which yields to God for ever and for ever
The joy that is more ancient than the hills.

THE PITCHER

OFTEN at a wayside fountain
You may see a pitcher stand,
Stooped beneath the mossy channel,
Purple slate on either hand.

And the streamlet, never heeding
If the pitcher's brimming o'er,
With an innocent persistence
Lavishes its silver store.

And the crystal-beaded bubbles
Burst upon its lazy lip;
But the well-contented pitcher
Does not even care to sip;

Does not even know that o'er him
There is flowing from the hill
What would fill a thousand pitchers,
And a thousand pitchers still.

Wasted on his gurgling fulness
All its fretting soft and faint,

'Wasted all its pretty urging,
All the music of its plaint!

But the streamlet, ever patient,
Ceaseless laves his churlish sides;
For the streamlet has the patience
That in Nature's heart abides.

Even so at God's sweet fountain
Some one left me long ago;
Left my shallow soul expectant
Of the everlasting flow

And it came, and poured upon me,
Rose and mantled to the brim;
And I knew that God was filling
One more soul to carry Him.

So He filled me—then I lost Him,
Lost Him in His own excess;
For He could not but transcend me
In my very nothingness.

Wretched soul, that could'st not hold Him!
Soul incapable and base!
Hardly 'ware that He doth bathe thee
Steeped in largess of His grace!

Puny soul, that could'st not take Him!
Torpid soul—that feel'st no need!
Perish from before the Godhead,
Let a larger soul succeed!

"Not so!" saith the God of goodness;
"I have many souls to fill;
From this soul a while desisting,
I will tarry in the hill.

"Then, when it is dry and dusty,
I will seek the thirsty plain;
I will wet the mossy channel,
And the purple slate again."

SONG

"Weary wind of the West
Over the billowy sea—
Come to my heart, and rest!
Ah, rest with me!
Come from the distance dim
Bearing the sun's last sigh;
I hear thee sobbing for him
Through all the sky."

So the wind came,
Purpling the middle sea,
Crisping the ripples of flame—
Came unto me;
Came with a rush to the shore,
Came with a bound to the hill,
Fell, and died at my feet—
Then all was still.

VERIS ET FAVONI

Sing, Zephyr, sing,
Shed from your dusky wing
The violets.
Make music with your golden frets—
Sing, Zephyr, sing!

Sigh, Zephyr, sigh!
Give passion to the sky!
The tawny south
Has no such odorous mouth—
Sigh, Zephyr, sigh!

Sue, Zephyr, sue!
Bring earth the sunny blue,
The pearly mist
With new-born love-fire kissed—
Sue, Zephyr, sue!

Sip, Zephyr, sip!
The primrose lends her lip,
The crocus thrills,
Love hides among the daffodils—
Sip, Zephyr, sip!

Seek, Zephyr, seek!
The vermeil of my lady's cheek!
So seeking, sipping, suing, sighing, singing,
While old Time his flight is winging,
Tell her to be
Most kind to me.

IN GREMIO

'COME unto God!" I heard a preacher call:
Immediate God to me,
Who in His bosom lay—"Mind not at all
Such accidents as he—
Mechanical alarum, sightless seer,
Who bids thee come, and knows not thou art here."

EXILE

IN sorrow and in nakedness of soul
I look into the street,
If haply there mine eye may meet,
As up and down it ranges,

The servants of my Father bearing changes
Of raiment sweet—
Seven changes sweet with violet and moly,
Seven changes pure and holy.

But nowhere 'mid the thick entangled throng
Mark I their proud sad paces ;
Nowhere the light upon their faces,
Serene with that great beauty
Wherein the singly meditated duty
Its empire traces :—
Only the fretful merchants stand and cry :—
"Come buy ! come buy ! come buy ! "

And the big bales are drunk with all the purple
That wells in vats of Tyre,
And unrolled damasks stream with golden fire
And broideries of Ind,
And, piled on Polar furs, are braveries winned
From far Gadire.
And I am waiting, abject, cold, and numb,
Yet sure that they will come.

O naked soul, be patient in this stead !
Thrice blest are they that wait.
O Father of my soul, the gate
Will open soon, and they
Who minister to Thee and Thine alway
Will enter straight,
And speak to me, that I shall understand
The speech of Thy great land.

And I will rise, and wash, and they will dress me
As Thou wouldst have me dressed ;
And I shall stand confest
Thy son ; and men shall falter :—
"Behold the ephod of the unseen altar !
O God-possessed !
Thy raiment is not from the looms of earth,
But has a Heavenly birth."

CLIMBING

WHEN I would get me to the upper fields,
I look if anywhere
A man be found who craves what joyaunce yields
The keen thin air,
Who loves the rapture of the height,
And fain would snatch with me a perilous delight.

I wait, and linger on the village street,
And long for one to come,
And say:—"The morning's bright, it is not meet
That thou the hum
Of vulgar life shouldst leave, and seek the view
Alone from those great peaks; I surely will go too."

But not to me comes ever any man;
Or, if he come, dull sleep
Still thickens in his eyes, so that to scan
The beckoning steep
He has no power; and of its scornful cone
Unconscious sits him down, and I go on alone.

Yet children are before me on the slope,
Their dew-bedabbled prints
Press the black fern-roots naked; sunny hope
Darts red, and glints
Upon their hair; but, devious, they remain
Among the bilberry beds, and I go on again.

And so there is no help for it, no mate
To share the arduous way:
Natheless I must ascend ere it grow late,
And, dim and gray,
The final cloud obstruct my soul's endeavour,
And I see nothing more for ever and for ever.

RISUS DEI

METHINKS in Him there dwells alway
A sea of laughter very deep,
Where the leviathans leap,
And little children play,
Their white feet twinkling on its crisped edge ;
But in the outer bay
The strong man drives the wedge
Of polished limbs,
And swims.
Yet there is one will say :—
"It is but shallow, neither is it broad"—
And so he frowns ; but is he nearer God ?

One saith that God is in the note of bird,
And piping wind, and brook,
And all the joyful things that speak no word :
Then if from sunny nook
Or shade a fair child's laugh
Is heard,
Is not God half ?
And if a strong man gird
His loins for laughter, stirred
By trick of ape or calf—
Is he no better than a cawing rook ?

Nay 'tis a Godlike function ; laugh thy fill !
Mirth comes to thee unsought ;
Mirth sweeps before it like a flood the mill
Of languaged logic ; thought
Hath not its source so high ;
The will
Must let it by :
For though the heavens are still,
God sits upon His hill,
And sees the shadows fly ;
And if He laughs at fools, why should He not ?

"Yet hath a fool a laugh"—Yea, of a sort;
God careth for the fools;
The chemic tools
Of laughter He hath given them, and some toys
Of sense, as 'twere a small retort
Wherein they may collect the joys
Of natural giggling, as becomes their state:
The fool is not inhuman, making sport
For such as would not gladly be without
That old familiar noise:
Since, though he laugh not, he can cachinnate—
This also is of God, we may not doubt.

"Is there an empty laugh?" Best called a shell
From which a laugh has flown,
A mask, a well
That hath no water of its own,
Part echo of a groan,
Which, if it hide a cheat,
Is a base counterfeit;
But if one borrow
A cloak to wrap a sorrow
That it may pass unknown,
Then can it not be empty. God doth dwell
Behind the feigned gladness,
Inhabiting a sacred core of sadness.

"Yet is there not an evil laugh?" Content—
What follows?
When Satan fills the hollows
Of his bolt-riven heart
With spasms of unrest,
And calls it laughter; if it give relief
To his great grief,
Grudge not the dreadful jest.
But if the laugh be aimed
At any good thing that it be ashamed,
And blush thereafter,
Then it is evil, and it is not laughter.

There are who laugh, but know not why:
Whether the force
Of simple health and vigour seek a course
Extravagant, as when a wave runs high,
And tips with crest of foam the incontinent curve,
Or if it be reserve
Of power collected for a goal, which had,
Behold! the man is fresh. So when strung nerve,
Stout heart, pent breath, have brought you to the source
Of a great river, on the topmost stie
Of cliff, then have you bad
All heaven to laugh with you; yet somewhere nigh
A shepherd lad
Has wondering looked, and deemed that you were mad.

DARTMOOR

Sunset at Chagford

HOMO LOQVITVR

Is it ironical, a fool enigma,
This sunset show?
The purple stigma,
Black mountain cut upon a saffron glow—
Is it a mammoth joke,
A riddle put for me to guess,
Which having duly honoured, I may smoke,
And go to bed,
And snore,
Having a soothing consciousness
Of something red?
Or is it more?
Ah, is it, is it more?

A dole, perhaps?
The scraps
Tossed from the table of the revelling gods?—
What odds!

I taste them—Lazarus
Was nourished thus!
But, all the same, it surely is a cheat—
Is this the stuff they eat?
A cheat! a cheat!
Then let the garbage be—
Some pig-wash! let it vanish down the sink
Of night! 'tis not for me.
I will not drink
Their draff,
While, throned on high, they quaff
The fragrant sconce—
Has Heaven no cloaca for the nonce?

Say 'tis an anodyne—
It never shall be mine.
I want no opiates—
The best of all their cates
Were gross to balk the meanest sense;
I want to be co-equal with their fates;
I will not be put off with temporal pretence:
I want to be awake, and know, not stand
And stare at waving of a conjuror's hand.

But is it speech
Wherewith they strive to reach
Our poor inadequate souls?
The round earth rolls;
I cannot hear it hum—
The stars are dumb—
The voices of the world are in my ear
A sensuous murmur. Nothing speaks
But man, my fellow—him I hear,
And understand; but beasts and birds
And winds and waves are destitute of words.
What is the alphabet
The gods have set?
What babbling! what delusion!
And in these sunset tints
What gay confusion!
Man prints

His meaning, has a letter
Determinate. I know that it is better
Than all this cumbrous hieroglyph—
The *For*, the *If*
Are growth of man's analysis :
The gods in bliss
Scrabble a baby jargon on the skies
For us to analyse !
Cumbrous ? nay, idiotic—
A party-coloured symbolism,
The fragments of a shivered prism :
Man gives the swift demotic.

'Tis good to see
The economy
Of poor upstriving man !
Since time began,
He has been sifting
The elements ; while God, on chaos drifting,
Sows broadcast all His stuff.
Lavish enough,
No doubt ; but why this waste ?
See ! of these very sunset dyes
The virgin chaste
Takes one, and in a harlot's eyes
Another rots. They go by billion billions :
Each blade of grass
Ignores them as they pass ;
The spiders in their foul pavilions,
Behold this vulgar gear,
And sneer ;
Dull frogs
In bogs
Catch rosy gleams through rushes,
And know that night is near ;
Wrong-headed thrushes
Blow bugles to it ;
And a wrong-headed poet
Will strut, and strain the cogs
Of the machine, he blushes
To call his Muse, and maunder ;

And, marvellous to relate!
These pseudo-messengers of state
Will wander
Where there is no intelligence to meet them,
Nor even a sensorium to greet them.
The very finest of them
Go where there's nought to love them
Or notice them: to cairns, to rocks
Where ravens nurse their young,
To mica-splints from granite-boulders wrung
By channels of the marsh, to stocks
Of old dead willows in a pool as dead.
Can anything be said
To these? The leech
Looks from its muddy lair,
And sees a silly something in the air—
Call you this *speech?*
O God, if it be speech,
Speak plainer,
If Thou would'st teach
That I shall be a gainer!
The age of picture-alphabets is gone:
We are not now so weak;
We are too old to con
The horn-book of our youth. Time lags—
O, rip this obsolete blazon into rags!
And speak! O, speak!

But, if I be a spectacle
In Thy great theatre, then do Thy will:
Arrange Thy instruments with circumspection;
Summon Thine angels to the vivisection!
But quick! O, quick!
For I am sick,
And very sad.
Thy pupils will be glad.
"See," Thou exclaim'st, "this ray!
How permanent upon the retina!
How odd that purple hue!
The pineal gland is blue.
I stick this probe

In the posterior lobe—
Behold the cerebellum
A smoky yellow, like old vellum!
Students will please observe
The structure of the optic nerve.
See! nothing could be finer—
That film of pink
Around the hippocampus minor.
Behold!
I touch it, and it turns bright gold.
Again!—as black as ink.
Another lancet—thanks!
That's Manx—
Yes, the delicate pale sea-green
Passing into ultra-marine—
A little blurred—in fact
This brain seems packed
With sunsets. Bring
That battery here; now put your
Negative pole beneath the suture—
That's just the thing.
Now then the other way—
I say! I say!
More chloroform!
(A little more will do no harm)
Now this is the most instructive of all
The phenomena, what in fact we may call
The most obvious justification
Of vivisection in general.
Observe (once! twice!
That's very nice)—
Observe, I say, the incipient relation
Of a quasi-moral activity
To this physical agitation!
Of course, you see. . . ."
Yes, yes, O God,
I feel the prod
Of that dissecting knife.
Instructive, say the pupil angels, *very:*
And some take notes, and some take sandwiches and sherry;

And some are prying
Into the very substance of my brain—
I feel their fingers !
(My life ! my life !)
Yes, yes ! it lingers !
The sun, the sun—
Go on ! go on !
Blue, yellow, red !
But please remember that I am not dead,
Nor even dying.

RESPONDET ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ

Yes, it is hard, but not for you alone.
You speak of cup and throne,
And all that separates Me from you.
It is not that you don't believe :
It is but that you misconceive
The work I have to do.

No throne, no cup,
Nor down, but likest up,
As from a deep black shaft, I look to see
The fabric of My own immensity.
You have the temporal activity, and rejoice
In sweet articulate voice—
Tunes, songs.
To Me no less
Belongs
The fixed, sad fashion of productiveness.
You think that I am wise,
Or cunning, clever as a man is clever.
You think all knowledge with Me lies,
From Me must flow.
I know not if I know—
But this I know, I will work on for ever.
You fret because you are not this and that,

And so you die;
But I,
Who have not sat
Since first into the void I swam,
Obeying Mine own laws,
Persist, because
I am but what I am.

I am old and blind;
I have no speech
"Wherewith to reach"
Your quick-selecting ears.
And yet I mark your tears;
And yet I would be kind.
And so I strain
To speak, as now;
And, in more cheerful vein,
You haply will allow
I make My meaning fairly plain.
Therefore it is I store
Such beauty in the clouds, and on the shore
Make foam-flakes glisten; therefore you have seen
This sunset; therefore 'tis the green
And lusty grass
Hath come to pass,
And flame
Lies sparkling in the dews—
And yet I cannot choose
But do the same!
I am no surgeon,
I have no lancet, but I mingle
Sap for the buds, that they may burgeon,
And tingle
With soft sweet throes
Of parturition vegetal.
And so to all
The surfaces
I outward press,
And hold the very brink
Of speech, that I would think
Speech must come next.

But I can do no more: wherefore I am not vexed;
But you are, being perplexed
With suppositions, scribbling o'er the text
Of natural life. And, seeing that this is so,
And that I cannot know
The innumerous ills,
Therefore I strew the hills
And vallies with delight,
That, day or night,
In sad or merry plight,
You may catch sight
Of some sweet joy that thrills
Your heart.
And what if I impart
The same to frog or newt,
What if I steep the root
Of some old stump in bright vermilion,
And if the spider in his quaint pavilion
Catches a sunbeam where he thought a fly,
Ah, why
Should I not care for such?
I, Who make all things, know it is not much.
And, by analogy I must suppose
They have their woes
Like you:
Therefore I still must strew
Joys that may wait for centuries,
And light at last on Socrates,
Or on the frog, whose eyes
You may have noticed full of bright surprise—
Or have you not? Ah, then
You only think of men!
But I would have no single creature miss
One possible bliss.
And this
Is certain: never be afraid!
I love what I have made.
I know this is not wit,
This is not to be clever,
Or anything whatever.
You see, I am a servant, that is it:

You've hit
The mark—a servant; for the other word—
Why, you are Lord, if any one is Lord.

THE PRAYERS

I WAS in Heaven one day when all the prayers
Came in, and angels bore them up the stairs
Unto a place where he
Who was ordained such ministry
Should sort them so that in that palace bright
The presence-chamber might be duly dight;
For they were like to flowers of various bloom;
And a divinest fragrance filled the room.

Then did I see how the great sorter chose
One flower that seemed to me a hedgeling rose,
And from the tangled press
Of that irregular loveliness
Set it apart—and—"This," I heard him say,
"Is for the Master": so upon his way
He would have passed; then I to him:—
"Whence is this rose? O thou of cherubim
The chiefest?"—"Know'st thou not?" he said and smiled,
"This is the first prayer of a little child."

ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΙΟΝ

FOR J. P.

IT was in pleasant Derbyshire,
Upon a bright spring day,
From a valley to a valley
I sought to find a way;
And I met a little lad,
A lad both blithe and bold;

And his eyes were of the blue,
And his hair was of the gold.
"Ho! little lad, of yonder point
The name come quickly tell!"
Then, prompt as any echo,
Came the answer:—"Tap o' th' hill."
"But has it any other name
That a man may say—as thus—
Kinderscout, or *Fairbrook Naze?*"
Then said the child, with constant gaze:—
"*Tap o' th' hill* it gets with us."

"Yes, yes!" I said, "but has it not
Some other name as well?
Its own, you know?" "Aye, aye!" he said,
"Tap o' th' hill! tap o' th' hill!"
"But your father, now? how calls it he?"
Then clear as is a bell
Rang out the merry laugh:—"Of course,
He calls it *Tap o' th' hill!*"
So I saw it was no use;
But I said within myself:—
"He has a wholesome doctrine,
This cheerful little elf."
And O, the weary knowledge!
And O, the hearts that swell!
And O, the blessed limit—
"Tap o' th' hill! tap o' th' hill!"

JUVENTA PERENNIS

If youth be thine,
Spare not to drink its wine;
If youth be fled,
Hold up
The golden cup—
God's grapes are always red.

VESPERS

O BLACKBIRD, what a boy you are!
How you do go it!
Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star—
How you do blow it!
And does she hear you, blackbird boy, so far?
Or is it wasted breath?
"Good Lord! she is so bright
To-night!"
The blackbird saith.

I BENDED UNTO ME

I BENDED unto me a bough of May,
That I might see and smell:
It bore it in a sort of way,
It bore it very well.
But, when I let it backward sway,
Then it were hard to tell
With what a toss, with what a swing,
The dainty thing
Resumed its proper level,
And sent me to the devil.
I know it did—you doubt it?
I turned, and saw them whispering about it.

IS IT *AMAVI* OR IS IT *AMO?*

SIT on the rocks and watch the tide
And which is ebb and which is flow,
And over to the other side:—
Is it *amavi* or is it *amo?*

Kneel at the altar of the years,
Take heart, and haply you shall know—
Look down into the fount of tears:
Is it *amavi* or is it *amo?*

A FRAGMENT

YON bird is strong to fly—
How straight the balanced pinions scoop
Twin scimitars, that carve the cloudy group,
Or, rigid as a die,
Print their sad cypher on the polished sky!

TO W. E. HENLEY

HENLEY, what mark you in the sunset glare?
The year is dying: is that the crimson splash
Wherewith he seals his testament? the cash,
To some conveying of all things good and fair,
To others unutterable emptiness? the stare
Of folly at a bubble trimmed with trash,
Or at a flame, whose unsubstantial ash
Falls in a gaping darkness and despair?
Friend, scholar loved, look longer: how it glows,
Not glares! God opes a perspective to see
The chambers of the ivory palaces.
And who is that within its encircling rose?
Is it my Love that fondles some one? Yes!
Some one! O, yes! Your darling? Is it she?

WHEN LOVE MEETS LOVE

When love meets love, breast urged to breast,
God interposes,
An unacknowledged guest,
And leaves a little child among our roses.

O, gentle hap!
O, sacred lap!
O, brooding dove!
But when he grows
Himself to be a rose,
God takes him—where is then our love?
O, where is all our love?

BETWEEN OUR FOLDING LIPS

Between our folding lips
God slips
An embryon life, and goes;
And this becomes your rose.
We love, God makes: in our sweet mirth
God spies occasion for a birth.
Then is it His, or is it ours?
I know not—He is fond of flowers.

EX ORE INFANTIS

Her husband died before her babe was born
Two years ago. *Converted?* Doubt and grief,
Poor soul! she felt. Her Methodist creed forlorn
Gave but a lenten substance of relief.

To-day, beneath the piteous gaze of morn,
Her child is dying. On his little brow
Descends the veil, and all is over now—
Not yet! not yet! For suddenly he springs,
As who perceived the gleam of golden wings.
"Dada!" he cries, he knows his father's face
Ne'er seen before. O God, Thou giv'st the grace!
O widowed heart! They live in Heaven's fair light,
Your husband with his boy. The child was right.

O GOD TO THEE I YIELD

O God to Thee I yield
The gift Thou givest most precious, most divine!
Yet to what field
I must resign
His little feet
That wont to be so fleet,
I muse. O, joy to think
On what soft brink
Of flood he plucks the daffodils,
On what empurpled hills
He stands, Thy kiss all fresh upon his brow,
And wonders, if his father sees him now!

TO G. L. TRUSTRUM

George Trustrum, ere the day be done,
I send a word to you.
Pale primrose masked the rising sun
The setting bids adieu
In roseate veil to all the fears
And all the hopes of bygone years.

And I look back to joys long fled—
The boat, the "yarn," the height
Of Bradda's crown ; but you, instead,
Look forward with delight.
God bless you ! may each sun that goes
Give you the primrose and the rose !

AN AUTUMN TRINKET

WHY does she burn
These colours on my soul—where'er I turn,
Splashes of flame and pyramids of fire
That fill me with insatiate desire,
Making me yearn
For that which, with its own intensity
Death-poisoned, hastens not to be ?

Even so, even so
It is—the brightest and the dearest go :
The thrift of our great Mother calling back
Her forcés, that the Spring may have no lack
Of customed show.
Not less to us the things that most we cherish
Fade from our eyes, and perish, perish, perish !

RECONCILIATION

THERE is a place where He hath split the hills ;
No water fills
The gap—
A bow-shot wide
Side stands to side,
Indenture perfectly opposed,
The outlet closed
By seeming overlap—
So severed are our hearts, so rent our wills ;
And yet the old correlatives remain—
Ah ! brother, may we not be joined again ?

SAD ! SAD !

O, SAD when grass is green,
O, sad when blue-bells blow,
Sad, sad 'mid lily sheen,
Laburnum's rippled glow,
And all the things that grow,
And are not sad—
Sad ! sad !

O, sad when lambkins skip,
O, sad when children play,
Sad, sad, when to my lip
Is pressed the dewy may,
And all the bright things say :—
"Why art thou sad ?"
Sad ! sad !

Is it some tricksy Puck
That makes me causeless dole ?
Or does some vampire suck
The blood from out my soul ?
Or is it joy diviner,
Joy echoing in a minor,
Joy vibrant to its pole,
That seems but sad ?—
Sad ! sad !

Is it the ebbing ghost
Of God that leaves me dry
Upon a weary coast,
Beneath a burning sky ?
Is it His voice afar
That booms upon the bar,
And makes me sigh,
And makes me sad ?
Sad ! sad !

Or does the old travail-pain
Resume the mother-*geist*?
In some far orb again
Is boundless ransom priced
For others than for us?
In Mars, or Uranus,
They crucify the Christ?
So am I sad—
Sad! sad!

One thing appears to me—
The work is not complete;
One world I know, and see
It is not at His feet—
Not, not! Is this the sum?
Not, not! the Heaven is dumb—
I bear His stigmata
Or not—ah, who shall say?
Only it is most meet
That I be sad—
Sad! sad!

IN A FAIR GARDEN

In a fair garden
I saw a mother playing with her child,
And, with that chance beguiled,
I could not choose but look
How she did seem to harden
His little soul to brook
Her absence—reconciled
With after boon of kisses,
And sweet irrational blisses.
For she would hide
With loveliest grace
Of seeming craft
Till he was ware of none beside

Himself upon the place ;—
And then he laughed,
And then he stood a space
Disturbed, his face
Prepared for tears ;
And half-acknowledged fears
Met would-be courage, balancing
His heart upon the spring
Of flight—till, waxing stout,
He gulped the doubt.
So up the pleached alley
Full swift he ran :
Whence she,
Not long delayed,
Rushed forth with joyous sally
Upon her little man.
Then was it good to see
How each to other made
A pretty rapture of discovery.

Blest child ! blest mother ! blest the truth ye taught—
God seeketh us, and yet He would be sought.

THE SCHOONER

JUST mark that schooner westward far at sea—
'Tis but an hour ago
When she was lying hoggish at the quay,
And men ran to and fro,
And tugged, and stamped, and shoved, and pushed, and swore,
And ever and anon, with crapulous glee,
Grinned homage to viragoes on the shore.

So to the jetty gradual she was hauled :
Then one the tiller took,
And chewed, and spat upon his hand, and bawled ;
And one the canvas shook

Forth like a mouldy bat ; and one, with nods
And smiles, lay on the bowsprit-end, and called
And cursed the Harbour-master by his gods.

And, rotten from the gunwalé to the keel,
Rat-riddled, bilge-bestank,
Slime-slobbered, horrible, I saw her reel,
And drag her oozy flank,
And sprawl among the deft young waves, that laughed,
And leapt, and turned in many a sportive wheel,
As she thumped onward with her lumbering draught.

And now, behold ! a shadow of repose
Upon a line of gray,
She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rose—
She sleeps, and dreams away,
Soft-blended in a unity of rest
All jars, and strifes obscene, and turbulent throes
'Neath the broad benediction of the West—

Sleeps ; and methinks she changes as she sleeps,
And dies, and is a spirit pure.
Lo ! on her deck an angel pilot keeps
His lonely watch secure ;
And at the entrance of Heaven's dockyard waits,
Till from Night's leash the fine-breath'd morning leaps,
And that strong hand within unbars the gates.

EUROCLYDON

SCARCE loosed from Crete—
Then, borne on wings of flame
And sleet,
The Euroclydon came.

Strained yard, bent mast,
With fury of his mouth
The blast
Compels us to the South

Canst see, for spume
And mist, and writhen air,
A loom
Of Clauda anywhere?

Balked hopes, fooled wit!
Ah soul, to gain this loss,
Didst quit
The shelter of His cross?

Dear Lord, if Thou
Wouldst walk upon the sea,
My prow
Unblenched should turn to Thee.

Wind roars, wave yelps—
To Thy blest side I'd slip,
Use helps,
And undergird the ship.

DISGUISES

HIGH stretched upon the swinging yard,
I gather in the sheet;
But it is hard
And stiff, and one cries haste.
Then He that is most dear in my regard
Of all the crew gives aidançe meet;
But from His hands, and from His feet,
A glory spreads wherewith the night is starred:
Moreover of a cup most bitter-sweet
With fragrance as of nard,

And myrrh, and cassia spiced,
He proffers me to taste.
Then I to Him :—"Art Thou the Christ?"
He saith—"Thou say'st."

Like to an ox
That staggers 'neath the mortal blow,
She grinds upon the rocks :—
Then straight and low
Leaps forth the levelled line, and in our quarter locks.
The cradle's rigged ; with swerving of the blast
We go,
Our Captain last—
Demands
"Who fired that shot?" Each silent stands—
Ah, sweet perplexity!
This too was He.

I have an arbour wherein came a toad
Most hideous to see—
Immediate, seizing staff or goad,
I smote it cruelly.
Then all the place with subtle radiance glowed—
I looked, and it was He!

MY GARDEN

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace ; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign ;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

LAND, HO!

I KNOW 'tis but a loom of land,
Yet is it land, and so I will rejoice,
I know I cannot hear His voice
Upon the shore, nor see Him stand;
Yet is it land, ho! land.

The land! the land! the lovely land!
"Far off" dost say? *Far off*—ah, blessed home!
Farewell! farewell! thou salt sea-foam!
Ah, keel upon the silver sand—
Land, ho! land.

You cannot see the land, my land,
You cannot see, and yet the land is there—
My land, my land, through murky air—
I did not say 'twas close at hand—
But—land, ho! land.

Dost hear the bells of my sweet land,
Dost hear the kine, dost hear the merry birds?
No voice, 'tis true, no spoken words,
No tongue that thou may'st understand—
Yet is it land, ho! land.

It's clad in purple mist, my land,
In regal robe it is apparellèd,
A crown is set upon its head,
And on its breast a golden band—
Land, ho! land.

Dost wonder that I long for land?
My land is not a land as others are—
Upon its crest there beams a star,
And lilies grow upon the strand—
Land, ho! land.

Give me the helm! there is the land!
Ha! lusty mariners, she takes the breeze!
And what my spirit sees it sees—
Leap, bark, as leaps the thunderbrand—
Land, ho! land.

PRAESTO

EXPECTING Him, my door was open wide:
Then I looked round
If any lack of service might be found,
And saw Him at my side:
How entered, by what secret stair,
I know not, knowing only He was there.

EVENSONG

EASTWARD the valley of my soul was lit
This morning: now the West hath laid
Upon its fields the festal robe,
And East hath shade.
Full soon the night shall fit
Her star-besprinkled serge
On hill, and rock, and bay;
But even then behind the mounting globe
God makes a verge
Of dawn that shall be day.

ABER STATIONS

Statio Prima

Why do I make so much of Aber Fall?
Four years ago
My little boy was with me here—
That's all—
He died next year:
He died just seven years old,
A very gentle child, yet bold,
Having no fear.
You have seen such?
They are not much?
No . . . no.
And yet he was a very righteous child,
Stood up for what was right,
Intolerant of wrong—
Pure azure light
Was cisterned in his eyes;
We thought him wise
Beyond his years—so sweet and mild,
But strong
For justice, doing what he could—
Poor little soul—to make all children good.
I almost think—and yet I am to blame—
He was a different child from others;
He had three sisters and two brothers:
He seemed a little king
Among the children—ah! 'tis a common thing—
Parents are all the same—
You've seen those kings—yes, yes—
Of course . . . and yet . . . the righteousness . . .
The . . . Never mind! he came
With me to Aber Fall—
That's all, that's all.

Statio Secunda

Just listen to the blackbird—what a note
The creature has! God bless his happy throat!
He is so absolutely glad
I fear he will go mad.
Look here! this very grit
I crush beneath my boot
His little foot
Trod crisp that day—
That's it! that's it!
O, what is there to say?
The little foot so warm and pink!
O, what is there to think?
His mother kissed it every night
When she put out the light—
And where?
What is it now? a fascicle
Of crumbling bones
Jammed in with earth and stones.
You say that this is old,
A tale twice-told—
Say what you will:
Old, new, I swear
That it is horrible—
Horrible, blackbird, howsoe'er
The Spring rejoice you with its budding bloom—
Yes, horrible, most horrible!
Though you should carol to the crack of doom,
Poor blackbird! being so absolutely glad—
I hope he won't go mad.

Statio Tertia

The stream is very sweet
To-day . . . Just see the swallow dart!
How fleet!
It sent a shiver to my heart.
If he had lived, you say—
Well, well—if he had lived, what then?
Some men

Will always argue—yes, I know . . . of course . . .
The argument has force.
If he had lived, he might have changed—
From bad to worse?
Nay, my shrewd balance-setter,
Why not from good to better?
Why not to best? to joy
And splendour? O, my boy!
I did not want this argument in the least,
My soul had ceased
From doubt and questioning—
That swallow's wing!
What a transcendent rush!
Hush! hush!
Or, if you talk, talk low:
For . . . do you know . . .
Just as the swallow dipt,
I felt as if a soft hand slipt
Its fingers into mine . . . he's near . . .
He's with us . . . 'tis not right the child should hear
This jangling . . . low then, low!
Or this is better . . . go,
Go, darling; play upon the bank,
And prank
Your hair with daisy and with buttercup,
And we will meet you higher up.
Now then . . . *If he had lived?* if my sweet son
Had lived? . . . You stare . . .
There! there!
'Tis gone, 'tis gone—
It was the swallow's dart
That sent a shiver to my heart.

Statio Quarta

We have not seen the sun for many days,
But now through East-wind haze
He makes a shift
To send a luminous drift,
To which, as to his full unclouded splendour,
The meek, contented earth makes glad surrender.

God bless the simple earth
That gave me birth!
God bless her that she looks so pleased—
The soul that is diseased
With this world's sorrow—Well, sir? ought to look? . . .
Beyond, and yet beyond: not in this narrow nook
Of His creation
Will God make up His book.
The whole is one great scheme
Of compensation—
The net result
Is all . . . I too have had my dream,
As from my nonage dedicate a μύστης
Of that great cult.
I saw Lord Love upon his galley pass
Westward from Cyprus; smooth as glass
The sea was all before him. He, as κελευστὴς,
Stood at the stern, and piped
The rhythms; but, ever and anon,
As worked upon
By some familiar Fury, grasping a scourge
(An amethyst
Fastened it to his wrist . . . Love's wrist!),
He ran along the transtra, and did urge
The rowers, and striped
Their backs with blood; whereat they leapt
Like maddened hounds, and swept
The sea until it hissed.
Then I:—
"Lord Love, what means this cruelty?"
But he to me
Deigned no reply:
Only I saw his face was wet with tears,
And he did look "beyond, and yet beyond."
But those men, fond
And fatuous, never turned
Their eyes from his, but yearned
With an insensate yearning, having confidence
That so it must be; but on what pretence
I know not—Ah, most cruel lord!
Ah, knotted cord!

Dull plash
Of livid tissues! flash
Of oars that smote the waters to a hum . . .
Come, come!
You've had enough of this—
But what I meant, and what you seemed to miss,
Was simply how the meek, contented earth,
That gave me birth,
Was pleased . . .
Then you of *soul diseased*,
And what not . . . excellent!
But that is what I meant.

Statio Quinta

The shepherd calls—
How these great mountain walls
Re-echo! See his dog
Come limping from the bog!
How far he holds him
With that thin clamour! Scolds him?
Or cheers him—which?
Say both—most like. The pitch
Is steep, poor fellow!
And still that bellow—
Ya, ya!
Whoop! tittiva!
And Echo from her niche
Shrieks challenged. Shout,
O shepherd! flout
The irritable Echo till she raves!
As man behaves,
So God apportions, doing what is best
For you, and for the rest.
As man behaves? You do not help me much,
Nay, sir, nor touch
The central point at all—
Retributive, mechanical—
I see it. But outside all this
I miss . . . I miss . . .
Sir, know you Death? Permit me introduce . . .

No? *What's the use?*
The use! . . . One thing I can collect,
You have but scant respect
For Death. Why, sir, he made a feint
That very minute at you—quaint!
The way he grins and skips—
Whips! whips!
Down! down! good dog! good Death!
To heel, you rogue!
Good Death! good dog!
You'd rather not behold him?
I've told him—
I' faith,
He'd frighten you, would Death.
Provoked me—yes, you did—
The shepherd chid
His lagging hound—
I had no other thought
But how mad Echo caught
The sound
Of that exasperant call,
And made it bound
Back from the mountain wall.

Statio Sexta

Ha! snow
Upon the crags!
How slow
The winter lags!
Ha, little lamb upon the crags,
How fearlessly you go!
Take care
Up there,
You little woolly atom! On and on
He goes . . . 'tis steep . . . Hillo!
My friend is gone,
Friend orthodoxo-logical—
He could not argue with a waterfall!
And here it is—my Aber . . . Stay!
I'll cross

This way:
The moss
Upon these stones is dripping with the spray—
And now one turn, left hand,
And I shall stand
Before the very rock: not yet . . . not yet!
O let me think! No, no! I don't forget
(Forget!)—but this is sacred . . . peace, then, peace!
Release
From all dead things, that serve not to present
At my soul's grate the lovely innocent.
He had heard some idle talk
Of how his father had great strength to walk
And climb;
And so he thought that he must lose no time,
But instantly addressed
His little breast
To that tall cliff,
Smooth, perpendicular, too stiff
For cragsman from the wildest Hebrides,—
But he did bend his knees,
And spread his little arms, and laid
His body to the work, and made
Such genuine effort of ascent
As though he meant
To reach the top, of course, and had no doubt
Of what he was about—
So serious—no passing whim—
O, no!—*'Twas thus his father clomb*
And he had come
To climb like him.
And is he here?
O Braddan, are you here?
O darling, have no fear!
Speak to me! breathe some fond thing in my ear!
But what should Braddan know
Of me, and what I am,
And what I want—the little lamb!
What should he know,
Who four brief years ago
Knew only what a little child should know!

Should some kind angel, who doth teach my child,
Some angel with the love-deep eyes,
Some angel charged to keep him undefiled,
Hear my sad cries,
And bring him unto me,
Is my whole heart a thing for him to see?
Am I prepared that his sweet honesty
Should search it through and through?
O, eyes of honest blue!
O, fearless eyes!
O, mild surprise!
O, is there one, one chamber of my heart
That's fit
For him to sit
Therein, till it is time to part?
Or could I come to him?
No matter where—
Swim,
Swim the dark river, and be there?
Could a deep acquiescence
Convey me to his presence?
And if it could,
What were it after all
But as a young prince stood
Upon the city wall,
And saw his foster-father at the gate,
And wondered at his mean estate,
And made no sign
Unto the warders? But my Braddan's mine!
Mine! mine! and none's beside!
O helpless men, has everything been tried?
Where does the secret bide?
Is it a simple thing perhaps?
Yea, after all, a very simple thing,
That through the lapse
Of all the ages any tide
Might bring,
Nay, every tide has brought
Up to the level of our thought?
Is the blest converse that I crave
The function of a faculty we have,

But know not how to use, being, by some dark mischance,
Time-prisoned in a rooted ignorance?
A faculty which, if no God forbad it,
An accident might bring to light,
And some one, somewhere, waking in the night,
Would know he had it.
But we are cumbered with our egotisms;
A thousand prisms,
Hung round our souls, refract the single ray,
That else would show us instantly the way.
So even now, when my sad heart aspires
To height of paramount desires,
These verses mock it
With their rhyme-jangles, frustrate as a rocket,
That mounts, and breaks, and falls in coloured fading fires.
A curse
Upon the impotent verse!
Yet, no!
Not so—
It may be that in these
The soul shall yet win something more than ease;
For song is of the essence, and who sings
Touches the central springs—
Ah, vain imaginings!
Let be! let be!
O Braddan, pity me!
Yes, yes!
I know there is another way—press, press,
And I will press, sweet Braddan.
Sink, thought! sink, sink!
To think
Is but to madden.
Stop, heart!
You have no part
In this—die, soul,
Die, die! it must be soon—
The barrier's but a film; one gasp, and I shall swoon
Into his arms—
Braddan! why, Braddan! see, I keep my tryst—
O God! O Christ!
That snow

Is very slow
To disappear: how winter lags!
I see the dam
Upon the crags;
But nowhere can I see the little lamb

Statio Septima

The heavens are very blue
Above the western hill;
The earth is very still—
I will draw near, and view
The spot
Where he is . . . not.
But O dear cliff, O big, good-natured giant,
I think some delicate dint must still remain
On your broad surface, from the strain
Of limbs so sweetly pliant.
Behold!
The lamb! the lamb! fallen from the very rock!
Cold! cold!
Dead! dead!
His little head
Rests on the very block
That Braddan trod—
Dear lambs! twin lambs of God!
Old cliff, such things
Might move some stubborn questionings—
But now I question not—
See, see! the waterfall
Is robed in rainbows—what!
Our lambs? My Braddan shall have charge
Of him, and lead him by the marge
Of some bright stream celestial.
Braddan shall be a happy shepherd boy;
No trouble shall annoy
That soft green pasture—Ah, Murillo, saint!
Kind friend! that for all sorrowing hearts didst paint
John Baptist and the Lamb—those arms thrown round
That neck! Forgive me, God, that I have found
Some comfort in this little parable—

It gives me strength to climb the hill,
And humbly so return—
God bless the merry burn!
I have no will
But thine, O God! I know that Thou art true—
Be blue, O heavens, be blue!
Be still, O earth, be still!

LLANFAIRFECHAN,
April 17, 1879.

A MORNING WALK

"LIE there," I said, "my Sorrow! lie thou there!
And I will drink the lissome air,
And see if yet the heavens have gained their blue."
Then rose my Sorrow as an aged man,
And stared, as such a one will stare,
A querulous doubt through tears that freshly ran;
Wherefore I said:—"Content! thou shalt go too.'

So went we through the sunlit crocus-glade,
I and my Sorrow, casting shade
On all the innocent things that upward pree,
And coax for smiles: but, as I went, I bowed,
And whispered:—"Be no whit afraid!
He will pass sad and gentle as a cloud—
It is my Sorrow; leave him unto me."

And every floweret in that happy place
Yearned up into the weary face
With pitying love, and held its golden breath,
Regardless seeming he, as though within
Was nothing apt for their sweet grace,
Nor any sense save such as is akin
To charnel glooms and emptiness of death.

Then sung a lusty bird, whose throat was clear
And strong with elemental cheer,

Till very heaven seemed lifted with the joy :
Jet after jet tumultuous music burst
Fount-like, and filled the expanding sphere ;
Whereat my soul was fain to slake its thirst,
Intent, and ravished with that blest employ.

The songster ceased :—articulate as a bell,
The rippling echoes fell and fell
Upon the shore of silence. Then I turned
To call upon my Sorrow—he was not ;
But O, what splendour filled the dell !
There ! there ! O, there ! upon the very spot
Where he had been an awful glory burned.

It was as though the mouth of God had kissed
And purpled into amethyst
Wan lips, as though red-quickening ichor rills
Had flushed his heart : 'twas he no more, no more !
'Twas *she*, my soul's evangelist,
My rose, my love, and lovelier than before,
Dew-nurtured on the far Celestial hills.

"O love," I criéd, "I come, I come to thee !
Stay ! stay !" But softly, silently,
As pales the moon before the assault of day,
So, spectral-white against the brighter blue,
Faded my darling. But with me
Walks never more that shadow. God is true,
And God was in that bird, believe it as ye may.

EPISTOLA AD DAKYNS

DAKYNS, when I am dead,
Three places must by you be visited,
Three places excellent,
Where you may ponder what I meant,
And then pass on—
Three places you must visit when I'm gone.

Yes, *meant*, not *did*, old friend!
For neither you nor I shall see the end,
And do the thing we wanted:
Natheless three places will be haunted
By what of me
The earth and air
Shall spare,
And fire and sea
Let be—
Three places only,
Three places, Dakyns.

I

The first is by the Avon's side,
Where tall rocks flank the winding tide.
There come when morning's virgin kiss
Awakes from dreams the clematis,
And every thorn and briar is set
As with a diamond coronet—
There come, and pause upon the edge,
And I will lean in every ledge,
And melt in grays, and flash in whites,
And linger in a thousand lights;
And yield in bays, and urge in capes,
And fill the old familiar shapes;
And yearn in curves, and strain to meet
The pensive pressure of your feet
And you shall feel an inner sense,
A being kindred and intense;
And you shall feel a strict control,
A something drawing at your soul,
A going out, a life suspended,
A spirit with a spirit blended.
And you shall start as from a dream,
While I, withdrawing down the stream,
Drift vaporous to the ancient sea,
A wraith, a film, a memory—
Three places, Dakyns.

II

The next is where a hundred fells
Stand round the Lake like sentinels,
Where Derwent, like a sleeping beauty,
Girdled with that watchful duty,
At Skiddaw's foot securely lies,
And gives her bosom to the skies.
O, come! and I will bid the moon
All subtle harmonies attune
That live in shadows and in heights,
A mystic chorus of delights.
O, come where many an island bevels
Its strand to meet the golden levels!
O, lay your heart upon each line,
So diamond-cut and crystalline,
That seams the marble of the mere,
And smoothes all trouble, calms all fear,
With that sweet natural straightness, free
From effort or inconstancy.
O, draw your thought with all its passion
Along the melancholy fashion
Of forms accentuate with the beat
Of the great Master's rhythmic feet.
But when upon the finest verge
The sense no further flight can urge,
When the full orb of contemplation
Is stretched, a nameless tribulation
Shall sway the whole, a silent stress
Borne in upon that loveliness;
A burden as of human ills,
A human trouble in the hills;
A quickening pulse in earth and sky,
And you shall know that it is I—
Three places, Dakyns.

III

The next is where God keeps for me
A little island in the sea,
A body for my needs, that so

I may not all unclothed go,
A vital instrument whereby
I still may commune with the sky,
When death has loosed the plaited strands,
And left me feeling for the lands.
Even now between its simple poles
It has the soul of all my souls.
But then—whatever I have been,
Whatever felt, whatever seen,
Whatever guessed, or understood,
The tones of right, the tints of good,
The loves, the hates, the hopes, the fears,
The gathered strength of all my years—
All that my life has in me wrought
Of complex essence shall be brought
And wedded to those primal forms
That have their scope in calms and storms,
Attunèd to the swells and falls
Of Nature's holy intervals.
And, old coeval use surviving,
No need shall be for any striving,
No need from point to point to press,
And swell the growing consciousness,
But in a moment I shall sit
Sphered in the very heart of it.
And every hill from me shall shoot,
And spread as from a central root,
And every crag and every spur
To me its attitude refer;
And I shall be the living heart,
And I shall live in every part,
With elemental cares engrossed,
And all the passion of the coast.
Come then, true Dakyns, be the test
Most meet to make me manifest!
Come, and immediate recognise
To all your moods the dumb replies.
Or stretch across a kindly void
The golden life-chords unalloyed
With thought, and instant they shall wake
The music they were made to make.

Thus shall you grow into a sense
Of islandhood, not taking thence
Some pretty surfaces and angles,
Tricking your soul, as with fine spangles
A savage studs his wampum belt,
But patient till the whole is felt,
And you become incorporate
Into an undivided state.
Then shall your body be as dead ;
And you shall take to you instead
The system of the natural powers,
The heath that blooms, the cloud that lowers,
The antithesis of things that bide,
The cliff, the beach, the rock, the tide—
The lordly things, whose generous feud
Is but a fixed vicissitude.
Wherefore, O Maughold, if he come,
If Dakyns come,
Let not a voice be dumb
In any cave ;
Fling up the wave
In wreaths of giddy spray ;
O'er all the bay
Flame out in gorse around the "kern,"[1]
And let his heart within him burn,
Until he gains the slope
Where, in the "sure and certain hope,"
Sleep the long rows :
Then let him quench the fiery gleams
In Death's gray shadow of repose,
As one who dreams
He knows not what, and yet he knows
I have her there
That was a bud so rare.
But, Bradda, if he come to you,
I charge you to be true !
Sit not all sullen by the sea,
But show that you are conscious it is he.
It is no vulgar tread
That bends the heath :

[1] Cairn.

Broad be the heavens spread
Above, the sea beneath
Blue with *that* blue!
And let the whispering airs
Move in the ferns. By those strong prayers
Which rent my heart that day as lightning rends a cloud,
And rips it till it glares
To open view: by all the vows I vowed,
I charge you, and I charge you by the tears
And by the passion that I took
From you, and flung them to the vale,
And had the ultimate vision, do not fail!
Three places only—
Three places, Dakyns.

CLIFTON, *December* 1869.

NATURE AND ART

I

I ONCE loved Nature so that man was nought,
And nought the works of man:
Whether the human force that inward wrought
My vital needs outran,
And, bidden by great Pan,
In its all-quickening arms the visible deadness caught;

Or was it accident of time and place?
For men were few to see
Where I was reared, and Nature's copious grace
Of form and colour free
Eclipsed the piety
Of childish social loves, and motions of the race;

I know not quite: but this to me is known,
That, with a soft unrest,
Soul unto soul in perfect aptness grown,
I drew her to my breast,
A personal creature pressed,
Full of a passionate will, and moods that were her own.

Her own, yet, modulate and tuned to mine,
She shaped her meek replies
So that I ne'er bethought me to divine
If in her wondrous eyes
A light congenial lies,
Or, sprung from alien blood, insensate glories shine.

If homogeneous with me or not,
The question never tried me,
Or when, or wherefore, or of whom begot:
She seemed to stand outside me,
To soothe me and to guide me,
Another, or myself reflex, who cared one jot?

Thrice blest if I might roam on fell or shore
In exquisite solitude,
And uncontrolled the ὀαριστὺς pour
That with its interlude,
Far from all discord rude,
Comes once to fresh young hearts, and comes not evermore.

O, poet flush of all-compelling youth!
O, great interpreter!
O, artist prescient of the higher truth!
O, confident Lucifer!
O, nobly prone to err!
O, shadowless of doubt! O, innocent of ruth!

O, instinct vast! O, indiscriminate mind!
Not thus, but hesitant long,
That sculptor won the marble to be kind;
Thus rather, right or wrong
Untaught, Ixion strong
Held Nephele in arms a god might not unbind.

Then came the interact of will on will
The monad soul to frame;
And I was one of many, passion still,
And use, and praise, and blame,
The different, the same,
Shaping the definite self with change of good and ill.

A man with other men I had to dwell ;
I had to love and hate,
To traffic with my heart, to buy and sell
Love's wares at current rate,
Mine enemies in the gate
With keen-edged sword of speech to harass and to quell.

Wherefore I come a being manifold,
Nature, to sue thy grace.
It is not that my heart is growing cold,
If, conscious of my race,
I look into thy face
With a less simple trust than that I felt of old.

It is because thou seem'st at our alarms
Unmoved : the ages fall
Helpless from out the rigour of thine arms,
Thou heeding not at all
If bridal veil or pall
Illustrate or obscure the glory of thy charms.

It is because, with all thy loveliness,
Thou hast no delicate flush
Of feeling instant in its brimmed excess,
And rippled at the brush
Of lightest thought : the hush
Is thine of ordered change, fixed and emotionless.

It is because thou canst not apprehend
Beyond our simplest needs ;
Because, obedient to thy native end,
Thou knowest only deeds
Where link to link succeeds,
And no irrational gaps the golden sequence rend.

It is because the tracks of errant souls
Appear to thee so straight :
Unskilled to mark how latent force controls
The bias and the rate,
How inward grasping fate
Collects the various lines, and diverse sends the bowls.

Moreover, all the things that men have done,
The things that men have said,
Have made another light beneath the sun,
Another darkness shed,
Another soul-stream fed,
To cool in other wells, o'er other weirs to run.

I grant thou hast the very notes of prime,
But of the thousand tunes
Wherewith our summer loads the growing time,
The joyaunce of our Junes,
The full chromatic noons,
There is no scale to fit thy diapason chime.

Nor wilt thou, kindly monished, recognise
Of life the complex game:
We are not now as when, 'neath kindlier skies
Begot, to that great dame
Th' auroral offspring came;
We are no babes astride upon Eve's awful thighs.

So, haply, one has known a foster-sister,
And, when the years have gone,
Has felt, with all his hopes, as if he missed her,
And come, and looked upon
Her face, and proved anon
Her eyes were meaningless, and, sadly silent, kissed her.

II

O, Heaven! the mannikin! Is this gratitude?
"A foster-sister," saidst thou?
"A complex game?" What fell Locusta stewed
That damnèd fucus? Spread'st thou
The stuff upon thee? wed'st thou
That specious harlotry from Hell's black bosom spewed?

Up, up! for shame! She is thy sister: love her,
Come to her yet again:
Think not thine own quintessenced self above her!
O, see how she is fain
Her shyness to explain!
O, understand the blush her virgin cheek doth cover!

Eve, Adam! Yes, and all that Eden sap—
Is it impossible?
'Twould do thee good to lie in her great lap,
To have thy utmost will,
To fill thy utmost fill,
Creamed from the copious duct of that primeval pap.

Thou talk'st of music, and of tunes accord
With specialties to flirt—
What wouldst thou have? a homily—good lord!
A logic malapert,
With pretty fence expert,
The play of thy caprice infallible to ward?

O fool! O fool! This is the very acme:
Far, far within the cells
Of winding thought, where man may never track me
She takes me, and she tells
The quaintest things, and spells
Ineffable spirit-tunes, and lulls the cares that rack me.

O, twilight bliss! O, happy even-song!
How well I know thy power!
O heather bells, that peal your faint ding-dong!
O bee, in sunny hour
Urging from flower to flower
The shrill-resounding brass of thy most patient gong!

O prelude of the windy-wailing morn!
O long-drawn moorland whistle!
O rustling of the multitudinous corn!
O sough of reed or thistle!
O holy, holy missal
Intoned by hooded clouds! O joy that I was born!

But thou'rt a being manifold—alack!
And tak'st the simple sense
Into thy crucible, and giv'st it back
Brain-filtered and intense,
And Nature is too dense,
Forsooth! to hit thy scope, and imitate the knack!

Nay, what is this thou of thyself hast made?
Is this *development?*
O Lord of all the souls! is this the trade
For which we here were sent?
Is't not an accident,
By-play of function-work, by casual contact swayed?

'Tis not essential, though the world is roomy,
That I should coexist
With any animal *bipes implume:*
It is the core and gist
Of life that I should list
To Nature's voice alone, and hearken if she woo me.

But, as it is, innumerous bipeds press
And crowd on one another,
Nor would I have one animal the less;
And I must know my brother,
Some odd misgivings smother,
And smile, and chat, and take my commons with the mess.

Of course, the absolutest slave that crawls
Is social: so am I:
I have a place, I live within four walls—
Even horse to horse will try
Some matter of reply,
And hear his neighbour munch, and whinny o'er the stalls.

But this is accident, casual relation,
Wholly subordinate
To the main purport of our earthly station,
Which is to permeate
One soul with fullest freight
Of constant natural forms, not factual complication.

Else were our life both frivolous and final,
A mere skiomachy,
Not succulent of growth, not officinal
To what shall after be,
But Fortune's devilry
Of Harlequin with smirk theatro-columbinal—

A changeling life, that to the world's great heart
Just leans its elfish lips,
And soon falls off, and dies an imp confest,
And seeks the void, and skips,
As the dull Fury whips
The ineffectual ghosts, and drives it with the rest.

And, if the man has 'scaped such inanition,
Then why, returning here,
Does he not speak the language of contrition,
And strip the base veneer
From his poor soul, and fear,
And seek the long-lost love that saved him from perdition?

What means this talk of "complex game," and matters
That she "cannot divine"?
I tear this wretched sham of his to tatters:
O, blessed nature-wine!
O, sacred anodyne!
He is fact-poisoned, he! and knows not what he chatters.

Let him come humbly, let him make confession
It is no fault of hers
If he is all too dull to catch th' expression
Of her great thought, or blurs
Its mobile signatures
With mediate glare of self, and balks the true possession.

O sweet Titania, bedded in the lilies!—
I hate to think of it—
Pranking that ass's head with daffodillies,
That in his puzzled wit
Knows not thou art more fit
To hold in odorous arms the Peleïd Achilles!

And yet he says, his lip fastidious-curled:—
"She's unappreciative."
Take him, good Puck! I prythee have him hurled
To where he is more native,
To chums communicative—
Snout, Snug, the parish club he fondly calls the world!

For me the happiness—my good I find
In Nature's energies,
And am not frustrate. Nature is not blind
In promptings such as these,
But holds the secret keys,
Wherewith the wards that fence our hope she can unwind.

Both wrong, both right. 'Tis God appoints our state—
Nature and Art are one—
True art, true nature, never separate
In things beneath the sun.
So is His pleasure done,
Who moulds the wills of men, and grasps the bars of fate.

LIFE

O LIFE of man, if life 'tis meet to call
This rolling with a rolling ball
Some seventy periods round the sun—
O life, that only art to have begun
A life, then straight art not a life at all.

O rigid curve mechanical,
If thou wert only absolute,
If all our energies were summed in thee,
If one great pathos thrilled the iron ring,
If, points upon the circle, fixed and mute
We felt the dominant spring
And strain of power, then were it blest to be!—

Not death would all be death, if, truly free,
We had the motion of the sphere,
If no quick atom jarred
Oblique, and crossed the act divine,
And vexed the loyal round with idiot cheer
Of self, and scrabbled all the line
With zigzags of the will, and kindly oneness marred.

ALMA MATER

O MOTHER Earth, by the bright sky above thee,
I love thee, O, I love thee!
And yet they say that I must leave thee soon;
And if it must be so,
Then to what sun or moon
Or star I am to go,
Or planet, matters not for me to know.
O mother Earth, by the bright sky above thee,
I love thee, O I love thee!

O, whither will you send me?
O, wherefore will you rend me
From your warm bosom, mother mine?—
I can't fix my affections
On a state of conic sections,
And I don't care how old Daedalus
May try to coax and wheedle us
With wings he manufactures,
Sure to end in compound fractures,
Or in headers at right-angles to the brine—
O mother Earth, by the bright sky above thee,
I love thee, O, I love thee!

I cannot leave thee, mother:
I love thee, and not another;
And I can't say "man and brother"
To a shadowy abstraction,
To an uncomfortable fraction,
To the skeletons of quiddities,
And similar stupidities.
Have mercy, mother, mercy!
The unjustest of *novercae*
Sometimes leaves off her snarlings
At her predecessor's darlings;
And thou art *all* my mother,
I know not any other.

O mother Earth, by the bright sky above thee,
I love thee, O, I love thee!

So let me leave thee never,
But cling to thee for ever,
And hover round thy mountains,
And flutter round thy fountains,
And pry into thy roses fresh and red;
And blush in all thy blushes,
And flush in all thy flushes,
And watch when thou art sleeping,
And weep when thou art weeping,
And be carried with thy motion,
As the rivers and the ocean,
As the great rocks and the trees are,
And all the things one sees are—
O mother, this were glorious life,
This were not to be dead.
O mother Earth, by the bright sky above thee,
I love thee, O, I love thee!

TRITON ESURIENS

How cold and hungry is the sea to-day,
How clamorous against the thrifty shore,
That yields not of her store
Save sands, and weeds, and pebbles of the bay!
"Give more! give more!"
Methinks I hear him say;
"And drive the hunger of my heart away!

"Give me of sunny flowers, of golden grain,
Of meadows sopped with sippings of the dew;
Small loss it were to you,
To me great solace of my endless pain;
For few! ah, few!
And shadowy and vain
The joys that haunt my solitary reign!

"Take me for ever to your constant breast,
O land, O lovely, most unchanging land!
Can you not understand
How all my restlessness desires your rest?
What murderer's brand
Is stamped by God's behest
Upon this brow, that you should loathe my quest?

"O mute, insensate land! nor voiceless she,
For she can speak, and I have heard her speak,
When zephyrs kissed her cheek,
Love-whispering in the twilight on the lea;
Then, hushed, and meek,
I've heard her gentle glee,
And schooled my heart to think 'twas not for me.

"Sometimes at evening I have heard you pray,
And listened, looking up the misty glen,
And only said *Amen*,
Else silent, lest one sound uncaught should stray;
And then, O then!
'Our Father,' you did say;
But I have been a wanderer wild alway.

"O, I am hungry, hungry at my heart!
Give me, O, give me, even of thy worst!
Give, as to one accurst,
Drear moorlands, and all rushy fens, where start
Black streams, that, nurst
In barrenness, must part!
Give me but wastes and snippets of the chart!"

Thus speaks the sea, his hue all ashen gray
With paleness of inveterate desires;
Then on the ebb retires—
Full strange it seems that that cold heart should sway
With passionate fires!
But ah! my soul can say
How vain it is when she requires
The coast, so near, yet on whose absolute spires
Looms the sad frown of an eternal "Nay."

ISRAEL AND HELLAS

I SOMETIMES wonder of the Grecian men,
If all that was to them for life appears:
Simple, full-orbed, they float across our ken,
And to their modern feres
Present the gathered light of all their years.

But was it all—the utmost of their reach—
That unto us the sedulous scribe has passed?
To carve on marble-slabs of that great speech
Great thoughts, that so might last—
Was that the single aim their copious souls forecast?

On them, high-strung (for so it seems to us),
Did no kind god distil a wholesome ease?
Laughed no fair child for good Herodotus?
Looked there no maiden of the midland seas
Into thy clear gray eyes, Thucydides?

One life, one work—was this to them the all—
God's purpose marked, and followed fair and true?
Or were they slaves like us, whom doubts enthrall—
A hesitant, futile crew,
Who know not what our Lord would have us do?

Was mind supreme? Was animal craving nought?
Or that the essence? this the accident?
Did it suffice them to have nobly thought?
And, the whole impulse spent,
Did the vexed waters meet in smoothness of content?

They ate, they drank, they married in the prime,
And tied their souls with natural, homely needs,
They bowed before the beadles of the time,
And wore the common weeds,
And fed the priests, and *ménaged* the creeds.

Or were they happier, breathing social free,
No smug respectability to pat
And soothe with pledges of equality,
Ironical, whereat
The goodman glows through all his realms of fat?

And was it possible for them to hold
A creed elastic in that lightsome air,
And let sweet fables droop in flexile fold
From off their shoulders bare,
Loose-fitting, jewel-clasped with fancies rare?

For not as yet intense across the sea
Came the swart Hebrew with a fiery haste;
In long brown arms entwined Euphrosyne,
And round her snowy waist
Fast bound the Nessus-robe, that may not be displaced.

Yes, this is true; but the whole truth is more:
This was not all the burning Orient gave;
Through purple partings of her golden door
Came gleams upon the wave,
Long shafts that search the souls of men who crave;

And probings of the heart, and spirit-balm,
And to deep questionings the deep replies
That echo in the everlasting calm—
All this from forth those skies,
Beside Gehenna fire and worm that never dies.

Yet, if the Greek went straighter to his aim,
If, knowing wholly what he meant to do,
He did it, given circumstance the same,
Or near the same, then must I hold it true
That from his different creed the vantage came,
Who, seizing one world where we balance two,
From its great secular heart the readier current drew.

DREAMS

It looks as if in dreams the soul was free,
No bodily limit checks its absolute play;
Then why doth it not use its liberty,
And clear a certain way
To further truth beyond the actual sea?

It is not so; for when, with loosened grip,
The warder sense unlocks the visible hold,
Then will my soul from forth its chamber slip,
An idiot blithe and bold,
And into vacancy of folly skip;

Or aimless wander on the poppied floor
Of gaudy fields, or, scarce upon the street,
Return unto the grim, familiar door,
And, coward, crave retreat,
As who had never been outside before.

What boots it that I hold the chartered space,
If I but fill it with th' accustomed forms,
And load its breathless essence with the trace
Of casual-risen storms,
And drag my chain along the lovely place?

O, but if God would make a deep suspense,
And draw me perfect from th' adhesive sheath;
If all the veils and swathings of pretence,
Dropt from me, sunk beneath,
Then would I get me very far from hence.

I'd come to Him with one swift arrow-dart,
Aimed at the zenith of th' o'erbrooding blue;
Straight to the centre of His awful heart
The flight long-winged and true
Should bear me rapt through all the spheres that part.

But as it is, it is a waste of rest.
God uses not the occasion: on the rock
Stands prone my soul, a diver lean undrest,
And looks, and fears the shock,
And turns and hides its shame with some poor sorry jest.

PREPARATION

HAST thou a cunning instrument of play,
'Tis well; but see thou keep it bright,
And tuned to primal chords, so that it may
Be ready day and night.
For when He comes thou know'st not, who shall say:—
"These virginals are apt"; and try a note,
And sit, and make sweet solace of delight,
That men shall stand to listen on the way,
And all the room with heavenly music float.

PLANTING

WHO would be planted chooseth not the soil,
Or here or there,
Or loam or peat,
Wherein he best may grow,
And bring forth guerdon of the planter's toil—
The lily is most fair,
But says not:—"I will only blow
Upon a southern land"; the cedar makes no coil
What rock shall owe
The springs that wash his feet;
The crocus cannot arbitrate the foil
That for its purple radiance is most meet—
Lord, even so
I ask one prayer,
The which if it be granted,
It skills not where
Thou plantest me, only I would be planted.

OBVIAM

I NEEDS must meet him, for he hath beset
All roads that men do travel, hill and plain;
Nor aught that breathes shall pass
Unchallenged of his debt.
But what and if, when I shall whet
My front to meet him, then, as in a glass,
Darkly, I shall behold that he is twain—
Earthward a mask of jet,
Heavenward a coronet
Sun-flushed with roseate gleams—In any case
It hardly can be called a mortal pain
To meet whom met I ne'er shall meet again.

SPECULA

WHEN He appoints to meet thee, go thou forth—
    It matters not
If south or north,
    Bleak waste or sunny plot.
Nor think, if haply He thou seek'st be late,
    He does thee wrong.
To stile or gate
    Lean thou thy head, and long!
It may be that to spy thee He is mounting
    Upon a tower,
Or in thy counting
    Thou hast mista'en the hour.
But, if he come not, neither do thou go
    Till Vesper chime.
Belike thou then shalt know
    He hath been with thee all the time.

"SOCIAL SCIENCE"

O HAPPY souls, that mingle with your kind,
That laugh with laughers, weep with weepers,
Whom use gregarious to your like can bind,
Who sow with sowers, reap with reapers!
To me it is not known,
The gentle art to moan
With moaners, wake with wakers, sleep with sleepers.

It must be good to think the common thought,
To learn with learners, teach with teachers;
To hold the adjusted soul till it is brought
To pray with prayers, preach with preachers.
But I can never catch
The dominant mode, nor match
The tone, and whine with whiners, screech with screechers.

Yet surely there is warmth, if we combine
And loaf with loafers, hunt with hunters;
It is a comfort as of nozzling swine
To row with rowers, punt with punters—
How is it then that I
Am alien to the stye,
Nor ever swill with swillers, grunt with grunters?

I cannot choose but think it is a blessing
To fool with fools, to scheme with schemers;
To feel another's arms your soul caressing,
To sigh with sighers, dream with dreamers—
But I can't hit the span,
The regulation man,
Ephemer decent with his co-ephemers.

Yet, after all, if frustrate of this pleasure,
To eat with eaters, drink with drinkers,
If I can't find the Greatest Common Measure,
And cheat with cheaters, wink with winkers,
At any rate the struggle
My truer self to juggle,

And force my mind to fit
The standard ell of wit,
Shall never dwarf nor cramp me,
Shall never stint nor scamp me
So that I bleat with bleaters, slink with slinkers.

Thus spake I once, with fierce self-gratulation,
Nor hoped with hopers, feared with fearers;
Yet, discontent, it seemed a mere privation
To doubt with doubters, sneer with sneerers:
It seemed more happiness
A brother's hand to press,
To talk with talkers, hear with hearers.

Wherefore, albeit I know it is not great,
Mobbing with mobs, believing with believers,
Yet for the most it is a snugger state
To gain with gainers, grieve with grievers,
Than, desolate on a peak,
To whet one's lonely beak,
And watch the beaver huddling with the beavers.

But though this boon denied, my soul, love thou
The lover, gibe not with the giber!
O ragged soul! I cannot piece thee now
That, thread to thread, and fibre unto fibre,
Thou with another soul
Shouldst make a sentient whole:
But I am proud thou dost retain
Some tinct of that imperial *murex* grain
No carrack ever bore to Thames or Tiber.

AT THE PLAY

As in a theatre the amusëd sense
Beholds the strange vicissitudes of things,
Young Damon's loves, the fates of clowns and kings,
And all the motley of the gay pretence—
Beholds, and on an acme of suspense
Stands vibrant till the curtain falls, door swings,
Lights gutter, and the weary murmurings
Of o'er-watched varlets intimate us thence:
Even so we gaze not on the things that are,
Nor aught behold but what is adumbrate.
The show is specious, and we laugh and weep
At what is only meant spectacular;
And when the curtain falls, we may not wait:
Death takes the lights, and we go home to sleep.

THE END

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